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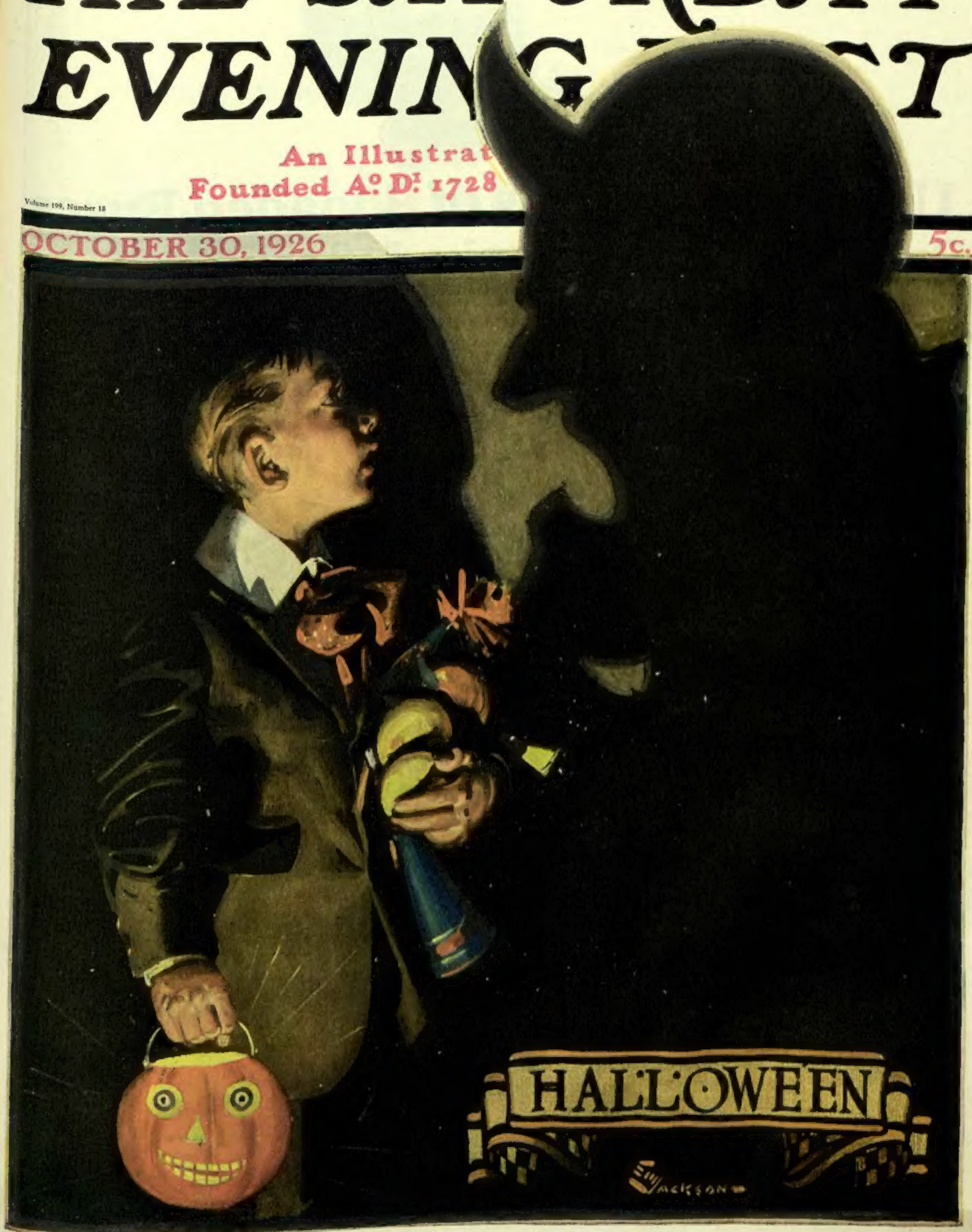
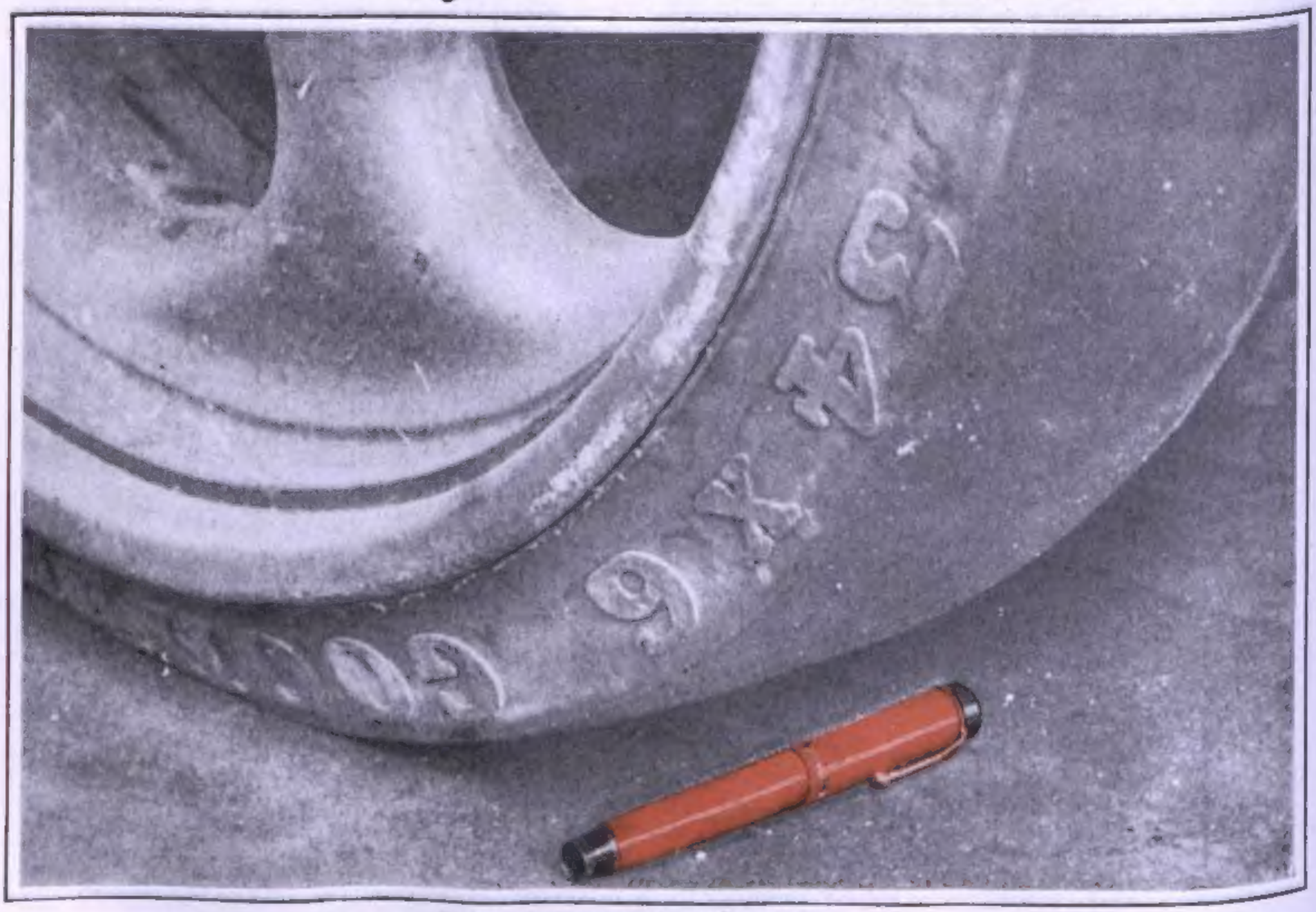


Isaac F. Marcosson—Nunnally Johnson—Joseph Hergesheimer—C. E. Montague
Thomas McMorrow—Wythe Williams—Grace Torrey—Lieut. Al Williams, U.S.N.

This test was made with the sanction and cooperation of the Yellow Truck and Coach Mfg. Co. (subsidiary of the General Motors Corp.), makers of the three double-deck passenger buses that ran over the Parker Duofold Pens.

Under the Wheels of 3 loaded Buses Parker Duofold again defies Breakage!

While Fifth Avenue Crowds Marvel



Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

AGAIN has the Parker Duofold's new Permanite barrel withstood a test that well astounds the world.

First hurled from a 25-story hotel to the pavement below and picked up unbroken; then dropped 3000 ft. from an aeroplane without damage; now run over by 3 motor buses filled with 67 passengers each.

Yet even this weight of more than 11 tons per bus failed to break the pen barrel.

Yes, it really happened, right in Fifth Avenue, New York—while crowds looked on and murmured admiration.

And in this test, as in the other two, when the cap was removed from this black-tipped, lacquer-red beauty, the Parker Duofold point wrote perfectly!

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Thus in a single pen we give *both* life-long wear and highest writing excellence. This duo-fold combination comes only in Parker Duofold.

Today's Parker Duofold is a 35-year development—the product of Geo. S. Parker—the only pen of its kind. So look with caution for this stamp of the originator—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." If you want the world's respect be sure to carry the genuine. All good pen counters have it, in any point you prefer. Oversize $7. Lady or Jr. $5.

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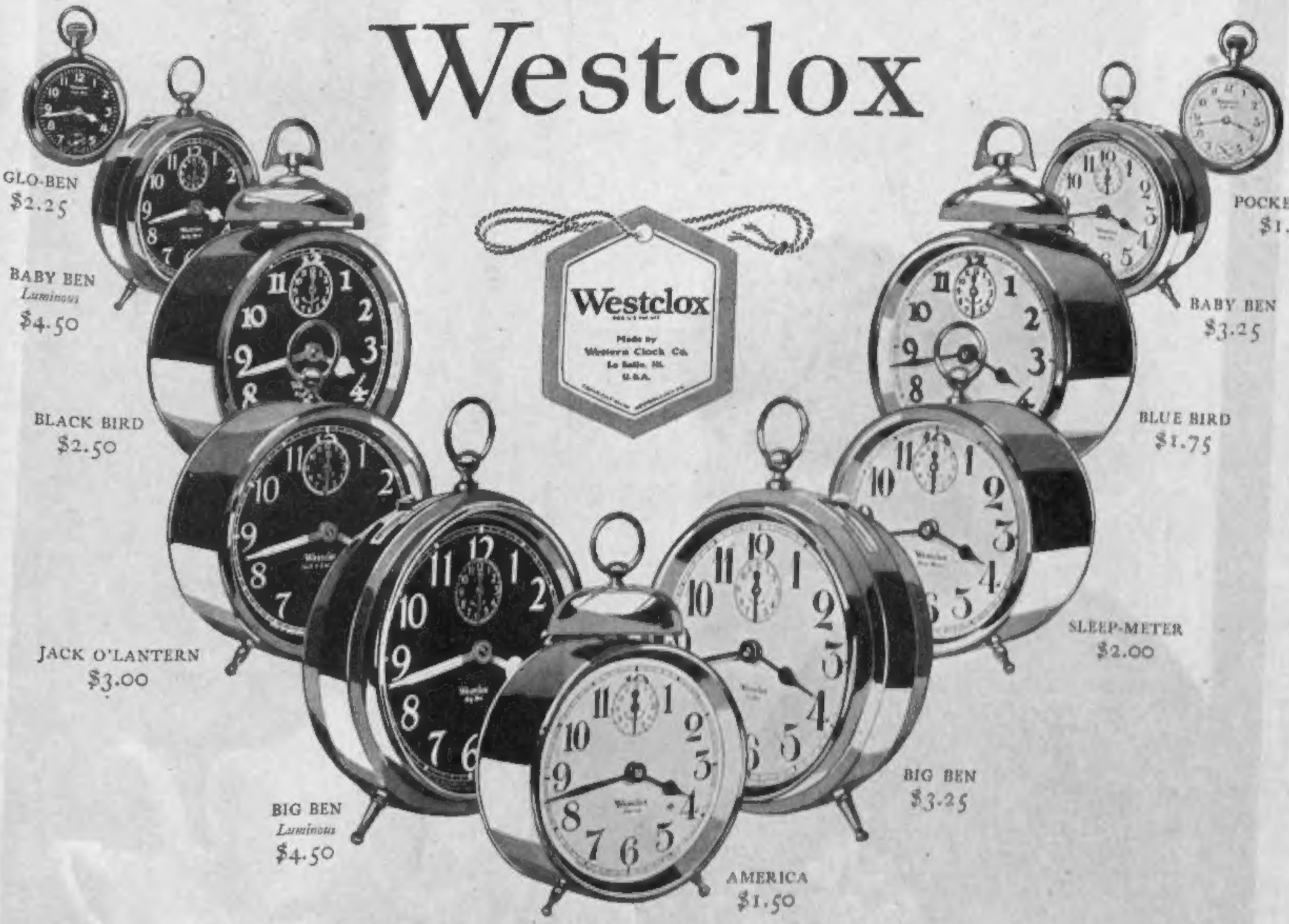
The Superintendent's Letter

New York City, Aug. 5, 1928
The Parker Pen Co.
Janesville, Wis.
Gentlemen: When your representatives asked permission to have some of our 67-passenger double deck motor coaches (our largest) fully loaded run over on Fifth Avenue a Duofold pen to test its Permanite barrel, I was frankly skeptical of the result. No one could have been more astonished than I when your pen survived not only one, but three of our buses and when opened after the experiment wrote perfectly.
Very truly yours,

Supt. No. 5 Division
Fifth Avenue Coach Company

You can depend on any one of these; they're

Westclox



IT'S quite an important matter to buy an alarm clock; not for the money involved, but for the results you expect from it. The chief thing is reliability.

That's the real reason for being sure the clock you buy is a Westclox; they're made to be accurate time-keepers.

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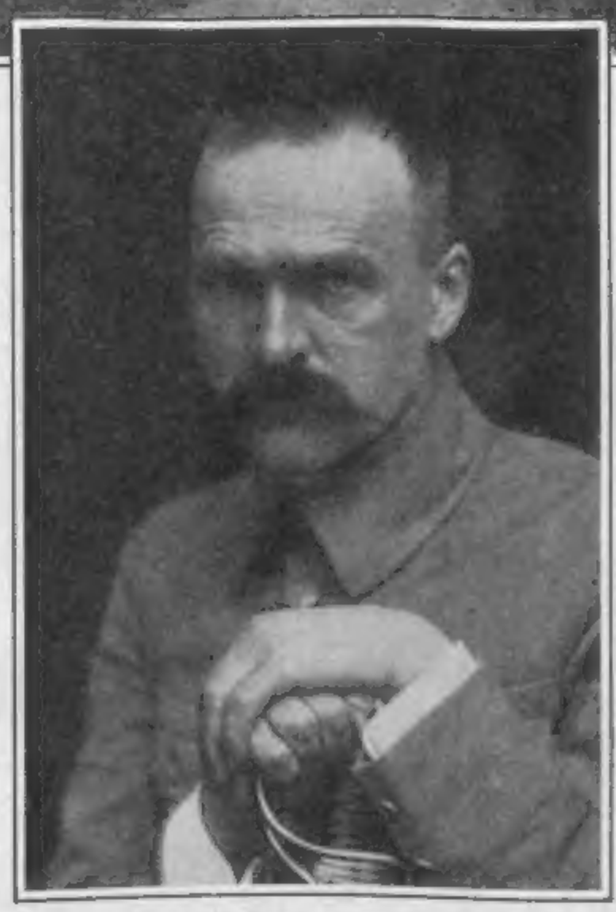
PILSUDSKI — By Isaac F. Marcosson

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, two Polish patriots, friends from youth, worked together in England to keep alive what then seemed the forlorn hope of their nationalism. One set type in a printery that published the works of Tolstoy, which were proscribed by the Russian Government. The other was a patriotic free-lance who had endured Siberian servitude and czarist prisons. At one time they occupied the same cell. The compositor was Stanislaw Wojciechowski; his colleague was Josef Pilsudski.

The succeeding years, with their tumult and tragedy culminating in the World War, brought vast changes to these men. After the Armistice Pilsudski, having narrowly escaped execution for mutiny, and fresh from a German prison, became the deliverer and consolidator of his country, emerging from the postwar turmoil as the national hero. Wojciechowski, in time, was elected president of the republic of Poland.

On May twelfth last, the two one-time exiles met on the Poniatowski Bridge that spans the Vistula at Warsaw. Pilsudski, ending a three years' retirement, was head of a military revolt and called upon his old comrade to resign. The President refused, rallied an army, and the Battle of Warsaw, which raged in the streets of the capital, was the result. Four days later Pilsudski was installed in the Belvedere Palace—the Polish White House—as dictator of Poland, and Wojciechowski was a private citizen. Once more the Eagle of Poland, as the grizzled old warrior is called, sat in the seat of high authority, with a power akin to that wielded by the strong-jawed individual who reincarnates Napoleon on the banks of the Tiber.

PHOTO. BY K. FECHNER



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Marshal Pilsudski. Above—The Belvedere Palace at Warsaw Where Pilsudski Lives

The Difference in Dictatorships

IN THIS episode you have a hint of the drama that has almost continuously marked Pilsudski's life. For nearly forty years he has ridden the storm. His career is a thrilling serial of war, exile, revolt and varied adventure. Today, at fifty-nine, he is the most romantic and compelling figure in European public life with the sole exception of Mussolini. Moreover, he is the latest evidence of the new type of Continental stabilization through the mailed fist. He has scrapped parliamentarism in very much the same way that his Italian prototype subordinated the legislative function to the executive at Rome.

There is this difference in method, however. Mussolini's autocracy, which is fast verging on a near absolutism, is frank, open and unashamed, so to speak. He is the state, personifying the historic remark of a certain French king. Pilsudski is also the "whole works," as we would say, but he manipulates the wires of control from behind the façade of the Ministry of War, and is more constitutional. Mussolini has taken over nearly all the posts in the cabinet, while the Slav overlord contents himself with one. Nevertheless, he embodies a big stick which whacks every obstacle in its way.

Europe's Key

THUS Poland joins Italy, Spain and, to a lesser degree, Turkey, in the diverting and increasingly recurrent procedure which, if ruthless, has so far proved to be economically, as well as politically, effective.

Pilsudski's rise to fresh eminence—decidedly fresh in the view of his enemies—is alone sufficient to single him out for attention. But it is invested with far more significance than ordinarily attaches to a daring and successful coup. Poland today is a key country of utmost importance, and an index to the new European dislocation.

Although the fact is not generally appreciated in America, the land that gave the world Kosciuszko, Paderewski, Chopin and Joseph Conrad holds the balance of war or peace. Her frontiers, with two exceptions, are charged with international high explosive.

From every angle Poland offers a field for timely and illuminating analysis. She is inseparably bound up in the economic and political destinies of both Germany and Russia, and these two countries have vast potentialities for serious derangement. So far as Poland is concerned, the Germans are at their old trick of sniping with insidious propaganda, and seeking a new economic hold on their lost provinces through artful penetration. Between Germany and Poland flames the hate that is often more destructive than actual war.

Dominating the troubled scene is the lank, stooped figure of Pilsudski, who bears the same sort of relation to Northern and Eastern Europe that Mussolini does to the Mediterranean area. Both express a brand of fiery nationalism that verges on the fanatical. In each instance, especially with the Italian, it has wrought a large degree of reform. To understand the Polish situation clearly it is necessary to outline briefly the series of events that led to the revolution of last May. They will also serve to provide the approach to Pilsudski as I saw him in Warsaw.

First, however, a word of explanation why Poland occupies such a pivotal position in European affairs. If you are at all familiar with history you know that Poland was despoiled in turn by Prussia, Russia and Austria. Prussia took Upper Silesia, with its rich treasure of coal, iron, lead and zinc. Posen and parts of West Prussia, including Dantzic, also came to her. Austria grabbed Galicia, a vast petroleum-bearing area, while

Russia dominated all the rest. What was left of the one-time proud kingdom that had sent Sobieski forth to stem the Ottoman inundation of Central Europe, became a czarist dependency despite various gallant attempts by the Poles to achieve self-determination. Thus three great powers had definite stakes in Poland. The aftermath of these stewardships provides much of the present confusion.

Napoleon realized the value of Poland as an international stabilizer. When his glory had departed and he brooded in the twilight of that mature reflection which always conjures up the ghost of what might have been, he said: "My failure to establish a strong Poland as the cornerstone of European stability, my failure to destroy Prussia, and my blunder in Russia, were the three great failures of my life."

When the World War broke, Poland not only became a bitterly embattled cockpit, rivaling Northern France in ravage and despair, but her people were sore pressed as to procedure. Many had to join the Russian army, thus upholding the hands of their long-time oppressors. Others, like Pilsudski, who organized his famous Polish Legion, fought on the side of the Austrians. But all this is incidental history.

What must be comprehended just now is the tangle that came with so-called peace, which meant anything but peace for the harassed Poles. The backwash of the war developed a new and desperate struggle for them. Under the leadership of Pilsudski, who had been installed as chief of state, they successfully fought the Bolsheviki and also the Ukrainians. It was Pilsudski's hastily formed army that checked the red tide that might have easily overrun Central Europe and enabled Trotzky to carry out his boast "to water Cossack horses on the Rhine." Once this was accomplished, Poland faced trouble with every frontier adjustment.

The Polish Dilemma

THE return of Galicia was easy, because Austria was down and out and could offer no protest, either with word or deed. With Germany it was a different matter. She resented the loss of 10 per cent of her area, which included Posen and parts of Silesia and West Prussia. Poland got her corridor to the sea, with Dantzic as a free port. This corridor separated East Prussia from Germany proper and added to Teutonic irritation. So, too, with Lithuania. The city of Vilna, where Pilsudski was born, and the adjacent territory became a part of Poland on ethnic and historical grounds. In consequence, a state of bloodless war exists today between the Lithuanians and the Poles. You cannot, for example, send a telegram from Warsaw to Vilna or enter Lithuania from Poland anywhere by train.

The two livest sore spots are in the dissensions with Germany and Russia. The new Russo-German treaty means more than economic accord and favored-nation treatment. It really signifies that these two powers have made common cause against Poland. Among other things, a trade war is now on between Poland and Germany. Drastic limitation of imports and exports exists and only the most essential commodities pass back and forth between the countries. Ordinarily, more than 50 per cent of Poland's trade, both ways, is with the Germans. Now it is stifled. It is the familiar economic upset that follows in the wake of political unrest. Seventy-five per cent of Europe's troubles have been due to this almost chronic trouble. Hence the position of Poland, with a disgruntled Germany on one side, a menacing Russia on the other, and a belligerent Lithuania to the north, is not altogether a happy one.

This leads to a conclusion which few stop to appreciate. Most people know that the stabilization of European currencies, especially the German, wrote many troubled pages into contemporary fiscal history. But it is not a patch on the evils that have resulted from the stabilization of frontiers. Money eventually finds its level through that inexorable law which is demand and supply. Not so with geographical boundaries. Every new line on the map sears pride and pricks nationalism. The making of Poland created animosities not duplicated in the setting up of any of the other succession states. As I have already pointed out, three powers were rubbed the wrong way.

The important fact to keep in mind—and it bears directly on the Pilsudski coup—is that if Germany runs amuck again it will not be toward the west, but to the east. That famous slogan, *Der Drang nach Osten*—the push to the East—was the battle cry of the Hohenzollern economic conquest of Turkey and the Balkans. It helped the vanished Teutonic empire to its place in the world sun and it is still a fetish. It may lead the country to commit another supreme folly.

Berlin wants to make the Baltic a German lake. She yearns to restore the lost part of Upper Silesia to the fold. She not only keeps Dantzic almost completely Prussianized—the free city is anything but free from Germanic control—but is inciting the Lithuanians against the Poles. No man can dispassionately analyze the German comeback at first hand without realizing that with the rebirth of her industrial imperialism—the new trust era is only one evidence—there is a kindred stirring of the passion for power which was her undoing. She is making herself economically strong so that, the League of Nations failing her, she can some day make a physical issue out of her minority population in Poland.

All this means that with the nagging now going on, Poland could be provoked beyond all diplomatic patience by Germany. Her stoutest ally, France, might become involved, and the international beans would be spilled again. I am making no dire prophecy, nor am I seeking to conjure up the specter of another big European mix-up. I simply state the facts as they are, and the biggest fact of all is that the Polish-German situation is the most acute on the world map today. Germany may not precipitate trouble for some time to come, or until, as a shrewd observer stated to me in Berlin, "she can take back the lost part of Upper Silesia at a single bite." But one thing is certain—she will not let matters rest as they are.

Poland's hazard is not exclusively on the west. To paraphrase one of Napoleon's historic injunctions, beyond the Vistula lies Russia. The Bolsheviki still smart under their defeat by the Poles in 1920. As you will learn presently, one of the basic reasons for Pilsudski's swift overthrow of the government was that he feared a socialist-inspired cut in the army. Poland must be ready for eventualities despite the drain upon her resources.

Making a Nation of Patchwork

NOW you can see what I meant when I said that the Polish frontiers are charged with high explosive. Out of 4000 kilometers of border, 75 per cent are, to quote Count Skrzynski, former Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, "permanently menaced"; while 20 per cent are insecure. The danger lines face Germany, Russia, Lithuania and, to a lesser extent, Czecho-Slovakia. Only the Rumanian and the Latvian demarcations are safe.

So much for the international aspect. The home situation, which eventually led Pilsudski to strike, led to many complications. First divided territorially by others, Poland now divided herself. The welding of the three Polands—that is, the Russian, German and Austrian units—was difficult enough, but it was almost matched by a kindred internal political turmoil.

When the Teutonic empire cracked, Pilsudski, having been released from prison by the new German Republic, made a dramatic appearance at Warsaw. He became a *de facto* dictator, set up a socialistic provisional régime with himself as chief of state.

Later on, a constituent assembly functioned. Pilsudski's first task was to build a nation out of the patchwork thrown up by the war. As someone has well said, "He had to create a state from president to postman."

But before he could get down to nation building he had, as I have intimated, to clear the country of new enemies. First came the Ukrainians and then the Bolsheviki. The marvel is that the country survived the difficulties that beset her within and without. Only an unflinching patriotism could have inspired the resistance.

It was not until 1921, after the Treaty of Riga which established peaceful relations with Moscow, that Poland was able to begin anything like definite reconstruction. Meanwhile the provisional government carried on. The following year—that is 1922—Pilsudski refused the presidency, but retained the post of chief of staff. Then, as now, his concern was the army. In 1923 he retired to his small estate near Warsaw to write his memoirs. He had been made Marshal of Poland, which was his only official rank. His henchmen, however, still occupied strategic places in the army. Between 1923 and the decisive events of last May

(Continued on Page 70)

PHOTO. BY IVES

PHOTO. BY JAN BYS

PHOTO. BY SARYUSZ WOLSKI

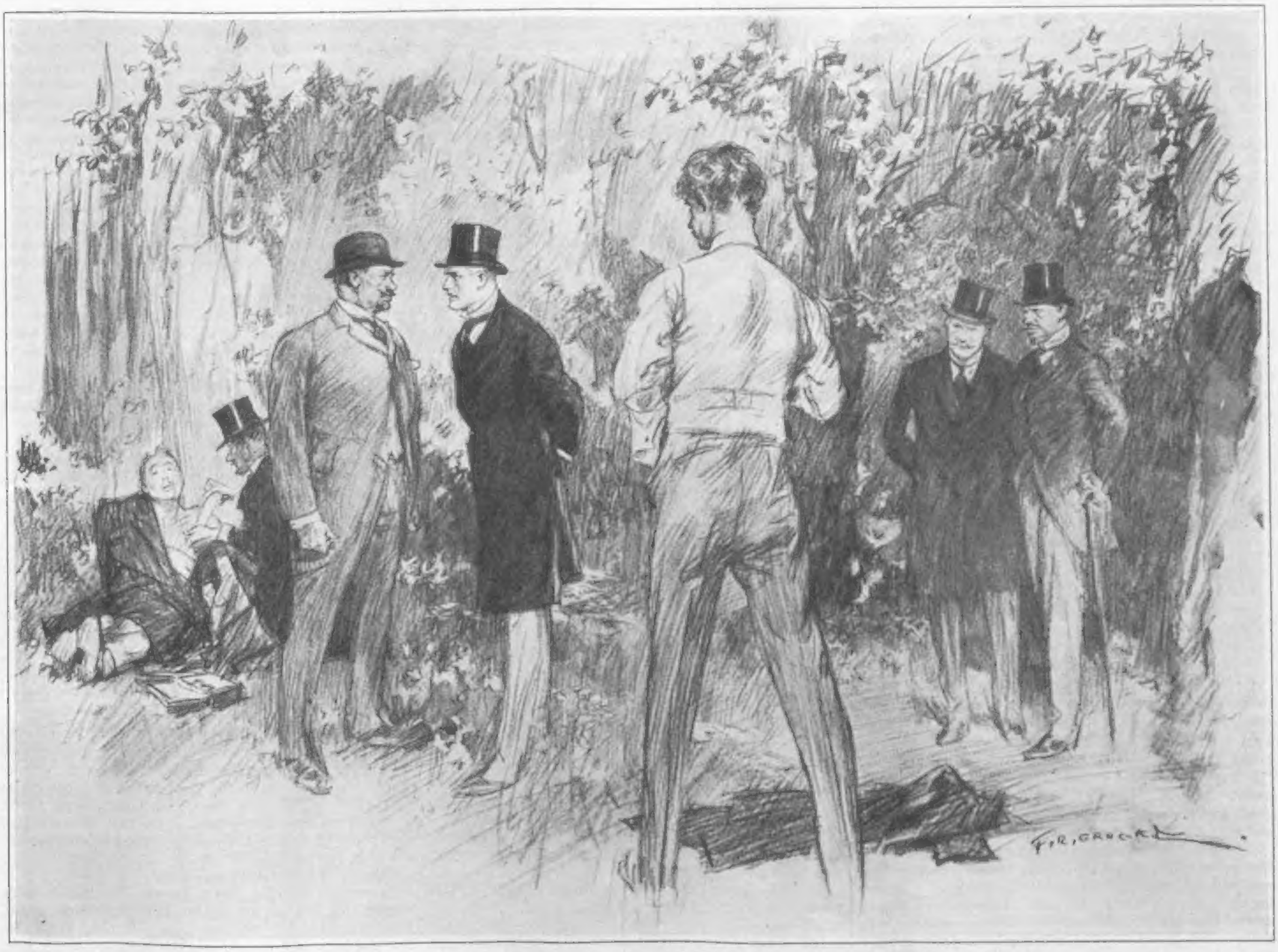
A Street Outpost During the Revolution — *Barricades at the Nowy Swiat Street, Warsaw*

At Top—Pilsudski (in Front) Returning With His Staff From the Conference With the President on the Poniatowski Bridge Which Precipitated the Revolution

EN GARDE

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"You Will Fight Just the Same—No, Not Just the Same! You Will Fight Harder, for You Will Fight Me"

FOR a quarter century or more the Café Napolitain, facing the Boulevard des Capucines at the angle of Rue Louis le Grand, had been a rendezvous of journalists and duelists. Often the terms were synonymous in that Parisian epoch preceding the World War. Then, after the theater hour, night life deserted the boulevards for the effervescent atmosphere of Montmartre heights. But always a few regulars remained on the Napolitain *terrasse*, or inside the brightly lighted, mirrored room, playing dominoes, discussing politics, sipping absinth or the bock—a new habit—until drowsy waiters piled empty chairs upon the tables as preliminary warning that the place would close.

The windows, on this sultry August night, were open wide to the dead air of the boulevard. Across the way, the bright lights of the Café Américain, a place that still catered to a diminishing all-night clientele, glittered through the heavy foliage. The old woman of the news kiosk was putting up the shutters, but beggars, guides and hawkers of legal and illegal wares still kept rapacious eyes upon the few passers-by. The traffic rumble lessened. Taxis honked only occasionally. The sidewalk talk became infrequent.

Seated on a wall *banquette*, opposite a mirror reflecting the boulevard, a man read diligently the late edition of Le Temps, that cumbrous journal that delves minutely into every *nuance* of French life. The Agadir crisis of 1911, when the Kaiser dramatically sent his warship Panther to the African harbor, was at its height, preshadowing Armageddon. The entente cordiale with England was being tested for the first time, and France for the first time since Sedan faced a grave political situation with a certain sang-froid.

The man behind the newspaper raised his head several times, glanced searchingly through the window or into the mirror. But he was apparently absorbed in Le Temps, when another man entered from the *terrasse*—a large, imposing man of about forty. His face was lean, harsh, marked by a long, glowing scar, evidently a saber cut, extending from his forehead to the point of his chin. His dress was negligent. He wore a dinner coat, but the soft silk shirt was slightly rumpled and the points of the black tie hung low. He crossed the room slowly, but light in every movement, halting under the center chandelier, facing a waiter.

"This Monsieur London"—he seemed to bite out the words—"has he been here tonight?" The sneer in his voice carried even across to the man with the newspaper.

"No; no, Monsieur de Kerstrat—er—no, no, Monsieur le Comte," the waiter stuttered; "*pas encore*, but he will come. Always he comes—usually a few minutes later."

"Does he come alone?" The waiter hesitated. "Answer!" The command rumbled.

The waiter spread out his hands. "No, no, Monsieur le Comte." He bent low. "Usually Monsieur le Baron Sapigny is with him."

"H'm!" De Kerstrat stroked the scar, his brilliant, steely eyes fixed on the shabby black figure. "You will say nothing," he ordered finally. "You will not say that I came or that I may return." He stalked out. The man behind the newspaper looked after him and smiled.

A young woman came quickly through the doorway. She was slim, petite, her face white under a dark veil covering her eyes. She was dressed with quiet elegance. Her gown was dark, clinging, her hat wide-brimmed. She advanced timidly to a table near the rear wall.

"My escort will come in a moment," she told the waiter as she ordered coffee.

The man with the newspaper observed her curiously. She was not the type of girl that came usually to the Café Napolitain, or any café, after midnight, alone. Her hand trembled as she stirred her coffee, splashing a little on the marble table. The domino game ended and the players went out noisily. Except for the political argument still progressing at a front table, the place was silent. A waiter began piling up the empty chairs.

"What was De Kerstrat doing here?" one of these late habitués called to him. He shrugged, without reply.

"Who is De Kerstrat?" another asked.

The first speaker stared. "Mean to say you never heard of Guy de Kerstrat?" he asked. "Editor of La Vie Française. Famous duelist—greatest left-handed swordsman living. Friend of Norbert Merignon."

The man behind the newspaper stirred slightly at the mention of Merignon, the great *maître d'armes*, probably the finest swordsman that France has ever produced. The waiter remarked that the Count de Kerstrat did occasionally honor the Café Napolitain with his presence.

A young man came in hastily and peered almost rudely into the faces at the front table. His face was flushed. He did not notice the man with Le Temps; but catching sight of the young woman, he made quickly for her table.

"Louise—you—here alone!" He seized her hands, staring at her. His voice carried, and she drew him down beside her on the *banquette* with nervous hands.

"Georges," she whispered, "I expected Henri—not you. Oh, I am so frightened. De Kerstrat was here." She was almost convulsive.

Madame Dorzial's Eyes Steadied Again. Her Voice Was Scornfully Persuasive. "I Again Repeat That I am Here to Warn You. This Girl Has Friends"

"Your brother will not come," he told her, and she clung to him. "I kept him away." Their heads drew close and they whispered, both evidently under nerve tension.

Two men now sauntered in and seated themselves at the center table, almost under the chandelier. The first was lean, sallow, middle-aged, with furtive eyes, a drooping mustache over prominent teeth. Slightly bent, he yet carried himself easily. The other, about the same age, was bulky, red-faced, red-necked, with close-cropped gray hair, small gray eyes, too close together, giving an unpleasant impression. He moved catlike, swinging long gorilla arms. They ordered absinth and awaited it in silence. The man beyond them dropped his Temps slightly to see over the top of the page. Their backs were toward him, and like the youth and the girl in the far corner, they took no interest in him.

The lean, sallow man was obviously nervous, and his companion fidgeted childishly with spoons and *soucoupes*. A woman on the *terrasse*, just outside the window, turned now and then to stare in at the pair. Her look was coolly insolent, but even more contemptuous. At first she remained unnoticed. But finally the lean man caught her glance and half rose from his chair. She laughed over her shoulder, then moved quickly around through the doorway, into the room, and stood before them.

"Fernande!" the lean man ejaculated, and fell back into his chair.

She bent toward him, smiling wickedly. She was more than forty, but with traces of great charm and beauty. Her figure was still good—tall, slender—and her dark gown molded it. Her hair was graying, but her eyes were brilliant and her complexion well administered. Her poise was perfect.

"Yes, Fernande!" she said mockingly. "Fernande Dorzial. You didn't expect me tonight, Sapigny, *mon ami*. But"—she bent farther forward, dropping her tone—"I come to warn you."

Sapigny stared up at her, silent. The other glanced at her merely, and continued sipping his absinth. The man with the newspaper watched. Uninvited, madame drew forward a chair and seated herself. Sapigny scowled, spreading out his hands as though to push her away. She bent nearer.

"I know all about it," she stated in her cool, low tones. "I tell you that I come to warn you. I was opposite when you came along, and before."

"Send her away," the other man broke in harshly. The woman turned upon him almost with a snarl.

"Silence, you!" she ordered. "Sapigny"—she turned back to the other, her eyes steady, angry—"tell your friend to remember that I am Madame Dorzial." But Sapigny remained mute, overwhelmed. She leaned even closer. Her face and voice were calm. "I have the misfortune still to need you, my friend. Otherwise you could go to the devil. But in this matter you have gone too far—for a government official—to trap young Henri de Sayre—an attaché of the Foreign Office, worthless though he be."

"Enough!" Sapigny seized her arm, twisting it, so that she almost cried out. Her livid face was now only an inch from his own.

"You are trying to get at the sister through him. Oh, I know!" She breathed the words passionately. He released her, smiling grimly.

"Ah, it's the girl you are jealous of," he said. "I understand."

Madame Dorzial's eyes steadied again. Her voice was scornfully persuasive. "I again repeat that I am here to warn you. This girl has friends, even if her brother cannot get out of your clutches."

"You mean the fellow she wants to marry—young Georges Deslandres." The youth beside the girl rose quickly, and remained standing, watching the trio. "Bah! He will be easy to take care of." Sapigny snapped his fingers.

Madame Dorzial looked at him speculatively, then said slowly, as though weighing the effect of her words: "Listen, Sapigny, and you, too, London. I know that there is more in this than just the girl. And it may interest you further to know that Guy de Kerstrat passed through this café just before you entered."

Both stared at her. London blinked stupidly; his face changed from red to purple; his hand clutched the absinth glass until it cracked.

Sapigny's pallid face began to twitch. "What's—what's that?" he stuttered finally.

"Just that," the Dorzial woman replied calmly. "De Kerstrat—Count Guy de Kerstrat, duelist *du premier ordre*." She laughed shortly. "You know that, René, since your great quarrelsome friend Ponsot went down before him at the first *prise d'armes*. You seconded Ponsot, I remember. You seemed quite upset when you got home."

"*Quel diable!*" Sapigny muttered.

"Correct. A devil; not only with the sword—with women too. No, no, *mon ami*"—as Sapigny made a gesture—"he never cast his eyes upon your *chère* Fernande. But you know well enough that the little Louise de Sayre interests him."

"Leave her out," Sapigny said almost wildly, his hands clutching the table, his body straining. "Leave her out, I tell you!" Madame Dorzial laughed spitefully.

"*Oui*, you would leave her out now, although you have tried to shake me off for her these last months. But you are in greater danger than from me, or even De Kerstrat." She leaned forward, placing her fingers on his twitching arm.

"What do you mean?" Sapigny almost whispered.

She still looked at him steadily. "You drink too much absinth," she said at last; "too much for an official of the government. And when you drink, you dream. You should never dream, my friend, at least not audibly."

Sapigny started from his chair, but London dragged him back, his voice again breaking in. "I'll take care of De Kerstrat," he rumbled. "It's probably not true that he has been here." His little eyes passed from one to the other. "Now get her away."

Madame Dorzial returned his look. "Better listen a moment longer," she insisted. "Here in the Boulevard des Capucines, when the trees are in full leaf, one disappears by merely crossing from one side to the other. I tell you I saw De Kerstrat here, from the *terrasse* opposite. He could not see me, but he talked with this waiter, asked him something."

"Bah! *Garçon!*" London signaled the waiter, who did not see him, but continued stacking chairs on the tables. Several taxis honked outside. The young couple, Deslandres and Louise de Sayre, watched with white faces. The man with the newspaper saw everything. The place was still. Madame Dorzial toyed with her hand bag, looking down at the table, smiling.

"I am going now," she then said, slowly rising. "One other point I mention: Should you have trouble with

De Kerstrat on account of the girl—or the other matter—it would be well to remember that he is the great friend—the comrade in arms, one might say—of Norbert Merignon."

London's small eyes blinked at the name. Sapigny sat slumped in his chair, his eyes glazed, dull, like those of an animal.

"True, Merignon never fights a duel." Madame Dorzial's words were quietly discursive. "He is not like his father in that. He has been content always merely to be the champion fencer. But in such a case as this ——"

London's great fist crashed on the table as he sprang to his feet. "I will take care of this, I tell you!" he cried, motioning her to go. "Merignon won't do anything, and I ask nothing better than to meet Guy de Kerstrat."

"Enchanted!" The voice came through the open door, mockingly, almost gayly.

De Kerstrat stood there, bowing ironically, but without removing the wide-brimmed black hat pushed far back on his shaggy hair. Then he stood erect, almost filling the doorway with his bulk. He gazed at them thus for several seconds, then glided into the room. London and Sapigny backed hastily until they stood under the chandelier. Madame Dorzial quietly resumed her chair. Young Deslandres started forward, but the girl clutched his arm. The man behind the newspaper smiled broadly. All others had gone. For the moment even the waiters were not in sight.

De Kerstrat halted in front of London, glaring down at him, the deep scar on his face showing the color of fire against the whiteness of his skin.

"Enchanted," he repeated, insult in every syllable. "I would have given you the pleasure of meeting me before, but I was not sure of your name. They call you London—London—duelist—accomplished duelist. What is your name, pig that you seem? And what do you do—with this, for example?" indicating the shaking Sapigny. "Come, London, what do they call you at home?"

London took a step forward, one arm upraised. De Kerstrat remained still, arms folded, looking down, and holding the other with eyes that had become cruel, menacing.

A chair overturned in the corner and Deslandres ran to the center of the room, seizing De Kerstrat's arm. The men confronting each other fell back, surprised. A faint scream came from the girl, and even the man with the newspaper dropped the sheet fully from his face, leaning forward. Only Madame Dorzial remained as before, calm, smiling.

"This is my affair, De Kerstrat!" Deslandres cried. "You keep out, I tell you! I've been here all along. They've got hold of Henri de Sayre to do their dirty work. They waited for him—but I came."

De Kerstrat threw off the arm with a single abrupt move, but the young man turned from him quickly and, before time for interference, seized one of the half-filled absinth glasses. He hurled it and the contents full into London's face.

Louise de Sayre struggled from behind the corner table, rushed to Deslandres, flinging both arms about him, trying to drag him away. London mechanically wiped the liquid from his face and eyes. Sapigny excitedly pushed back a pair of waiters who had suddenly appeared with the fat, shrieking *caissière*.

De Kerstrat was the first to recover himself. With his left arm he thrust aside one of the waiters, who then ran into the boulevard, shouting for the police. Calmly he turned to Deslandres and Louise de Sayre. The girl shrank back as his glittering eyes passed over her.

"Very well, Deslandres, since you have been so imprudent. But if it is only the girl you serve, you have challenged the wrong man."

Again his cool, insulting eyes traveled over the face and figure of Louise, still clinging to the young man. He seemed to reflect deeply. Several late pedestrians passed the open windows beyond the *terrasse*, laughing. De Kerstrat shrugged.

"*Alors!* Even so, there are two of them. So I will take on the other." As he spoke, he picked up the second absinth glass and almost carelessly tossed the contents into the face of Sapigny. Madame Dorzial stood erect, suddenly, staring wildly.

A movement behind caused all to turn. The waiter was entering, followed by an agent of police. De Kerstrat stepped forward, facing the man in uniform.

"You will go," the editor told him quietly. "It is nothing; nothing to report. Two gentlemen"—a faint sneer in his voice—"have spilled their drink. You know me. I am De Kerstrat."

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte," the policeman answered, backing to the door. De Kerstrat stood looking after him, at the same time motioning for Deslandres to take the girl away.

"Our seconds will meet tomorrow," he called to Sapigny and London, as the pair, still mopping their faces, passed out before him. He remained, a gigantic figure under the great chandelier, apparently lost in thought, idly drawing a cigar from a big gold case and lighting it abstractedly. Beside him stood Fernande Dorzial, her head high, her eyes shining. Without giving her a glance, and puffing calmly at the cigar, De Kerstrat sauntered into the boulevard.

The man with the newspaper now rose. He was a medium-sized individual of stocky, powerful build, but with delicate white hands and long fingers that seemed fragile in comparison with the remainder of him. He had crinkled blond hair, wide-set blue eyes, and was clean-shaven, with a prominent square chin. Stuffing the newspaper into a side pocket of his tweed jacket, he walked toward the door with the same catlike tread that characterized both London and De Kerstrat. He paused beside Madame Dorzial, who had remained as though petrified.

"*Bon soir*, Fernande," the man said, courteously raising his hat.

"You—you—Norbert Merignon!" She shrank, dropped into the chair, terror spreading over her face. He smiled quietly as he disappeared.

An hour earlier than usual, Norbert Merignon and Louis, his father, arrived the next morning at the famous

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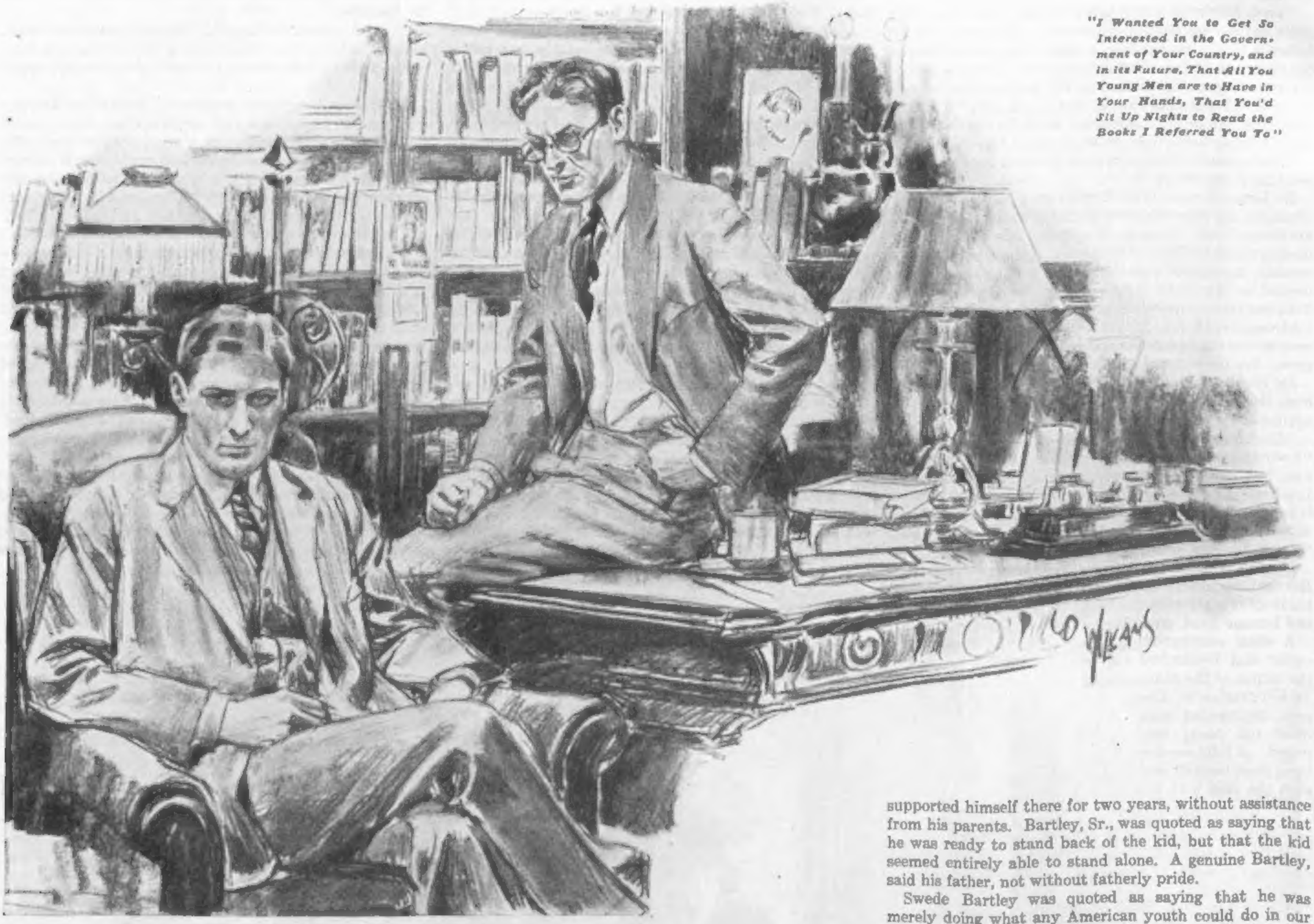
A Woman on the Terrasse, Just Outside the Window, Turned Now and Then to Stare in at the Pair. Her Look Was Coolly Insolent, But Even More Contemptuous

BARTLEY, B. A.

By GRACE TORREY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



"I Wanted You to Get So Interested in the Government of Your Country, and in its Future, That All You Young Men are to Have in Your Hands, That You'd Sit Up Nights to Read the Books I Referred You To"

WHEN he was not teaching the fraternity parrot the new college yell, brought back from the East by the track team, Bartley was often to be traced as the source of extraordinary moanings or cries of pain coming from the fourth floor of the house. Committees were at times appointed from the stronger members of the fraternity to go up quietly to his room and see whether his sufferings could be relieved. Three members constituted a committee. It was advisable that each member should weigh approximately one hundred and eighty, and should be physically fit.

Diagnosis, originally made by Doc Freeman, the star medicine major, was confirmed by later committees. Doc never cared to visit the patient after the first conference. He was a smallish, spectacled person. Bartley had held him out of the dormer window, over the row of garbage cans outside the kitchen door. It was his idea that his symptoms would be alleviated if Doc Freeman were dropped into the can that happened to be conveniently open. It had looked rather far down to the cans through Doc Freeman's distance glasses. He said afterward that if Bartley had weakened, the world might have lost its first and probably last really good doctor. For the sake of mankind therefore he did not again serve on the committee.

At his suggestion husky yokels from the incoming freshman class were hereafter made a permanent committee on Bartley's pain, and were relieved for the remainder of the term from floor cleaning, lawn mowing, dog washing and like humble tasks about the place.

That Bartley was an undergraduate of a remote geological era will be clear when it is said that not the least of Doc Freeman's glory in making his diagnosis was due to Bartley's being the first case of its kind on the campus. Other cases rapidly appeared, of an infection so virulent as to remove many a promising undergraduate to the limbo of those whose universities regretted having to return them to public life. It was, in short, the first case on record of what Doc Freeman ably recognized as *saxophonitis virulens*. He was a modest man, and refused to allow it to be known as Freeman's disease. It continued for some time to be known around the house as Bartley's pain. As it spread from community to community until children were said in some parts of America to be born playing the saxophone, Bartley's pain became a forgotten term and the saxophone a recognized attribute of civilized man, like baldness or astigmatism, and practically nothing was done about it anywhere.

Around the house the treatment had been to put Bartley under his mattress and sit on him until he felt better. This took three men and a good deal of hard work, as Bartley was strong and not at all coöperative. It was, moreover, an empirical treatment that did not get at the seat of the disease, and so many committee members were painfully bruised in applying it that it lapsed even in the place of its origin.

By the time Bartley was a junior he played his saxophone openly in the college dance orchestra, and made so much money by his rhythmic moanings at formals that he was practically independent of his monthly check from home. For this reason he headed the list of those who wholly or in part sustained themselves throughout their college career, and was so mentioned by the president on Commencement Day. His picture appeared in metropolitan journals also, under the caption, Multimillionaire's Son Works Way through State University.

The accompanying news story informed a gratified democracy that Elliott (Swede) Bartley, the powerful halfback whose exploits in finding holes in opposing teams and carrying the pigskin through them, had insured three successive years of victory for his alma mater; Elliott (Swede) Bartley, now a senior in the university, had supported himself there for two years, without assistance from his parents. Bartley, Sr., was quoted as saying that he was ready to stand back of the kid, but that the kid seemed entirely able to stand alone. A genuine Bartley, said his father, not without fatherly pride.

Swede Bartley was quoted as saying that he was merely doing what any American youth could do in our great public institutions of learning. No snobbishness had ever come his way, he said in answer to questioning by alert members of the radical press. The accompanying picture showed him in nose, shoulder and shin guards, holding the pigskin. This was before the days of the light, running type of football player, and Swede Bartley looked like nothing so much as a man-eating gorilla, fully outfitted for deep-sea diving.

This picture cut his mother to the heart. Her memories of her son as a handsome replica, in masculine mold, of her own renowned loveliness were confirmed by many photographs of his early boyhood. She felt so badly about the widely broadcast slander on her son's and her own good looks, and Bartley, Sr., had so much influence with the city papers, that within a month two society supplements carried proper refutations of the mud-guard libel. These photographs showed Elliott—but not Swede—in his first Tuxedo, and in one case, attired for a fancy-dress party as a reproduction of the Blue Boy.

The appearance of these pictures made Mrs. Bartley so happy that she ceased to talk to Bartley, Sr., about telling the president of the university to make the students stop calling Elliott Swede. She was anxious to adduce evidence in the shape of Mayflower immigration passports in proof that not a drop of Swedish blood flowed in Bartley's veins. It did no good to explain that he was called Swede merely because he was so blue-eyed and fair-haired, and because his college worshiped him. Nothing but the society-supplement pictures served to quiet Mrs. Bartley, and of these she sent marked copies to all her friends in the university town.

This episode, especially the picture of the Blue Boy, generated absolutely the first cloud that Bartley's extraordinary popularity had ever sustained at the university. However, word got about that Swede was not accountable for his mother's mental states, and that the sacredness of his sorrow over them should be respected.

Fox-trotting fellow students looked at him reverently after this, swaying behind his silver saxophone, and venerated the gallantry with which he masked all grief over his mother's shame.

Up to this point the story of Bartley, B. A., conforms to the best moving-picture traditions of college life. He reached the first term of his senior year practically unsullied by any information of an academic sort, and enshrined in the hearts of some thousands of undergraduates and alumni of Midwestern University. He belonged to so many societies that his sweater front could at all times have served as a display tray for a jeweler's window; and although his graduation was as yet seven months distant, he was already in receipt of offers to become football coach in two different universities, to be headlined in Wightly's new jazz band, and to be featured at a king's salary as special writer for a sport's column.

Just which of these fruits of college preparation for leadership Bartley would have allowed to drop into his open mouth as he lay under the tree of learning, he frankly confessed himself unable to decide. Fate—working, as always, secretively—suddenly decided for him, and precipitated Midwestern into the volcano of a most detonating row.

Bartley had reached his senior year by the simple process of never taking anything other than snap courses with men never known to flunk an athlete. A certain vague curiosity at times steered him into the dangerous whirlpool of classrooms which expected time and thought of their occupants. But friends always fished him out in season, and his record at the registrar's office continued to show the absolute minimum of necessary passing grades in the minimum number of permitted hours. These credits showed that his interests were catholic, as they ran the gamut of elementary French, Principles of Bee Culture, History of Music, Theory of Electric Wiring, and so on through Nineteenth Century American Writers of Fiction, and one term of lectures on Pre-Raphaelite Painters. His guardian angels, unfortunately, slumbered at the beginning of Bartley's senior year. For no better reason than that he wanted to know something about it, he elected a course in political science. Later, when appalled compatriots got this reason out of him, the very foundations of undergraduate sanity were undermined by its feebleness.

"You dumb-bell!" a voice finally gasped. "Didn't you know that when you take Poly Con 4d, you gotta work?"

There was no anger in the eyes that rested on him. At once the campus idol and its favorite son, he was looked at with grieved affection. Three pairs of influential eyes focused themselves sadly on his valuable form as it decorated the window seat of his room. It was the best room in his fraternity house, as befitted his seniority and acknowledged public worth. Bartley decorated it better than could anyone else present. Certainly the tublike contours of House, who had just spoken, would have failed of his effect. House, however, though not beautiful, was business manager of the A. S. A. A., and what he said at Midwestern got respectful hearing. Bartley looked at him.

"Haven't I some rights?" he asked most surprisingly. "Even if I am a dumb-bell? Haven't I worked for this college nearly four years? Now that I'm a senior, can't I enjoy myself a little? There's a lot of things I want to know, and I don't know one of them, all because I had to keep my place on the team, or because of some glee-club tour. I'm about fed up with slaving for the public."

"The trouble with you is you've a swelled head."

This was not House. This was Artie Powers, the captain of the team. Naturally he was nervous and overwrought at the idea of Midwestern's football supremacy being lost in his senior year.

"Powers doesn't mean anything, Bartley."

This was Willard, president of Sigma Sigma. To be in Sigma Sigma a man must have served his university conspicuously for two years. To be president, he must be outstanding, even in Sigma Sigma.

"Sure," said Bartley. "That's all right."

"The main thing," Willard went on, "is—what is to be done about it?" This was a sample of the executive capacity that had put Willard where he was in the student body.

"Oh, well," said Bartley easily, "I'll hop around and see Plunkett. He's a good guy. I'll fix it up with him."

This was reassuring. As the influential three walked away across the campus they agreed that if Bartley hopped around, Plunkett would be fixed. Plunkett, although faculty, was known to be a good guy.

"Used to be some kind of an athlete himself," volunteered Willard. It was like him to have in the back of his very able mind the now almost legendary fact that Plunkett's intercollegiate record in the pole vault had stood unbroken for eleven years.

"I don't know," said Artie Powers uneasily. "He's hard-boiled when it comes to Poly Con 4d. It was all right for you to smooth things over. But Bartley's been the fair-haired boy around here so long he thinks he can get away with anything. He hadn't any right to take that course, and he'd better fix it up."

Bartley hopped around to see Plunkett that very evening. Plunkett's office hours daily were from ten to eleven and two to three, in the Political Science Building. Bartley, however, accompanied by his Dobermann Pinscher, strolled up the Plunkett front walk, just as the good guy and the family Airedale were inspecting a gopher hole in the hydrangea bed, shortly before dusk. The resultant amenities between the two dogs, thus suddenly apprised of each other's inharmonious auras, broke all the ice that might have gathered about the meeting between professor and student.

When Sandy and Von Hindenburg were leashed to stout structures on opposite sides of the Plunkett residence, and the sweat of honest effort had been wiped from their owners' brows, it was easy for Bartley to relax in the very comfortable study chair put at his disposal and to fall into pleasant chat. There was a little bronze discus thrower under the study lamp, on which his eyes rested. Some friend of his host had made it. It was not at all like Myron's, as was clear when a plaster cast of the Greek came down from the bookshelf. After the athlete a bronze model of Sandy came in for a comment. From dogs to horses, to polo, to yachting, to Henley, to walking trips in England, to mountain climbing, to Matterhorn versus Rainier, to a discussion of racial differences, international politics and European entanglements seemed easy and agreeable transitions in talk.

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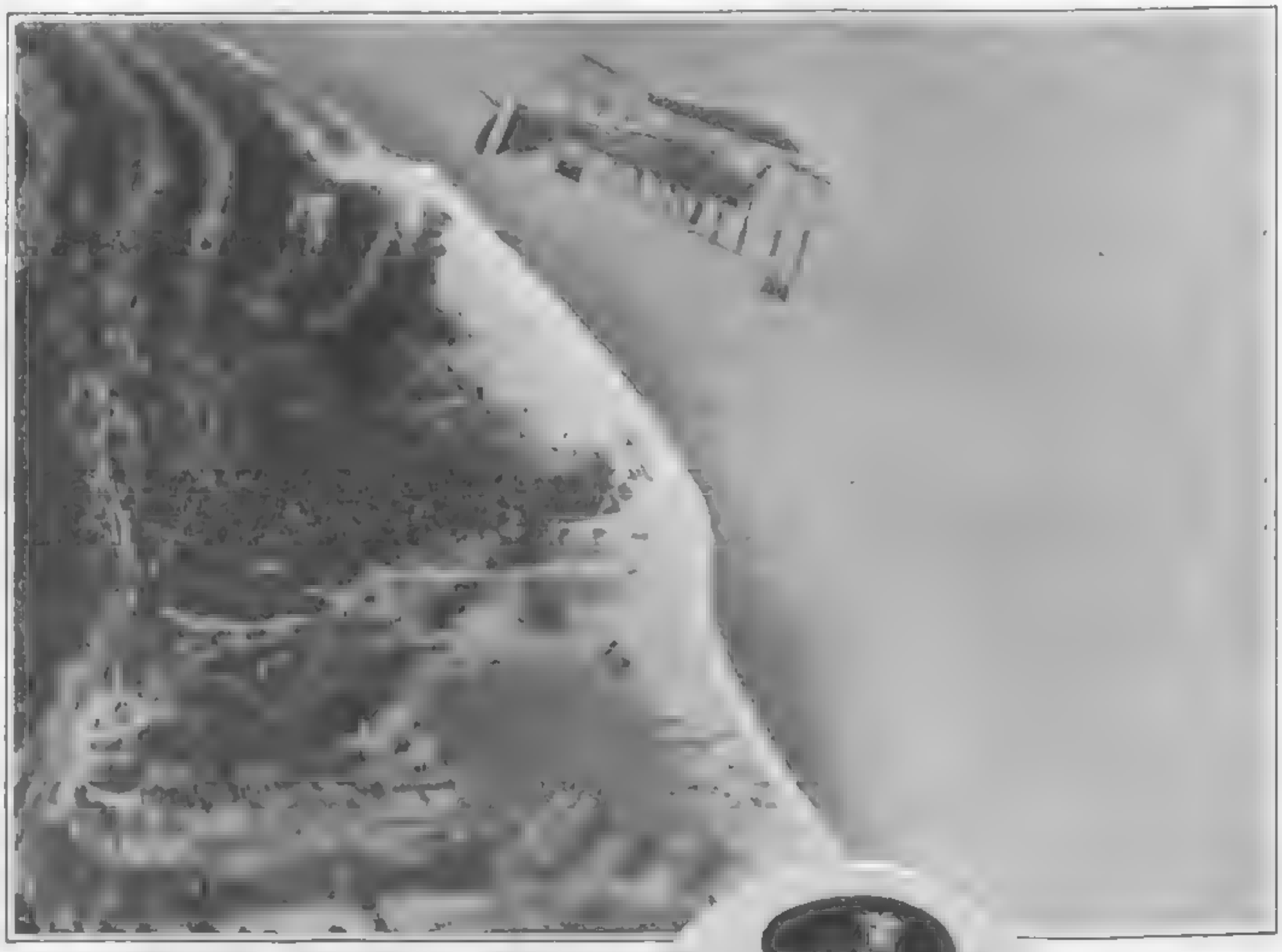
Bartley Played His Saxophone in the College Dance Orchestra, and Made So Much Money by His Rhythmic Moanings That He Was Practically Independent of His Monthly Check From Home

SPEED WINGS

By Lieut. Al Williams, U.S.N.



Lieutenant Williams Flying a Navy Seaplane in an Upside-Down Spiral at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla., July, 1919. In Oval—Lieutenant Williams

THOUGH flying itself is basically a business which intrigues the fancy and imagination of humans, there is one particular feature of it which makes a special appeal to layman and aviator alike, and that is the flying of high-speed racing planes. Racing aviation holds the same relation to flying in general as the motordrome and the racing of automobiles hold to the progress and advancement of the automotive industry. If we had waited for our tremendous progress in developing and refining the gasoline motor of years ago to come to us in the due course of events, or from the everyday operation of automobiles, the world would still be looking forward to that time when it would be possessed of the high-speed, great-horse-power economical engines which are available today.

Many years ago a few men who were blessed with vision and imagination decided to build, and influence others to build, the best and most durable power plants and carrying gear then available, and to subject these cars to the most reasonably severe road tests and to determine just how far, in point of speed, durability and economy, the automotive industry had progressed. The first attempts at automobile racing brought out huge power plants, cumbersome and wasteful as to material and fuel. Even as late as 1911 the racing-automobile engines were huge gas-eating plants, with great pistons and cylinders. In those days it was considered highly unreasonable to expect an engine to stay together and turn over 2000 revolutions a minute; the pits and repair stations were always well equipped with apparatus for fighting the fire or fires which almost always enlivened every race; and the cars, chassis and running gear were heavy and crudely constructed. By dint of steady application and an untiring contribution of energy and ingenuity, the engines have made great strides in performance and reliability.

Do More With Less

THE modern engine used in automobile racing develops much higher horse power, and looks like a pygmy compared with the motors of years ago, which were permitted to have a piston displacement of 447 cubic inches, while the modern rules permit only 122 cubic inches; and the engines are capable of 4000 to 5000 revolutions a minute.

Each year the contest board of the American Automobile Association attempts so to alter the rules for racing as to limit the size of the engines, to force economy in fuel and material and, in short, do more with less. The piston displacement of the engine in which De Paolo won the 500-mile Indianapolis Classic on Memorial Day of last year was 122.9 cubic inches, compared with the 447.1 inches piston displacement of the car in which Harroun won the first Indianapolis event in 1911. Harroun's speed was 74.5 miles an hour, while De Paolo's speed was 101.13 miles an hour. Such a comparison in performance is a demonstration of what has been accomplished by the small, high-speed, economical engine; and the progress is based on refinement in design, which in turn depends in a great measure on the data which have been obtained from motordrome racing tests.

The Start of the 266.6 m. p. h. Flight, With Lieutenant Williams as Pilot

Development

AS WE know it today, the highly developed economical automobile on the market is a direct result of the racing activities which forced its refinement and made its existence possible. Almost every mechanical device is born with a certain amount of what we call bugs in it, and these must be discovered and worked out under definitely established conditions which will immediately bring them to the surface.

All this is by way of explaining just why we have certain young men flying around the country at a crazy rate of speed in airplanes. To date the Army and Navy have rightly taken the lead and loaned their aid, technical and financial, in forcing the progress and development in this quarter. The Government must have the fastest and strongest pursuit planes, in order to keep our defensive and offensive aviation in a position which will compare favorably with the aeronautical equipment of the other nations of the world.

Comparison shows us that, as in the field of aviation racing the Army and Navy services can point with the greatest pride to their achievements, so also in pursuit and military types are we forced to concede nothing to the rest of the world. Our racing ships of 1921-1922 are the pursuit ships of today. By comparing the early racer with the lately developed pursuit ship, we find they are almost identical, the minor differences consisting in a little more wing spread in the case of the pursuit ship for the purpose of attaining lower and safer landing speed, and a few changes in the fuselage to accommodate war loads, such as guns and ammunition.

The finely streamlined nose was developed for racing and was immediately incorporated into our service

ships, while the shape of the racing fuselage has been closely adhered to. The same clean, low-resistance landing gear has been minutely copied, and the system for using the surfaces which control the lateral balance, called ailerons, are but developments of the racing types. The struts, or N members, which hold the wings apart are directly patterned after the racer struts, and so on, item for item and part for part, as they developed in our racing planes, they were immediately built into the service ships. As a consequence the performance of our service fighting planes and in fact all types of military planes has been boosted tremendously. Refinement in the design of our motors and in the construction of our airplanes means that we get more and more performance, greater speed, greater maneuverability, greater climb, and most important of all, a factor of safety which has been so increased as to permit the modern aircraft to withstand almost unbelievable stress and strain.

Just try to picture a squadron of high-speed, single-seater fighting planes sailing along at an altitude of 10,000 or 12,000 feet—almost invisible from the ground. The leader signals; the squadron splits up into formations of threes, and each trio assumes a V formation. The leader signals again—the signal may be a waving of his wings or the sharp raising and depressing of the nose of his plane and tips his plane, nose down, motor wide open, and they all follow him, the air speed meters reading about 170 miles an hour. The hands on the air speed indicators during this dive will run right to 200 and climb slowly up to 250 miles an hour—which is the last mark on the face of the indicator—and from there on the hand flutters in an attempt to begin at zero again and start around once more.

The Pulitzer Race

THE plane and motor drone is faint at first, and as the several V's gather speed in their headlong dive toward earth the drone becomes an angry roar, the whistle of the wires becomes a shriek, the gleaming spots become airplanes, and above all this uproar comes the staccato, metallic rattle of the motor-driven machine guns, firing between the propeller blades. There is your modern pursuit squadron diving from nowhere overhead and attacking some ground objective with a hail of lead and steel. Those planes came out of the blue heavens above with a rush and a roar, and they came fast, but the data and ideas for building those planes and motors all came slowly from the developments in our racing planes.

In 1920, Ralph, Joseph and Herbert Pulitzer offered a trophy, to be competed for each year, for the best speed made over a closed triangular or circular course, for the distance of 200 kilometers, or 124.27 plus miles. The trophy was intended to become the property of the organization which sponsored the winning entry. It is a beautiful model of a woman holding an airplane over her head. Gold, silver and bronze plaques, replicas of the trophy, are presented as their personal property to the pilots who finish in first, second and third place. This race has since been known as the Pulitzer Race and is recognized as the most important aviation event of each year. Pilots and aircraft builders have always considered it a classic and have spared no effort to build or fly an entry and a winner. It is the event which holds the highest honors in aeronautics.

In 1922 the Navy took the lead and undertook to push aviation racing with typical vigor and enterprise. A Navy racing team was organized and detailed to fly the three or four types of racers that were being built.

The Wreck of Lieutenant Sanderson's Plane After He Landed in an Adjoining Field to Avoid Colliding With the Crowd on His Home Airdrome

Lower Manhattan as it Appears to an Aviator

An Airman's View of Philadelphia, En Route From New York to Washington

The team was commanded by Lieut. Com. M. A. Mitscher, U. S. Navy, and was composed of Lieuts. Sandy Sanderson and Pat Mulchay from the Marine Corps, and Lieuts. S. Calloway Dave Rittenhouse, Hal Brow and Al Williams from the Navy

We were intensely thrilled with the work ahead of us, as we knew little or nothing about it Very few of us had traveled more than 140 miles an hour for any distance or had landed at any speed in excess of 60 miles an hour. We did not know what kind of personal equipment we might need, what type of goggles to use, what kind of helmet, and so on. Conjecture was rife gossip had clothed high-speed flying with all sorts of garments. There was this danger and that hazard, and then someone would recite the wild experiences of one of the notable aviators of the day. Meantime we pounded around in our service ships and sought to simulate the conditions we thought we would encounter.

A New Pilot for a Winning Plane

FINALLY the time came for the members of the team to gather their effects and journey to the different flying fields and factories where our steeds were being fabricated. Hal Brow and I hurried to the Curtiss factory at Garden City, Long Island. I had been assigned to fly the racer in which Bert Acosta had won the Omaha event in 1921, and had only seen pictures of this plane and its pilot, and could never remember whether my first reactions were of excitement or pleasure. Lieutenant Brow's plane was not yet completed, but it was to be the same as mine in every particular, except that his plane was equipped with radiators which covered the wings, thus permitting the plane to slide through the air with less resistance and a promise of greater speed. The wing-radiator idea was just coming out of the experimental stage and was practically new for racing planes. His plane was also equipped with the latest Curtiss motor, which developed about 505 horse power—the famous type known as the D-12 Curtiss—a twelve-cylinder, water-cooled, high-compression engine.

My machine was equipped with a Curtiss CD-12, developing about 480 horse power and the forerunner of the famous D-12. The cooling system on my plane consisted of the most reliable equipment known at that time. My plane had been carefully preserved since the past year's event and had just been reconditioned and overhauled, and it was the prettiest bit of aircraft we had ever seen.

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HINKLE AGAINST FAYNE

Miss Heloise Fayne Was Wide Awake. She Sat Bolt Upright

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

NO COMPETENT lawyer, weighing in the dispassionate atmosphere of this late day the evidence adduced at the Biers murder trial, can doubt that Heloise Fayne was upstairs in her own room, alone and in bed, when the shots were fired that alarmed the household. The district attorney, exercising his hallowed prerogative as devil's advocate, attacked Miss Fayne's alibi, sought to prove that hers was the hand that fired those startling shots. The consensus of professional opinion is heavily against him today.

To the end of the famous case—a verdict with which the brethren pick no quarrel—the people's stronghold was the motive. The jury, swayed unquestionably by the youth and beauty of Miss Fayne, must have been revolted by that motive again and again. It sticks out. It will not be dissimulated here, will not be covered with a magician's hat merely for the frivolous purpose of making a readable tale and one leading to the duly unexpected climax. But neither shall enlightened latter-day opinion be barred here because of its technical incompetence under the rules.

Miss Heloise Fayne, then, was in her own chamber on the third floor of the Biers house on East Ninety-third Street, Borough of Manhattan, at 4:06 A.M., being the morning of April 6, 1915. The exact time was had from a Mrs. Maves, who was a guest in the Biers house overnight, and who, thinking she was being called to breakfast, looked at her imported and infallible Swiss watch to verify her suspicions. There had been a gay party in the Biers house, and Mrs. Maves was not the only one in a condition to confuse the rude bellow of a pistol with the merry tinkle of a breakfast bell.

Miss Fayne, on the brink of the peremptory instant, was alone and in bed, with her slanting green eyes fixed on the shadowy ceiling. She testified later that she was fast asleep; we shall not believe her. Her reaction to the pistol shots was too snappy. All men may not be liars, despite the disgusted dictum of a shrewd old judge and ruler; but some women, and even some good women, relying on the help of Providence to establish the right, are willing, when Providence is vexed by an unconsidered detail, to help out in their turn with a little hurried perjury. Miss Heloise Fayne was wide awake. She sat bolt upright, threw aside the down coverlet, baby-wool blanket and linen sheet, and leaped to the cold floor. She ran to her door, unlocked it and hurled it back, and stepped into the hall.

Mrs. Maves, having resolved that there was some mistake, appeared in her doorway. Mrs. Fayne, mother of Heloise, showed in a doorway at the other end of the hall. Jack Boyce, of the dancing team of Boyce and Rodgers, put forth his inconsiderable head and shielded his valuable legs behind his door. He was being urged by the invisible Miss Rodgers, his roommate, to pursue fleetly and to grapple and to quell, but he said to her now in a gruff aside, "Tell it to Sweeney!" Jack was a merry-andrew who had come to eat and to drink and to cut up, and not to play a heavy, and he wasn't stepping out of character at the mere say-so of his lawful wedded wife.

"Did you hear it?" called Mrs. Fayne.

"Shots—two of them," said Jack Boyce.

"I was sound asleep, and all of a sudden I heard something. Where was it?"

"Downstairs, wasn't it?"

"I thought it was right in my room."

"Where's Bertie? Look in his room, somebody."

"Somebody ought to go downstairs and investigate."

"He's not there," announced Heloise, after rapping on Elbert Biers' door and calling on him to come forth, and going determinedly in.

"He must be downstairs."

"We'll all go," declared Jack Boyce, advancing toward the dark stair well. "Come ahead, folks. Nothing to be afraid of now, ladies. It's all over. . . . Here, what's that down there?"

"It is nothing but your own shirt on the newel post," said Heloise, pushing him on and down. "You were undressing all the way up stairs."

"I must have been soused," said Jack. "But I certainly heard those two shots. Bing—bing! Like that. I thought Florrie had found out about the blonde."

"It's no right time to kid, Jack," said Miss Rodgers severely. "What are you standing there for? Got a nail in your foot? Go on ahead down!"

"Somebody turn on the lights up there," bargained Jack.

The lights were switched on from above, illuminating the floor below Jack Boyce. "It is Barron, sir," said Elbert Biers' man. "Can I do anything?"

"Why, yes, Barron," said Jack, glad to seize command of the situation and to leave the mopping up to an underling. "Come down here and go through these rooms and see if everything is all right. Sing right out for me if you find something."

"Yes, sir," said Barron, passing him on the stair. "Pardon."

The living space of the second floor was occupied by an unused suite of bedrooms. Barron went through these rapidly and reported his lack of discovery to his superior on the landing. The group of guests followed Barron down to the first floor, where were the drawing-room, music room and dining room.

These were similarly unfruitful of surprises, and Barron switched on more lights and descended into the basement. Jack Boyce, following tardily, was midway in the final flight of stairs when Barron appeared below him in the entrance hall. "Mr. Biers is down here, sir!"

"Ah, Bertie is all right," guessed Jack. "Ladies ——"

"No, sir."

"What's that, Barron? Is he —— What's ——"

"I haven't looked very closely, but he seems to be badly hurt."

"Let's look," said Jack, hurrying down.

The Biers house was of the American-basement type that is entered only at the street level. The main rooms of the basement were the foyer in front and the kitchen in the rear. The foyer was entered from the street through a short vestibule; the kitchen made connection with the sidewalk through a long and narrow hall and a door beside that giving into the master's quarters.

Elbert Biers, born April 8, 1885, lay dead in his foyer. His body, pierced fatally by two bullets of .35 caliber, lay over the arm of a chair, seeming to show that he had been shot while seated. The pistol expert at police headquarters, to whom the detail was referred in due course, could not name the make of the weapon with any assurance; he thought that it was foreign, probably German, and that it was a pistol. The body was clad in pajamas and a Japanese kimono.

"Call a doctor, somebody," ordered Jack Boyce. "Can that yowling, will you, Florrie? Barron, call a doctor."

"Hinkle," Whispered Mr. Luray, "I'm All Through. I Can't Pay More"

"Yes, sir," said the man, going into the kitchen. He did not seem greatly affected by the tragedy, although it meant to him the loss of a cushy job—the expression is his

"We better leave everything as it is for the police," said Heloise, moving toward her mother

"Yeah, call the police, somebody," accepted Jack Boyce.

Heloise walked to the street door at the other end of the vestibule. She opened it quickly and stepped into the street. She looked up and down the deserted thoroughfare

She saw a woman hurrying toward her, and drew back into the doorway. She had recognized in the on-coming figure her own maid, Marie. The girl was barefooted in the cold street, with nothing but a sleazy wrap of dark material above her nightdress. She ran toward the doorway and was entering when Heloise caught her arm. The girl screamed faintly.

"What are you doing out here, Marie?" demanded Heloise.

"I have sick, madame," said Marie. "I go to the drug store."

"Like that?" said Heloise, flipping her finger tips against the girl's attire. "Without even slippers? Do you know what's happened?"

"Oh, no, no, madame! I do not know!"

"You lie, Marie. Why else are you so excited? What's the matter with you? Why do you look like that?"

"Oh, no, madame!"

"You're lying to me. You know that Mr. Biers has been killed. Come now!"

"I go not to the drug store then," amended the girl. "I go to the dining room for the brandy. I have sick of the stomach cramps, madame. And then, what is? I hear the guns. I run down. I look. Ah, it is Mr. Biers! What is to do? I am so frightened, madame. I run into the street."

"Marie," said Heloise, after reflecting on this improved story, "I have always been a good friend to you, and I do not wish to hand you over to the police for questioning. But if I thought for a moment that you knew anything at all about this ——"

"Is it then so great loss to madame?" said the girl, suddenly pert

"You dare to speak to me like that?" said Heloise, crushing the girl's slight arm and opening darting green eyes on her until she cowered again

"Ah, no, madame, I know nothing of it!"

"I'll decide about that later," said Heloise, releasing her. "There, go quickly. Slip in through the service hall and kitchen and up the back stairs before you're seen Hurry!"

Mrs. Fayne was standing in the vestibule just out of earshot, but with her eyes on the couple in the doorway "It was Marie," whispered Heloise, passing her.

"Marie!" said Mrs. Fayne, suppressing an exclamation "She didn't—she doesn't—you don't think ——"

"No," said Heloise. She threw her arm about her mother in a quick exuberance of feeling and pressed the older woman to her. They rejoined the whimpering group in the dining room.

"Did someone come in?" demanded Jack Boyce, striding into the vestibule. "Dry up, Florrie, will you? You got the whole place wet. Hello—look, folks, the street door is open! Leave it right like that, everybody. That's police evidence, that is."

"Poor, poor Bertie!" cried Heloise, falling on her knees beside the body of the murdered man and bursting into tears.

II

TUG GAFFNEY, the burly rowdy who guarded the street door of the dingy little brick house on Centre Street, lost patience under the nagging of a would-be client of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle. "Told you to blow, didn't I, bug?" snarled Tug, seizing his annoyer by the collar and waist and running him expertly off the stoop and down the block. The prospective client fell, got up, shook a futile fist and stalked off in search of other professional advice.

Two ladies, halted in alarm, watched Tug swagger back to his post. One of them—a young and beautiful creature, with piled hair of the hue of old copper, wearing under her open mink coat a mourning dress that brought out the green lights in her slanting eyes—decided that new business was in order, and said, "Is this Mr. Hinkle's office?"

"Only by appointment, lady," said Tug. "And he ain't making any"

"We must see him," she said, tendering a five-dollar bill.

He lifted a refusing hand. "If it was anybody else but a lady, kid," he said with a leer of homage, "I'd take it for a souvenir, and turn 'em down just the same. Send it south! Absolutely nothing doing!"

"You'd like to oblige me?" She looked from under long brown lashes.

Tug met her glance and looked away warily. "Not for love or money, kid. Cohen'd take my head off. The boss won't see nobody."

"Isn't he strong, mother?" said the girl to her companion.

"Well, ladies," admitted Tug, swelling his chest, "there's good guys thought I was money from home and found out I was bad news."

"And so quick, isn't he, mother?"

"That's because I ain't muscle-bound, see?" he said, swinging his arms. "Look at my old man—God ha' mercy on him. He was twicet as strong as me, but he had such a big muscle that he couldn't more'n tickle his back collar button with the end of his finger. Like this, see? The old woman had to put on his collar like he was a horse. . . . Yeah, I'm fast."

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The Group of Guests Followed Barron Down to the First Floor, Where Were the Drawing-Room, Music Room and Dining Room. These Were Similarly Unfruitful of Surprises

STRAIGHT FROM NEW YORK

"I Don't See How They Keep It Up, These New Yorkers," He Marveled. "Going, Going, Going, Night and Day, Never Resting. You See 'Em on the Street at One o'Clock in the Morning"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IN THE otherwise usual scattering of passengers that stepped from the 4:10 Central of Georgia from Macon—fat, jolly underwear salesmen; slender, jolly fillies home from Wesleyan; and medium-size, jolly merchants returned from a dandy time buying widgets—there was one whose presence stood forth, numbing the senses with its beauty, as a spectacle not likely to be encountered more than once or twice in a lifetime.

This *coup d'œil* was arrayed in brilliant magenta, a velvet of that delightful hue having been dedicated to the composition of an Austrian Hussar uniform which had been adorned here and there with improving features garnered from the Elizabethan, Louis Quatorze, and First Empire periods. Down the sides of the breeches stretched citrine stripes as wide as a whisky glass, and on the pockets of the coat skirt were curlicues and gadgets of verd antique. A military cape was of bishop's purple patterned with topaz hickies and whoozis. Five or six million corruscating brass buttons flecked the gent's façade as stars spatter the heavens at night, and gold ropes and tassels dangled from a dozen pleasantly unexpected locations. He was wearing, moreover, high boots of glistening grisaille and an enormous turban hot from Islam.

This would not be, however, any prince of Abyssinia, killing a summer day in Riverside, Georgia, but Brother Rich Slayback, of Slayback's Smoke Shop, gorgeously and eagerly returned from the seventh annual convention of the uniform rank of the Fraternal, Protective, Loyal and Benevolent Order of Yaks, and as he emerged from the Union Station, to stagger Twelfth Street with his magnificence, a thirty-six-year-old hack horse took one look, reared for the first time since its adolescence and fled madly in the direction of Norfolk, Virginia.

It was, however, but a trifling incident, and Brother Slayback, properly ignoring it, turned his steps in the direction of Third Avenue and Eleventh Street, where there lived the class of the town, Miss Anita Moselle, a strawberry blonde; and, though Brother Slayback's ultimate thoughts may have been with her, it presently became clear that any other person, male or female, might serve his most pressing need meanwhile.

And at Fifth Avenue such a potential stop-gap paused unwarily to study the advancing spectacle with the balanced calm that only a stationary position can give.

"Well!" the stop-gap exclaimed with some feeling.

"Ambrose!" The returned Yak seized the stop-gap by the hand. "Just got in from Macon. Been ——"

"Well!" repeated Ambrose.

"Yep," agreed Brother Slayback. "Been to the Yaks' convention. Ambrose, old man, you ought to join—you really ought. Let me tell you, I ain't had such a time since the Shriners' convention. There was a parade ——"

"Well, if you ain't the darnedest-looking fellow ——"

"Uniform rank of the Yaks," Brother Slayback explained. "There was a parade that took a hour to pass a given point. It formed at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp ——"

"I swear," muttered the stop-gap, "I never seen nothin' like it in my life. What's them tassels?"

"Oh—those?" The Yak touched a thingumbob. "Why, those are tassels."

"Tassels, eh?" Ambrose nodded, his darkest suspicions confirmed. "I sort of thought they might be tassels. But I swear I never seen ——"

Brother Slayback drew a deep, preparatory breath. "I want to tell you one thing about that parade, Ambrose," he began. "It's a kind of honor in a way for Riverside, living here like I do, because I hadn't no idea that anybody there ever heard of me. Well, sir, the parade was forming at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp ——"

He stopped. Ambrose was moving away, apparently oblivious of the narrative. "I swear," he was mumbling, "if anybody'd tole me somebody'd dress up like that I wouldn't of ever believed ——"

His words died vaguely and Brother Slayback followed his retreat with wistful eyes. Then, recovering his Oriental aplomb, he set out again in the direction of Third Avenue and Eleventh Street, and as he put distance behind him he became barely able to conceal his growing eagerness to burst an account of the parade incident over the beautiful head of the adorable Miss Moselle.

His heart was warm toward the Yaks. There, he felt, was a lodge that really was a lodge. Not one of those stiff and formal organizations that regulated the uniforms of its members, but a band of liberal, big-hearted fellows which permitted its members to exercise some individuality and originality in the creation of their regalia. Every man, it was, for himself, and if a chap had any artistic ideas at all he could fix himself up a swell outfit. And, too, there was the insurance feature.

At Third Avenue, just as he was about to turn the corner, he ran squarely into Hubert Sniffen. Brother Slayback extended his hand happily.

"Hubert!" he exclaimed. "Just got in from the Yaks' convention and, say, I just want to tell you something that happened during the parade ——"

Mr. Sniffen looked at the magenta garments for a single concentrated minute and then with an ejaculation of amazement he walked rapidly away, leaving the Yak highly mystified.

His mystification changed then, as he stood contemplating the situation, to something resembling anger. What did those fellows mean? Wasn't there no common courtesy left in them? He wasn't going to keep them long. All he wanted to do was tell them about how the Imperial Potentate came right up to him—he suddenly clinched his teeth. Well, there was Anita anyway. She'd see that it was important.

He strode down the street, sending astounded house cats into hysterics and dumfounding small boys, and his face was that of the fighting yak, than which there is no more dangerous animal when aroused. But then as he neared the Moselle home the grim determination of his countenance relaxed, and as he turned in the gate it became that of a sentimental yak hastening to a tryst.

He sprang up the three steps with one bound and burst into the bower made of the front porch by a thick vine—and stopped dead. Sitting in the swing beside his strawberry blonde was another man—a slick and urbane young man whom he had never seen before in his life. Brother Slayback felt a sudden sinking of his heart. The fire in him died.

Under the cool, mildly curious gaze of the modish stranger he reddened. For a minute there was silence, and then the stranger broke the peace.

"Are you," he asked calmly, "going to bring the elephants in with you?"

Anger smote the Yak again. "Say, look here," he began, when Miss Moselle rose and interrupted hastily.

"Oh, Rich!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad to see you. This is Arnold Huggins—you remember Arnold, don't

you? . . . Arnold, this is—you must remember Rich Slayback."

Mr. Huggins raised his eyebrows. "Why, certainly," he said. "Only I never saw him as Santa Claus before. How are you, Mr. Slayback?"

"All right."

The Yak accepted the outthrust hand slowly. Mr. Huggins, however, was cordiality itself.

"Hang your turban on the hatrack," he said heartily, "and sit right down. In the circus business now?"

Miss Moselle again cast a scuttle of oil on the troubled waters. "Oh, Arnold," she said, "you are so funny! Rich is a Yak—he's just been to the Yak convention in Macon. Arnold," she added, addressing Rich, "is here on a visit from New York. He's the star reporter on the New York Globe-Courier now—aren't you, Arnold?—and he's been telling me some of the most fascinating stories about his experiences. I'm just thrilled to death. . . . Sit down, Rich."

Brother Slayback removed his turban, which immediately collapsed into acres of cloth, and sat down warily.

"Arnold knows Michael Arlen," Miss Moselle continued. "Just think, Rich, he knows him quite well. Tell us, Arnold, about ——"

"Yes," drawled Mr. Huggins nonchalantly, "Mike and I got to be quite good friends. A very interesting fellow, Mike; charming, witty, always ——"

The Yak stirred. "Representative of Congress Hawkins was at the convention," he said. "He's a Past Potentate of Hu Lu Temple."

This bit of news fell in fallow ground. There was a quiet of several seconds and then Mr. Huggins resumed:

"Mike and I were in Texas Guinan's Club one morning about four o'clock—good scout, Texas—and Jack Pickford, Marilyn Miller, Jack Dempsey, Peggy Joyce and some other folks were in my party ——"

"What are you?" asked Brother Slayback. "A guide?"

"Why, Rich!" Miss Moselle spoke reprovingly. She turned again to Mr. Huggins.

"Arnold," she said, "tell me this: Is all this I've been hearing about Myrtle Bismuth of the Noted Players films true?"

"Why," Mr. Huggins hesitated, laughing in some slight embarrassment, "I really don't know as I ought to talk about it. Myrtle is a good friend of mine, you know. Good scout, Myrtle. You see, I met Oscar Roach, whose name has been connected with hers, when I was covering the big Hogstratten murder ——"

"Olaf Hogstratten," volunteered Brother Slayback, "was a Yak, in good standing. The Cairo Temple, which he was Supreme Potentate of, give him a swell funeral."

"I heard," said Miss Moselle, "that Oscar Roach was getting a divorce from Agnes McFarlan, and that Myrtle Bismuth ——"

"Nothing to it," Mr. Huggins stated definitely. "Agnes would have told me."

There was another moment of calm as Mr. Huggins drew nonchalantly on a straw-tipped cigarette, and then Rich cleared his throat and leaned forward.

"Anita," he said, "there was one little incident—nothing much—that happened at the convention I think'll interest you. We had a big parade, you know. It took a hour to pass a given point. Well, the parade formed at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp, and while I was standing there ——"

"Besides," Mr. Huggins added, "I happen to know for a fact that Myrtle is all wrapped up in Ted Speare."

"Not Ted Speare, the novelist!" Miss Moselle exclaimed. "I read somewhere that he was a woman hater."

"Teddy Speare a woman hater!" Mr. Huggins laughed. "Say, I met Teddy when I was covering the Blank murder story—remember that? Well, if I should tell you about all the parties I and Ted have been on together you wouldn't think he was a woman hater. It was only last week ——"

Rich raised his voice. "I say, the parade formed at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp ——"

"I don't see," soliloquized Anita, "how such stories can get started. I just wouldn't read his last book because I heard he was a woman hater."

"—— ten o'clock sharp ——"

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Huggins recollected, "I was talking to Jackie Barrymore about Oscar and Myrtle about a month ago. I was on some double-murder story—I've forgotten what. We are always out on some murder story or other, you know ——"

"It must be perfectly fascinating!" Miss Moselle could not help interrupting. "You meet the most fascinating people in journalism. Oh, I just wish I was a man so I could be a journalist."

"You could join the Yaks," suggested Brother Slayback, "if you was a man—and the right kind."

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Huggins deprecated the fascination of his calling. "It's interesting enough at first, I suppose, but pretty soon it becomes the same old thing over and again—murders, scandals, that kind of things. Now and then something good turns up. Now there was that Cinderella story ——"

"Oh, tell me about the man who adopts all those children. Is he really so handsome ——"

"Well," said Mr. Huggins, "I'll tell you something that Gloria Swanson said to me—good scout, Gloria—about his latest adoption ——"

Brother Slayback shifted his position. "If you don't mind, Anita," he said, "I just wanted to tell you one thing about the Yaks' parade—I got to be going—I just want to tell you ——"

Miss Moselle turned to him expectantly. "Oh, yes," she said. "You know how absent-minded I am, Rich. What was it you were saying?"

"Well," Rich said, heaving a sigh of relief, "the parade formed at ten o'clock sharp ——"

"Parades," remarked Mr. Huggins, "are the most boring things in the world to cover. Just after the war I had to cover one every Saturday on Fifth Avenue —— "

Brother Slayback rose. "Anita," he said positively, "how is your mother? May I go in to see her?"

Miss Moselle followed him to his feet. "I'm sorry, Rich," she said, "but mother's asleep. She hasn't been able to leave her bed yet. I'll tell her, though, that you asked. She'll be awfully pleased. Have you got to go?"

Mr. Huggins rose. "Very glad to have met you, Mr. Slayback," he said; "especially in that outfit. I don't know that I've ever seen anything ——"

"Good-by," said Brother Slayback, trying to put the acres of cloth on his head, where it rested like a shroud. "I got to make a report to my Temple." He moved toward the steps and Anita followed. They stood together for a moment, hands clasped in adieu, until he breathed, "Anita."

"Yes," she whispered.

"The parade was forming at ten o'clock sharp ——"

"Anita!" The call came from Mr. Huggins

(Continued on Page 39)

"Hubert!" He Exclaimed. "Just Got in From the Yaks' Convention and, Say, I Just Want to Tell You Something That Happened During the Parade ——"

WAVING THE BABY

Being the Further Confessions of an Author's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

They are Continually Bringing Home to You a World You Could Never Encounter in Any Tour, a Brand-New World of Wonder and Excitement and Tangled-Up Truth

ADAM, being an author, says I should never use a title not easily understood. And since Adam may for once in his life be right, I'd better explain what's meant by "waving the baby."

I'd heard often enough of waving the flag; and I wasn't an entire stranger to either those venal patriots or those crafty play producers who, when all else fails, fly to the national colors for succor. But I stumbled on the newer phrase and the newer practice when a disgruntled bachelor candidate for our Connecticut State Legislature tried to explain his defeat at the hands of an opponent who had over-assiduously pounded the home-and-fireside drum and kissed all the infants in arms and publicly proclaimed himself as the father of nine little ones of his own. The childless one accused the unctuous and prolific victor of waving the baby.

Now I'm not pretending to say that Adam uses his offspring precisely as the ladies of the chorus use the Stars and Stripes for the grand finale of a *tableau vivant* in a Broadway revue. But I do know that just as many a great artist has put his own small son on canvas, so many a preoccupied author has capitalized his own children. And Adam is no exception to the rule.

Finding a Story in a Pawnshop

MY ESTEEMED better half, it's true, has occasionally tried to tar me with the same brush, claiming that I cold-bloodedly wave my small sons to obtain car seats in the overcrowded 8:23, and wantonly exploit them both to expedite personal service and build up a tremendously helpful tradition of helpless motherhood; and even turn to them as a last resort to soften the heart of the traffic cop who's caught me snitching a place in the ferry lines. But that's mostly Adam's pachydermatoid sense of humor, even though I may be a trifle toplofty when I doll up my little brood and carry them off to the city, where their honest bucolic voices ring through the big stores and people stare at their Indian-brown legs and an occasional personable stranger, usually the kind that wears white spats and a *boutonnière*, stops to felicitate me on so demonstrably passing on a charm as rare as mine to the rising generation.

But as I've already tried to explain, everything in this household of ours has to be grist for the busy mill of creation. Even our tears and troubles, it seems, have to go into that hungry hopper that swallows up life in the rough and sends it out as the fine-milled flour of fiction, though it's sometimes phantasmally consoling to remember that your tribulations of the moment may eventually be converted into a source of revenue. It can give to life's darker clouds a distinct lining of silver.

In the old days, for example, when we had to count our pennies and do our own interior decorating, Adam borrowed a neighbor's whitewash brush and tried to calcimine the living room of our beach cottage. It may have been the wrong sort of brush, or it may have been Adam's entirely wrong way of doing it; but when my husband tried to apply that tinted liquid to the ceiling the greater part of the liquid in question ran down his arm and cascaded along his floating ribs and trickled down his legs, until his shoes squished with it when he moved. So he gave it up as a bad job. But being a true philosopher, he digested his defeat, meditated on its cause, and sat down and wrote a more or less humorous short story, wherein he depicted a group of love-smitten cowboys dolorously trying to whitewash the old schoolhouse ceiling for the pretty new teacher, and succeeding thereat only after summarily turning the said schoolhouse upside down.

Adam sold that story for money enough to have the entire cottage done over by a more professional hand. And when, during our still leaner years in Greenwich Village, a run of bad luck prompted Adam to pawn a slightly abraded dress suit on which the broker gentleman stood willing to advance the unjustly trivial sum of four dollars and fifty cents, my husband fell into argument with the usurer behind the counter, disputed and interrogated and demanded explanation, until the moment arrived when Adam could indignantly carry off his suit and go home and write a Saturday Special on city pawnshops for which he was paid almost three times what he had been offered for his soup-and-fish attire.

And when a lonely English artist who had made rather a failure of life decided to inhale illuminating gas, two doors away from Adam's studio, it was Adam who sniffed the disturbing odor and saw the telltale canary cage put out in the hallway and found the door cracks plugged with paper—and kicked in the door and got the windows open and the gas turned off and the good-by letters hidden away before the arrival of a police officer and an ambulance surgeon, to whom it was finally demonstrated that the entire thing was an accident and nothing more.

A Lesson in Anæsthesia

BUT Adam made one of his best chapters out of that incident, later on, and I've often wondered if the English artist in question, who is now married and moderately successful as an engraver of wall mottoes and greeting cards, ever realized the actual source of that material. I've never read over one of Adam's love letters, in fact, without a haunting suspicion that he may have made a carbon copy of it for purely business purposes. I've never watched Adam conversing with women who are both lovelier and younger than his own wife without the faintly consoling thought that he was, after all, merely gathering data for the future. And I wasn't a bit surprised, the third day after Adam had had his appendix out, when my poor old pain-twisted boy asked me if I'd mind jotting down a few notes for him on just how it feels to go under an anæsthetic.

It gets in the blood, this passion to see and record, to feel and explain, to discern and interpret. And though I don't mean to imply that Adam ever put pins through his own sons and studied them as actively wriggling examples of a lower order of life, while I mustn't give the impression that he took mental smears of his own offspring and put them under the microscope of cold blooded curiosity, I must admit that our three boys have played rather bigger parts in the molding of Adam's career than this muddle-headed husband of mine would be willing to acknowledge.

For Adam, without quite knowing it, is incessantly waving the baby. He unconsciously capitalizes his own children. He as abstractedly milks their little minds as William milks our Guernseys, Cleopatra and Helen. He's made of them liaison officers between himself and the fairyland he's grown too old to find with his own eyes. He uses them as go-betweens when the tiny folk and the elfs of ghostland hide under their dewy toadstools at the tremor of feet too clumsily heavy for children's. And Adam, by sharing in the lives of these uncalculating and obstreperous youngsters, has kept himself young in heart. For we all knew, long before Spencer ever said it, that to keep our youth we must travel with the youthful.

Yet I'm afraid, when God first sent us our three little hostages to fortune, that we didn't altogether count on them as benefactions. Both pater and mater, I fear me, regarded them more as liabilities than as assets. They weren't all invited guests, and it takes a pinch of fortitude to face the unwelcome, and a deal of scheming to receive the unexpected.

Yet even before Junior, my first-born, came into this world he'd begun to pay his way, as it were. For one of Adam's most realistic novels dealt with the moods and the waywardness of an expectant mother, and one of its most successful chapters got its coloring from a certain hospital scene under the shadow of the stork's wing. It was truthful enough, I remember, to make almost three hundred puzzled women write in and ask how a mere man came to know so much about such things, and almost another hundred to intimate that Adam was one of their own sex masquerading under the pen name of a male. When, still earlier in this novel of married life, Adam showed the husband and wife drifting into a quarrel—as we ourselves had done—over just which college their yet unarrived son and heir should attend, we found history rather surprisingly repeating itself, for no less than seven fond parents reported a similar experience; and one discerning wife thereafter playfully named her pig-headed spouse after Adam's rather pig-headed character.

A Big Child in the Nursery

IT WAS the same old mill, yawning for the same old grist, when our Tiddler—alias Timothy, after a wealthy uncle who has never yet shown any substantial appreciation of the honor—had his tonsils and adenoids taken out; and when Eric—alias Eric the Red and usually abbreviated of late into Red—lost his appendix and left poor Adam so white-faced and shaken that I used to cry in secret over a strong man's misery that couldn't find the courage to express itself in words. I don't know why it is, but in the love of a man for the son of his loins there's a poignancy that can't be easily expressed. I get an echo of it in that little poem of Adam's where he speaks of lying with his arm over his small boy's shoulder, as though to shield him from the blows of a world he was without the power to make softer. And I suppose it's what Coventry Patmore tried to express when he explains how the study of the boyish toys and trifles from his wee son's pockets could so mysteriously move him to tears. And it's what Katherine Mansfield was groping toward when she wrote Sixpence, and what Kipling had found when he gave us Baa Baa Black Sheep.

But this I know, and know right well: That more than once, when I've stumbled into the nursery and discovered Adam there in his pajamas, with Red on one side of him and Tiddler on the other, the three of them contentedly singing lamentably off key and unmistakably out of tune and time, I've found a lump coming into my throat and have had to slip away so as not to show the foolish tears I couldn't quite explain. And often, in the old days, when Junior was restless at night and I've heard Adam's deep barytone droning some silly rime over and over as he carried the colicky little figure up and down in his big hairy arms, I've watched and wondered why so simple a thing should take on so undecipherable an air of pathos.

But I know that our children have kept Adam tender, have kept him child-minded, have kept him young in heart. And they have done something more than that. They've stabilized him. They've swung him down to a substantial earthly plane of philosophy which every dreamer needs. They've linked him up with the chain of life, where the microcosm is so apt to be lost in the mass. For Nature sees to it that every parent turns into a conservative, since there's something fundamentally wrong with the red who is also a family man. And children also bring the chaulmoogra oil for that leprosy of the mind which is known as cynicism, since the canker of the world today, it seems to me, lies in that half smile and half sneer of a Laodicean youth to which too much has been given and of which too little is asked, the tired thrill hounds who are bored with life before they have broken bread with wonder.

"Say, Bunty," Adam once observed to me as we all watched the village fire equipment clang past to a burning garage, "what wouldn't you give if you could get the kick out of anything that our Tiddler gets out of a fire engine?"

What wouldn't I give, indeed! For it's being alive to things that makes life worth while. And it's their ability to get a kick out of things that makes children so able to pay their way, to transfuse their enthusiasms from the singing veins of youth to the sclerotic arteries of the middle-aged.

Adam, for instance, never misses a circus. He now says, of course, that he goes merely for the boys' sake. But about the time Barnum and Bailey used to open at the Garden, Adam used to have a very important engagement in town. Laboriously and ingeniously he used to pave the way for that shamefaced escape back to boydom. His solemn maneuvers were as transparent as Red's when the latter wants a slice of chocolate cake at three o'clock in the afternoon. But now, bless his old bones, Adam can take his three young hopefuls in tow and prance off to the big top and buy peanuts and red balloons and pink lemonade and pop, and try to watch three rings all at once, and come home so tired he twists and mutters in his sleep, and Junie and Red and Tiddler for the next few days nearly ruin my box springs trying to do back twisters off the footboard of any bed that's handy.

A Three-Ring Circus in the Home

BUT when I come to think of it, we really have a never-ending three-ring circus right here at home. For there's always something doing in a house inhabited by three active-bodied children. There's always an obstacle race over the furniture, or a bathtub to overflow, or a cut finger, or a fresh pair of initials carved on the wainscoting, or salted almonds disappearing from my carefully laid dinner table, or corn silk and cedar bark being smoked in the haymow, or window glass being broken, or screen doors being punctured, or beehives being upset, or waxed floors being slid on, or clocks being taken apart, or fires being started uncomfortably close to the outbuildings. Not long ago, when our east lawn grass was scorched dry by the hot September weather, Adam decided to burn it off one morning when the dew was still on the ground and there was every promise of keeping his fire line under control. But that fire line was an unexpectedly meek and effortless one, for, much to the boys' disappointment, the flames refused to ramp and roar. They merely crept sullenly on, foot by foot, and finally went out.

But consternation reigned in our house when, on looking down from the old nursery windows, it was discovered that the charred design made by these flames unmistakably outlined the figure of an ogre, a very pot-bellied giant with a very pointed nose. There he was as plain as day, a squat and somber-bodied ogre of obviously evil intent. Even Adam shook his head solemnly over such an ominous stranger so close to our house and home.

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And Adam, by Sharing in the Lives of These Uncalculating and Obstreperous Youngsters, Has Kept Himself Young in Heart

FIDDLE-BACKS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE fact that he would, in a very short while indeed, be with Rose Brincker again brought up a curious question in Willie Gerald's mind. It had to do with love. For sixteen years—or was it seventeen?—he had been admittedly in love with her; his feeling had lived without the warmth of encouragement, or even contact; and yet, he insisted to himself, it hadn't diminished. The realization that he was insisting on this had just called itself to his attention. In any other connection he would have discovered that to be significant; but not where his love for Rose was concerned. That was an inseparable and permanent part of his life. Without it he would be immeasurably poorer, poverty-stricken. However, his exact attitude toward her was difficult to define; he was conscious of it without emotion. That was, where at one time he had been confident of his love, now he told himself that he loved her. Gerald acknowledged it very gladly, yet it was an acknowledgment. The longing and memories had receded.

But that, he thought, was probably only the change time had brought about in him; his love wasn't lessened but only different, as he was different. Desire was veiled in tranquillity. However, when he turned to Carmine Grant, vivid in her youth and concealing paint; when he thought of Alicia Ann Quales, or even of Freda Renant, his imagination and interest were definitely stirred. Willie Gerald wouldn't, though, admit what this plainly implied—not to love Rose always, with all his being, would be an act of common treachery; in losing that he would lose what little integrity he possessed. At the same time he was decidedly unsettled at the thought of reaching Mayley, where Rose was staying with a brother of her father's. Bernard Atterman, Rose's uncle, was not a part of her social world. He had made a very great deal of money—from coal, Willie thought it was—and he lived in the highlands of New Jersey, perhaps thirty miles out of New York. That, with some vague idea of the immediate family, was all Gerald knew. In ordinary circumstances he'd have been curious about the Attermans; but, disturbed about Rose Brincker, he saw with regret that the car sent to the ferry for him was turning in between impressive gateposts. There was a lodge, swathed in wistaria, on the left, and a drive that curved up into a grove of very old and dignified maple trees. There were great circular beds of cannas, endless borders of croton plants, and pale weeping willows at a meadow in the lower distance.

"I'm Tired, Willie, Give Me Your Hand." He Drew Her Up and They Walked Slowly Toward the House

Beyond the maples Willie at last saw the house, and he was forced to acknowledge that, for Bernard Atterman, coal had done very well indeed. It was in reality a mansion—a massive graystone pile, with enormous plate-glass windows, bright with the western light, and a great many mansard roofs and files of chimneys. The entrance hall had a wide floor of light waxed oak; there was fretted and turned woodwork at the stairs and along the cornice, and Rose appeared at once to greet him.

The instant he saw her he was, he thought, relieved of all his troubling. "Rose," he exclaimed, "if you ever have looked better, I can't remember it!" She was—but as always—graceful; her eyes were as engaging as they were calm and direct, and her natural color was fresh and lovely.

"At least," she replied, "you ought to be an authority; you have seen me more times than anyone else alive. You look simply splendid yourself. Willie, you've lost that discontented look I complained about the last time we were together. Do you realize how long ago that was? Over a year. Don't go up yet; they have a very late supper. It's all as quaint as possible, but I like it and so will you. Bernard has the only side whiskers left in the world—the kind that used to be called mutton chops. And his wife's name is Mattie; her name is Mattie and she has sciatica. She got it thirty years ago from damp sheets in a hotel."

They were seated in a very small room, again in light oak, with a divan built around the walls and a high pointed window in plum color and orange and green glass.

"Isn't it a shame it's not Stiegel?" she continued, following his gaze. Then she leaned forward seriously. "Willie, there is something I must tell you. It made me furious. Do you realize that Fairman Lane simply can't stand you?"

He replied moderately that he didn't. "What made you think that?"

Lane himself, Rose told him. "He wasn't talking directly to me, but I heard him at a dinner. He said the most unreasonable and ridiculous thing; he was discussing early furniture with Mrs. John Bailey, and she asked about you. She said she almost never saw you any more, and Fairman explained that was because you had changed from an honest dealer to a dishonest dealer. It made me so mad I got a headache."

Willie Gerald stared down at the cigarette in his hand; the ribbon of smoke curling away from it slightly stung his eyes. No, never honest. "What did he mean?" Rose Brincker demanded. "I didn't intend to tell you; it was so absurd; but it kept bothering me. I mean Fairman ought to be shut up."

Gerald laughed. He asked if she had ever heard of the Governor Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors. "It's all the name sounds," he proceeded; "and in Richmond. They buy old and historic furniture and have a house. A cousin of Lane is in it, and at his advice she paid a great deal of money for a highboy. A rather bad highboy, Rose. I was in Richmond at the time and I'm afraid I pointed out its very obvious flaws. I suppose that has been in Fairman Lane's mind. Naturally it annoyed him."

"I can't understand why you did it," she admitted. "It seems stupid. It wasn't really your affair, was it? What if that nonsensical society did get a bad piece of furniture? You didn't recommend it. At the same time Fairman can't go on like that. He really can't, Willie. He is disagreeable, but I've never known him to say things that were no better than plain lies."

Willie Gerald told her she didn't understand the effect of antiques on a collector's mind. "They ruin it," he instructed her; "the morals go, too, and then all the rest. I never really took it seriously."

However, in his room, Gerald's expression was as serious as possible. Rose was right; Lane couldn't be permitted to make direct statements about his dishonesty. He had no proof. It was just the deliberate expression of an old suspicion and ill will. It wouldn't be unpleasant, at the first opportunity, to tell Lane that he must better guard his speech. A thing impossible for Willie Gerald in the old days, when he had made an art of disregarding insults in the interest of his social career. He looked back on that time, on himself, with amazement and incredulity. With all the drawbacks of the present, he was at least free. What he accumulated in success or disgrace or pleasure was the result of his individual acts and choice.

Rose's account of Bernard Atterman, he realized later, was perfect; he was described by the side whiskers; his wife was absolutely explained by her name, Mattie; the fact that she had sciatica. They said little; Rose did most of the talking; and Gerald saw that, potentially, Atterman's nose was bigger, even, than the house which contained it. A heavy, a dominant and autocratic feature.

Afterward he went with Rose Brincker into a small garden inclosed by tall lilac bushes. There was a mathematical pattern of tanbark paths and small ornamental iron benches. It was all very much like a Victorian cemetery. But Rose was the reverse; she was gay, her color had increased, and she sat with a hand lightly covering his. As Willie Gerald gazed at her he was suddenly aware of an amazing fact:

If he asked her now to marry him she would accept. She made this clear in a score of ways. Yes, he could marry her—marry Rose. That had been the greatest desire of his life, the measure of perfect happiness. Nor was she less charming than formerly. Rather, she had improved. Well, there it was, all before him—his cherished love and security, an enviable position in any society he chose to frequent; and money. He would have capital for the operations he knew he could bring to success. It only required a few words. He could turn his hand and clasp hers, ask her to forget the prohibition she had laid on that one subject, and it would be accomplished. More than that, he recognized that she expected him to make such a declaration. She was waiting for it, her cheeks stained with delicate color.

Gerald said nothing; it seemed to him that he stopped breathing; at the stir of a finger, the sound of a voice, his arms would be around her. But not a finger moved; the only sound was the late whistling of a robin. He told himself that he was mad; his happiness, his release, had come so suddenly that he was stunned. But simultaneous with this conclusion something damnable in him said that he didn't want to be married, not even to Rose. At last he knew that he didn't love her. His conclusion was as unavoidable as it was tragic, and Gerald began a silent argument with himself. He was insane. He was committed to her.

"It's perfect here," she said. "I don't even wish we were younger. I wouldn't have anything changed. Would you, Willie?"

"No, Rose," he answered slowly, furious at the treachery of the meaning which accompanied his agreement. "No, I wouldn't." He could feel her delightful shoulder press ever so lightly against his. It was really a frightful dilemma. He didn't want to marry her—the secret inner voice grew stronger—he didn't want to lose his liberty, such as it was. He preferred it in all its ugliness to the peace and rectitude, the beauty, Rose offered him. Gerald again recalled his dismay when, after Jim Brincker's death, she had said she wouldn't marry him. Rose was tired of marriage, she had explained, and wanted to be free. How ironical life was!

She walked away from him, into the dusk that was becoming night; there were fireflies about her slippers and her body was as gracefully slender as a girl's.

"Aren't you coming?" she called back to him. "I'm sick of it here. I know where there is a little stream, and you can see across the valley if it isn't too dark." The stream, in deep green banks, ran past them with a liquid whispering, and through an opening in the maple trees they saw the lingering dim shapes of smooth hills and groves. "I'm glad that window wasn't Stiegel," Rose said; "it's more perfect the way it is. I think the house is miraculous. I'm a little worn with early furniture and glass, Willie. I mean it's all grown so self-conscious. Here there is a loveliness that no one has disturbed or gabbled about. It's just as peaceful and remote as the colonies. I'd like to live here a while. When would it be better, Willie—in the spring or fall, or perhaps full summer?"

"It would be ideal any time," he answered; "and I know exactly what you mean about the other—the gabbling over antiques. But I suppose sometime all this will be collected. In a way, it is being looked for now; the flowery ironwork and beautiful trifles. I saw a little box last week in ivory and gold and tortoise and silver, delicate sprays under the glass of the lid; and I'd rather have had it than a South Jersey milk bowl—in blue."

What ineffectual nonsense all that he said was. The hills were lost, the stream grew louder, and the scent of sweet grass filled the air. He was wretched, and making a fatal mistake. But Gerald couldn't force himself to ask Rose to marry him; he couldn't touch her. If he did, his voice, his hands, would be lies. The life he had once hoped to live with her—a return to the society from which he had fled—appeared endlessly dull. It would be worse than jail. The people, the things, he had once admired, passionately longed for and copied, now oppressed him in thought. He actually preferred the society of Govrosky, the dealer's runner, the excitement incidental to bogus copies of the past.

"I'm tired," Rose said abruptly. "Willie, give me your hand." He drew her up and they walked slowly toward the house. Her hand was inside his arm, and when she turned her head to speak to him he felt her breath warm on his cheek. It didn't stir him by a swiftened beat of his heart. Although Rose was scarcely touching him, she seemed to be dragging at his progress. He felt choked, even irritated, by her closeness. It was evident that she felt this, for she moved suddenly away. "I'm stupid to have kept you out here," she declared; "you'd have been much happier on the terrace with a highball. Better than that—we can get mint and ice in tall glasses. Bernard has some splendid champagne."

Once more alone, Willie Gerald was swept by an overwhelming sensation of relief. He undressed and sat coolly in pajamas, smoking reflectively. Gerald wished impolitely

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"You Ask Me and Don't Give Me Time to Tell You"

Why Mrs. Mellery Won't Come

By C. E. MONTAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"For One Thing," She Said, "Shops are Not Healthy. For Another, the Whole Thing Is Too Abjectly Sordid—for Me Anyhow"

MY WIFE Alice summoned me out to the door of our cottage—high up on a ridge of the Cotswolds—to see the sunset in state behind Shepperley Down. We looked at the show as you look at a scene on the stage from a dress-circle seat; our low garden wall took the place of the ledge that you lay your things on in the theater. Beyond it the Evenlode Valley dropped clean out of sight; the first thing our eyes lighted upon, as we stood, was the sky line of Shepperley Down, made mystical by the interposition of two miles of air suffused with horizontal sunshine.

Up the opposite side of the valley the frontier of shadow crept swiftly as the sun went down. From the invisible river a pale mist had begun to rise softly, shedding abroad—well, you know the sort of vague but quite effectual promptings to poignant delight or luxurious sadness, whichever it be. But up where we were the level rays were still warm; they burnished the yellow lichens on top of the wall

No, I withdraw that dress-circle simile. Over our shining wall we looked out at day and night, luster and shade, as the blessed damozel did when she leaned out across the gold bar of heaven. Tall talk, you'll say. If it is, my wife put me up to it. Still, a good place, a good time.

Presently Alice said softly, "It feels wicked—almost."

"What does?" I asked. "To feel it all good?" Alice has Puritan blood; so I have to pipe up now and then for the right to be glad and the duty of letting God give us a good time if He wants to.

"No; but to have so much more than my share—you here, and the work going well and the kiddies all fit—and then this." Her look took in all the great doings going on at the time in the sky and on earth. "It's too much; it frightens me. Some sm'sh will be coming, just to make things fair."

"Impious woman!" I said reprovingly. "Think what was done, in Dante, to people called Alice, and so on, who willfully made themselves sad."

"Is that," the dear sophist rejoined, "what the base wallahs said, in the war, to you others who fretted to get to the front where the knocks were?"

I had plenty of fine smashing answers to that, only they weren't quite ready. So my wife went on talking unreason: "The whole time we live may be only a kind of a war—seems to me—with a lot of hard, funking, horrible things to be borne by someone for somebody else."

"Oh, a few May flies may draw a wet day," I said jauntily, not feeling easy.

Alice let my irrelevance pass. "And the people who bear them," she said, "may be the storm troops of the world."

"For example?" I asked.

"Well, Mary Mellery, say."

II

I HAD expected that name—seen it coming. Beyond doubt, Mrs. Mellery's case is a bit of a stopper for any fine, cheery lover of comfort, like me, who would sincerely like to make out that we are all given a pretty square deal in this life—no court cards, perhaps, for some people, but still a fair show of small trumps to make up.

So we went over the record. Alice knows so much of it that where there's anything she hasn't actually seen or heard she can set to and infer it all right, as sure as if she'd been there.

She says that Mary never had time in her youth to look at a glass and find out that she was a beautiful person. I don't say I swallow all that; but this much is sound—she was about as good to look at, and quite as little aware of the fact, as a girl could well be without dying young. It's true enough, too, that if anything had to be carried by Mary and somebody else, from the earliest times Mary took the big end. Her mother was dead. Her father was just a good goose. From her tenderest years she ran his Sussex parsonage and did the coolie work of beneficence in the parish. I fancy she even moderated, at need, the sacerdotalist vein in fiery curates. Her father had plenty of curates, one after another, and all of them bowed down in turn to this grave young madonna, and Mary gently and kindly rejected the suits of them all except one. John Mellery won her tender affection by beating the very vicar's record of unfitness to run his own life without motherly assistance.

Their first child was a large black-haired girl who was born with a scowl, and has never let this expression fall into total disuse, though she has found other means, too, of getting her way or of letting you know what she thinks of you. This was Charlotte.

When Charlotte was two, and her father had been given a living in Kensington, brother Jimmy came cheerfully into the world, like the kindly fruits of the earth, for Charlotte's due use. At breakfast, the day he was four, it happened that Charlotte had eaten all the crumb of her bread; only the crust, which she loved not, remained. But a bright idea occurred to her. She tenderly pressed the abhorred remnant on Jimmy.

"Charlotte," she purred as she shifted it onto his plate, "spoiling Jimmy, giving him all the nice crust."

Jimmy marveled, but ate. To him, too, the crumb seemed more suave. Still, nothing that any tooth in his small armory could gnaw was wholly unclean or common in Jimmy's sight. It seemed, too, that Charlotte was being noble about it. So he ate his way on through the refuse, and Charlotte made a custom thenceforward of using Jimmy's uncritical tummy as a private dustbin of her own. It added, for her, to the pleasures of the table.

When Charlotte was nearly fifteen the war came to diversify these quiet lives. John Mellery turned army chaplain and went off to France. Having some muddled notion that risk for risk's sake was a good thing for his soul and for his country, and not having Mary there to tell him to keep his head down, he soon stuck it well up while walking along a front trench and was speedily shot through the head from one ear to the other by some German who was attending better to business.

The news came to Mary at breakfast. Charlotte saw it in her mother's shrunken face, and she scowled. Charlotte, I gather, hated grief sincerely; she was jealous of it—grudged it its power of taking up the attention of people whose undivided attention she might need

Mary bore a puny son next day. It was two months too soon, and for this she could not forgive herself. Weakness, uncontrol, self-pity—you could imagine her, if you knew her at all, rubbing the charges into herself while she fed the puling baby in the night, with her tears falling on its head and her milk failing the faster for the tears. It died in a month.

Charlotte went to the funeral, scowling, aloof, at war with all this dark, forbidding interference with life as life ought to be. She walked in black beside her mother, but she was stiff with separateness. She was like one who has to go through a black business but won't have it blackening her soul.

III

AS YOU come from the north into London by L. M. S. train you see on your left a huge set of goods sidings. Work never ends there. All day and all night engines puff, whistle and hiss as they bang trucks about and jerk couplings. From the nonrailway world this sight—though not the sounds that attend it—is fenced off by a fifteen-foot wall. Over this barrier you can just see from the train the tops of the front bedroom windows of Lower Grove Crescent. And if you are looking out for cheap housing, here you can get in some respects the best value in London for nine and sixpence a week.

This blessing is due to the fifteen-foot wall, which forms the opposite side of the street. There it stands, snubbing you and your house, as if your very children would soil with their admiring eyes the eternal carnival of shunting that goes on in the sidings; this orgy of playing at trains is screened like a test match. Families living in London on three pounds a week cannot hold out for noble prospects from all their windows. But even these will shun, if they can, the presence of such everlasting noes as the Lower Grove Crescent dead wall.

"It's all so slavishly sordid," Charlotte objected with some severity when the move was made to Lower Grove Crescent from the agreeable vicarage in Kensington. Two deaths and a birth in six weeks had pulled Mrs. Mellery down a good deal. She would have liked to retain the help of at least the one maid whom Charlotte declared to be required by simple decency. But Mrs. Mellery had to confess that she did not dare to engage even a char till she saw what three pounds ten a week would run to

Charlotte grew remote and chilly at any attempt of her mother's to draw her into council. All she would say was "Oh, but surely, with a little management ——" whenever Mrs. Mellery put it that some comfort or other would have to go next. The deprivation of a docile father, the loss of caste in their address, the deterioration in their diet—more in anger than in sorrow did Charlotte review the whole malign revolution in their affairs. She did not arraign her mother as personally guilty. It was the entire system of things that had done the foul wrong. But of that culpable system Mrs. Mellery was the fragment nearest to hand, like the waiter who must bear the sins of the whole management of a large restaurant; and Charlotte took, at her mildest, a line of sour reserve, as if she might yet have to make an example.

On one point she stood quite firm. "Well, really, mother!" she exclaimed, with bitter intensity when the low suggestion was made that she might have to leave her famous day school near Palace Green. It was good; it was expensive; it was the fashion just then; and it was run on the plan of never letting any pupil be unhappy for want of some exciting entertainment.

Mrs Mellery winced, but not very much. A well-thrashed horse may come to flinch less as the whacking goes on, though the whacks may hurt more. She nerved herself to ask about scholarships. She had heard there were some at the school. Did Charlotte think she could possibly win one? That would help splendidly.

"Oh, a squalorship!" Charlotte's voice was one of dismay. "You really want me to be of the prize-piggy type? Or is it simply the money you think of?"

Again her mother winced less than you might expect She took the blows numbly, thought of Jimmy and his needs, and pressed her point gently. Charlotte won a scholarship with ease. She had good wits and almost a genius for dressing the window on examination days. The scholarship, it is true, was minute; it did not cover the extra cost of the school, beyond other schools equally good Still, she could say, "I'm glad I've made things easy for you, mother." And Mrs. Mellery could take away the last of her custom from the steam laundry and do the whole wash in the new kitchen. There was no scullery

Alice says this little school scholarship formed Charlotte's mind, in a sense. She loathed having it. She felt it as a badge of poverty and dowdy studiousness pinned onto her name. The thought of it pushed her harder than ever along a way that she had always been inclined to take She fairly longed to melt into the mass of well-to-do, leisured, unhampered people, to share their joys and sorrows and fears and valuations and manners. She longed, says Alice, the way a lamed deer must long to join the good old herd of "fat and greasy citizens," away from whom no life can be worth having

"In fact," said I, "she was a snobbish little baggage."

"No, no," said Alice. "That's shallow. Charlotte did it with passion. Mere snobbishness doesn't rise into passion She certainly made up to the girls who came to school in fine cars or talked of their fathers' castles in the Highlands. But still, it wasn't just mere sucking up; she did it for dear life, as the people crossing deserts make for the places that have wells."

Well, well—anyhow, I take it that Charlotte found out, pretty young, what many worldlings quite sound in intention never find out at all—that the rich, in the lump, are easy for any quick-witted woman to charm so long as she's bold and doesn't rate their intelligence too high. They're not exacting; they only want a rough, strong brand of frankincense, with lots of body. And Charlotte soon got hold of a recipe for compounding what passes for vivacity with unvivacious people. She practiced talking very fast and loud, with an air of tumbling out of her mouth whatever came into her head. She did the facetious, but none of your puzzling dry humor; she always gave you a straight tip when to laugh at her wit by laughing herself. She got to use little bits of coarseness effectively for her purpose just enough to seem piquant to her chosen crowd and make the innocents think that this must be a new sort of freedom permitted to the well-bred by the best modern usage She tried how far the good old formula of spirits i

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"No Use! She Must Always be There. She Can't Leave for One Night"

THE MAD LOVER

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Can Only Tell You How I Feel About It. You're Not My Idea of a Strong Man"

II

IT WAS no day for polo. It was raining. Noting this dejectedly from his window, Gerald Shannon put on his tenth best suit—brown tweed—his sixth best shoes and his next to oldest hat. The rain was beating down with a resolute steadiness which reminded Gerald, somehow, of a six-day-bicycle-race rider. It fell impartially on fashionable High Park, on the business section of Branton and on the Jungle.

The Jungle was a part of Branton which the Chamber of Commerce did not mention in its literature as one of the city's assets. The Branton newspapers did not editorially point to it with pride. Visitors were not taken there. It lay in a hollow, down by the river, and conveniently near the cement works of Senator Crosby, the motor-car works of Mr. Howland and the other plants of the other men who lived in the big new houses set amid lawns and gardens in High Park. The houses in the Jungle were neither big nor new. They were small, middle-aged, wooden and needing paint, and they huddled together like sheep in a storm. Some wit—possibly Tommy Waterlow—had given the section its name. Tommy had entertained many a party by sketching the possibilities of exploring the Jungle some day, armed with gun and camera and a plentiful supply of pemmican and gin. However, Tommy Waterlow and his friends seldom, if ever, ventured into the Jungle. They thought of it, when they thought of it at all, as a region unpleasant, shabby, but happily remote from their sphere, inhabited by persons who were socially impossible but economically necessary. As Tommy put it: "People like that must live somewhere, I suppose."

Sonia Brotherton had asked "Why?" and everybody had laughed.

But the rain, being democratic, dampened both the Jungle and the polo field that day; and Gerald Shannon paced up and down on the rugs of the Town Club and complained that the universe was as wet as a whale's tears, and he for one would probably explode and spatter all over the club's ceiling if he did not find some use to make of his bottled-up energy. Tommy Waterlow suggested billiards as a possible way to avert insanity on so moist a day. After playing perfunctorily awhile, Gerald put away his cue.

"Foolish way for a big husk like me to spend time," he said grumpily. "Poking a ball with a stick."

"Not much else to do," said Tommy Waterlow. Then, brightening—"We might get beautifully shellacked, put on hip boots, get some elephant guns and prowl about the Jungle, looking for game."

"Tommy," said Gerald wearily, "if you pull that whiskery line of yours about hunting in the Jungle just once more, I'll be sorely tempted to knock you apart to see what keeps you alive."

"Temper, temper," said Tommy. "Don't tell me that there are snakes in the paradise of the genial Gerald."

"Oh, I'm bored to death," burst out Gerald Shannon, and added "sometimes."

"You haven't had a tiff with Sonia?"

"No."

"Perhaps," said Tommy, "your present somewhat sunken state may be traced to the pangs of love."

"Pangs? I'd welcome a pang on a day like this."

"I can't do much for you in the pang line, Jerry. Suppose we have a nip of rye, the sunshine of the stomach."

"No, thanks," said Gerald. "What I want is exercise. Guess I'll take a walk."

"Eccentric fellow," said Tommy Waterlow, and rang for a drink.

Gerald drove back to his apartment. A heavy, unsatisfactory feeling was on him. He stood at the window, glowering at the drizzle outside. He cracked his knuckles individually, but gave that up as hardly providing an afternoon's entertainment in itself. He wandered toward the telephone, with an idea of calling up Sonia Brotherton, but abandoned the notion, for he remembered she would be at her dressmaker's. He felt full of ennui and sour thoughts. When he found himself speculating about life and its meaning, he recognized that it was high time to do something drastic.

"Hondo."

"Yis, Mis' Boss?"

"I'm going for a walk. Don't know when I'll be back."

"It's raining, Mis' Boss," observed Hondo.

"Why shouldn't it be?" said Gerald, and went out, leaving Hondo to wrestle with the question.

He rambled down the hill and away from High Park The rain pattered on his hat and rubber slicker. He moved along at a good pace, but aimlessly, for he was trying the experiment of forgetting his body and letting his feet carry him where they would. They took him away from that part of Branton which figures on its colored post cards. In time they took him into the Jungle, along the mean streets by the river. The rain's tattoo stopped. He strode along, heedless of puddles. Then, as he was about to round a corner, he saw a girl pass—a girl in a transparent raincoat of green oiled silk and a blue felt barret. It was the way she walked that attracted his notice. She was moving along rapidly, with quick, easy steps, her slender figure held erect, her small chin up.

"She carries herself well," thought Gerald, and was on the point of thinking no more of her, when he became aware that half a block behind her a familiar figure was walking. It was, in fact, hurrying, which was enough to cause Gerald to stop in his tracks, puzzled. For the figure was Tommy Waterlow's. There was no mistaking his rounded outline, like a squash in his yellow raincoat, or his walk, half strut, half waddle. Gerald checked his impulse to call out "Hello there, Tommy." Instead he turned his back and examined a pile of canned tomatoes in a cut-price grocery window until Mr. Waterlow had passed. What, he wondered, could Tommy—Tommy Waterlow the effete—be doing in the Jungle? Gerald watched him as he hastened, puffing, along. He was gaining on the girl in the green raincoat. Then it came to Gerald what Tommy meant when he spoke of hunting in the Jungle. He decided to watch the comedy. He saw the girl quicken her pace. She must be aware that Tommy was following her.

Three blocks along was a corner where dwellers in the Jungle wait for trolley cars. As the girl reached it, the sky grew abruptly blacker and a new torrent of rain spurted down. The girl stopped beneath an awning of a drug store on the corner. Tommy Waterlow had almost overtaken her. Gerald was following along, half a block behind. Mr. Waterlow was much too absorbed in his avocation to notice the approach of Gerald. There was a side door to the drug store, and Gerald stepped into it and watched the scene from under his hat brim. He had often heard Tommy Waterlow boast of his technic in such matters. Here was an opportunity to observe it at close range.

Mr. Waterlow moved close to the girl. She gave no sign that she was aware of his existence. Gerald saw her face, as she looked down the street to see if a car was coming. A small, piquant face, alert black eyes, an outdoor, tanned complexion.

Tommy cleared his throat ostentatiously. "Ahem!" he said. "Ahem!"

She paid no heed to him. But his air was assured, his plump-faced smile confident and knowing. It had never occurred to Gerald with any force before that Tommy's was a face one could step on with a certain degree of pleasure. At that moment it struck Gerald that stepping on Mr. Waterlow's face almost came under the head of civic duties. He did not step on it. He curbed a quite urgent impulse, for he was interested to see what the girl would do. He rather hoped that she would bring one of her small brown fists with some sharpness against Tommy's pink bulb of a nose.

With a movement which was a blend of bow and smirk, Tommy Waterlow lifted his hat. "Ah, good afternoon," he said. "A bit rainy, what?"

Slowly the girl turned and faced him. She did not seem alarmed or surprised or angry or even annoyed. Indeed, there was a slight smile on her face.

"Good afternoon," she said pleasantly.

In his retreat, Gerald frowned. He had been hoping that she was not the sort of girl who did things like this. Then she surprised him even more. Suddenly she held out her hand to Tommy Waterlow.

"My name's Irene Thorne," she said, simply, naturally. "What's yours?"

The effect on Mr. Waterlow was almost as disconcerting as if she had hit him. His face seemed to say that this was not in accordance with the rules of the game at all. Girls of the Jungle so accosted were either loudly, sometimes profanely, indignant, or simperingly responsive. He stared at the hand she held out. Quick thinking was not one of Tommy Waterlow's gifts.

"I'm Mr. Smith," he fumbled out.

The girl continued to look straight at him. Then her calm, appraising eyes traveled from his round and reddening face to his shoes and back to his face again. Her gaze was not hostile; it reminded Gerald, who stood vastly entertained in his nook, of the gaze of a scientist examining through a microscope an amœba. Her scrutiny nonplused Tommy.

She addressed him in a tone polite and businesslike: "What did you wish to speak to me about, Mr. Smith?"

"Why—er—nothing," stammered Tommy. "That is—are you taking a walk?"

"Not at the moment," she said. "I've finished my walk. I'm going home now."

A fragment of his earlier bravado returned to Mr. Waterlow. "Live near here?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "I live at 44 Ashland Place."

Tommy Waterlow started. So did Gerald.

"But that's Mr. Kevin Shannon's house," said Tommy.

"Yes. . . . Here comes my car. Good-by, Mr. Smith."

She swung lightly, gracefully aboard the trolley. Tommy stood rooted there, and made no attempt to follow. As the car started, Gerald heard Tommy utter a short explosive oath. Then Tommy pulled his hat down and stumped away; the angle of his hat was no longer rakish. It seemed to the concealed Gerald that Mr. Waterlow, to judge by his face and manner, was giving a very lifelike imitation of a man who has a rather strong suspicion that he has been made a fool of.

It was an impulse, which he did not stop to analyze, that made Gerald Shannon step into the drug store, once the chagrined Tommy had gone his way, and telephone to his father's house:

"That you, mother? . . . Yes, this is Gerald. . . . I'm feeling well enough, thanks, rain or no rain. . . . Yes, I'll not sit about in damp clothes. . . . I called you up to ask if you'd like to invite your wandering boy to dinner tonight. No fatted calves expected. . . . Thanks, mother. At seven then. . . . Good-by, dear."

Annie Lawler, whose ambition was to lose fifty pounds and whose vocation was waiting on table and answering the doorbell in the home of Kevin Shannon, hardly had room on her broad face for the smile which spread out there when she opened the front door that evening to admit Gerald Shannon.

"Good evening, Mr. Gerald."

"Good evening, Annie. How's yourself?"

"Better, thank you, since I gave up potatoes and bread. . . . Let me take your hat and stick."

"Thanks. Am I late?"

"No, sir. You're early. Your mother has not come downstairs yet, and your father hasn't come home from the office."

"They're both well?"

"Yes, thanks be."

"I'll wait in the library," he said.

He stepped into the room which, because of rows of books—green-backed histories of Ireland mostly—was called the library. Some of the violet twilight of spring had managed to float past the velvet curtains and into the room. In the faint light Gerald Shannon examined the set of his black evening tie in the mirror above the marble fireplace. Critically, he tweaked at the ends of the tie, for anything short of perfection in ties was unthinkable to him. Then his fingers tightened on the wings of his tie, for in the mirror he saw a face—and the face was not his own.

It was a girl's face—no, it was a boy's—no, it must be a girl's—for she was wearing a straight, simple dinner gown of white silk. The black hair was cut short, and it was rather rumpled and askew. On her face was the first part of a smile. Gerald knew her now—the girl he had seen in the Jungle that afternoon. He spun round.

"I hope I didn't startle you," the girl said. "Annie didn't tell me anyone was in the library."

"I like being startled," said Gerald. "It adds zest to my quiet life." He stared at her as she stood there in the doorway.

"You're right," she said. "I'm not a new maid."

(Continued on Page 42)

The Effect on Mr. Waterlow Was Almost as Disconcerting as if She Had Hit Him

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1926

Gloomy Thoughts of the Gloomy Dean

THE Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, more familiarly known as the Gloomy Dean, has written a book called England. Dean Inge is a theologian of high repute, and his brilliant essays and lectures deserve the attention that they command. His place as prophet and politician is not nearly so secure.

The Dean's present incursion into the field of world politics seems to consist, in no small part, of a catalogue of the evils which may conceivably befall the British Empire. We are much more optimistic about Britain's future than the Dean is. His opinion of America is far from flattering and he manages to express it in mildly irritating terms. He is frankly apprehensive in regard to the part this country might play if England should be attacked by a Continental foe. We might throw the weight of our power on the side of those who speak our mother tongue; and then again we might not, in his opinion, for he feels that our friendship is a broken reed and not safe to lean upon. It takes a very wild imagination to visualize America's sending an army against England on behalf of any Continental nation.

Of certain things, however, the Dean may feel assured. In the future America will be quick to analyze and slow to respond to European propaganda; it will go the limit to maintain friendly and cordial relations with England, but the entente would be greatly helped by a cessation of the campaign of misrepresentation and villification that a small section of the press and a few poets and politicians have been carrying on. And finally, America's influence will be thrown for peace and against war.

Several of the Dean's observations afford ground for the belief that he falls into the common insular error of supposing that the entire population of the world takes England just as seriously as she takes herself. It is probably futile to say so, but the great mass of Americans neither like England nor dislike her, for the simple reason that they rarely think of her and never fully visualize her. For the most part they ignore her existence almost as completely as Englishmen, up to the time of the Civil War, ignored America. Sixty years ago the episodes which we regarded as manifestations of British arrogance or hostility were usually nothing of the sort. They arose in most instances from unfeigned ignorance of our country and utter indifference to us as fellow inhabitants of the planet Earth.

Every century or two, realignments and developments make it necessary to revalue the nations of the earth and give them the new status in the human family to which current conditions entitle them. There are still a few writers in England who see the world on a seventeenth-century basis. Many others predicate their beliefs upon a scale of values which was correct for the eighteenth or nineteenth century. Only a few appear to employ a twentieth-century table of relative values.

Dean Inge is much exercised over the future of Canada. He appears to be considerably impressed by the absurd belief that we have selfish designs upon our northern neighbor, and would be glad to gobble her up by annexation. For a moment he reassures himself in the belief that we shall do nothing of the sort, because it would be contrary to our own interests; and then he is assailed by the fear that our relationships are so neighborly that Canada will some day wheedle us into erasing the imaginary boundary line which now separates us.

With all due respect to the Dean, we do not believe that there exists in either nation any substantial body of sentiment favoring annexation. We Americans honor and respect our northern neighbor. We pay homage to the heroic part she took in the war; we admire the pluck with which she faced grave problems during the years of reconstruction. We value her as customer and as friend; but this does not mean that we have any desire to take her into our union of states. For her part, Canada welcomes our capital. She sells us her products and profits from the exchange in goods. And yet at no time has her national consciousness been more vigorous and robust than it is today. It is highly improbable that she will wish to merge her identity in ours. There is no pressing reason why she should.

Revising the Rules of Air Warfare

AT THE Conference on Limitation of Armaments held at Washington there was a subcommittee on aircraft, which reported on the limitation of aircraft, as to number, character and use. This committee for the United States consisted of Rear Admiral William A. Moffett and Major General Mason M. Patrick, Chiefs of the Naval and Army Air Services respectively.

In the final report of this committee it is worthy of note that it was recommended as not being practicable to impose any effective limitations upon the numbers of aircraft, either commercial or military, except in the case of lighter-than-air craft. The committee recommended, however, that the use of aircraft in war should be governed by rules of warfare adaptable to aircraft, to be drafted by a further conference which should be held at a later date.

This indicates that the committee was of the opinion that restrictions on the building of aircraft, for either military or civil aviation purposes, might retard the development of aviation for commercial purposes.

It is significant, however, that the committee reached no agreement in regard to rules governing the use of aircraft in warfare, but suggested that this matter be taken up at a separate conference to be held later. Before his death President Harding, at San Francisco, announced that he intended to issue a call for this conference. President Coolidge has not indicated as yet when such a conference will be called, but he can quite well do so in the interest of humanity. When an entire civilian population could easily be endangered in a very short time by the use of poison gas from airplanes, or be exterminated by the dropping of huge bombs from the air, it is necessary, in the interest of humanity, to codify rules governing the use of aircraft in time of war. Intelligent discussion of these rules would cover legal, political, commercial and military problems, and would require exhaustive discussion by a committee in which experts on all these issues would be assembled from all countries. Such a committee could be assembled for the purpose at a date and place to be agreed upon through diplomatic channels. It would be strictly in accord with American policy to call such a conference on limitation of aircraft.

It is significant that the Prague Congress, and a later meeting at Rome in 1924, dealt only with questions of law applicable to aircraft in commercial transportation. The question of laws governing the use of aircraft employed in aerial warfare was touched upon very delicately, but never discussed by the delegates from the various countries represented. This fact is all the more significant because of the attitude of the delegates who had previously assembled at Washington for the discussion of limitation of armaments. The special committee on aircraft at that conference, though unwilling to agree upon the limitation, at that time, of military aircraft, unanimously recommended that rules governing the use of military aircraft in aerial warfare should be codified and made the basis of study at a separate conference called for that purpose.

Though there may be great divergence of opinion in this country with regard to the participation on the part of the United States in European affairs, yet commercially and economically we touch, and shall continue to touch, European thought, and be brought into contact with European trade. What the form of our participation may be we do not know. We have this situation, however: London is within striking distance of Berlin, and open to night attacks by military airplanes which could leave Berlin after sundown, *strafe* London with bombs and return to their hangars before sunrise on the following morning. The Air Vice Marshal and Under Secretary for Air in Great Britain expresses the opinion that New York will soon be within twelve hours' striking distance of a hostile European country. So, with all our feeling of isolation and unwillingness to be drawn into entangling alliances with European countries, we must consider the position of the United States from the standpoint of defense.

We have led in the fight of democracy against autocratic forms of government. We have pointed the way to universal peace, but European countries have not disarmed. They may have limited their armaments, or even scrapped those armaments which will be of little use in future wars. There is no limitation on the building of aircraft, which will play the most important part in future conflicts. The United States has a great opportunity to aid not only the regeneration of European countries but its own defense, by pointing the way whereby civilization in the future may be saved from destruction. The use of poison gas, the dropping of bombs on defenseless cities, should be prohibited by international agreement. The efforts of France in massing planes for protection against possible attacks in the future are viewed with disfavor by Great Britain, which is so rapidly being outclassed by her neighbor across the Channel. Italy, Germany, Russia will soon follow the lead of France; and to take the place of the heavy dreadnoughts of the sea they will have armored dreadnoughts of the air massed in quantity production in European countries ready for use.

More than five years have elapsed since the Washington Conference, which met to limit battleship tonnage. Nearly the same passage of time marks the meeting at Prague of the Congress on International Aviation Legislation, at which questions of law applicable to aircraft employed in commercial transportation were considered.

The Five-Power Treaty is yet unratified by all the signatory powers, and the International Air Navigation Convention of 1919 has never been ratified by the United States Senate.

There is a real need for a further conference to discuss and determine restrictions to be placed on the construction of auxiliary craft and naval bases, and for the adoption of more stringent rules of air warfare, placing further restriction on the more newly discovered instruments of aerial warfare, so as to make the bombing of defenseless cities and the use of poison gas impossible so far as noncombatants are concerned. Humanity demands that war shall be fought by trained soldiers and confined as closely as possible to the belligerents themselves.

Unless such a conference is called, and all great powers enter into a treaty embodying these principles, entire civilian populations will be endangered in the next war. And the next war will not only be in the air but may be announced by the dropping of a bomb—not preceded by the interchange of the heretofore usual diplomatic courtesies.

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

When the Field Was a Checkerboard: a Game on Iowa Field About 1905

No. 6—Heroes and Goats

TWICE tragedy has overtaken me on the football field. "Tragedy" is a big word, and if it seems to the reader too large for the deed, then our points of view are different. They were a major and a minor disaster, both involving the loss of an important game. The loss of a game, however much you wish to win it, is not tragedy, but the manner of your losing may well be. The lesser disaster cost us the Michigan game of 1898. The previous year I knew that Michigan had a potentially stronger team than mine, and planned accordingly. One move was to order my safety man to lay forward within ten yards of the scrimmage line to bolster up our defense. I took the chance, knowing that Michigan would not expect us to leave our safety spot uncovered and be prepared with a quick kick to take advantage of it. The plan worked and we won, partly by means of it.

It was purely a temporary shift, ordered to meet the special circumstances of that one game; but against Beloit, early in the '98 schedule, I saw my safety man edging forward. While he was absent from his post a Beloit runner got loose and was stopped only on our three-yard line. I rebuked my man kindly, reiterated the temporary purpose of the change in position in the Michigan game, and believed that the close shave had driven home the lesson.

An Unsafe Safety Man

WE MADE our first invasion of the East several weeks later to play Pennsylvania. Again I stood helpless on the sidelines and saw my safety man working his way forward, perhaps unconsciously. He was out of position when Woodruff uncorked his delayed pass. Penn scored a touchdown as a result, overtaking us, to pass us and win in the second half. Between the halves I upbraided the safety man with a righteous indignation and warned him never again to desert his post under any circumstances.

We came down to our annual Thanksgiving Day game with Michigan, unbeaten in the Conference. We had the better team this season—should have won and would have won. A third time I stood transfixed on the sidelines and saw my safety man creeping steadily forward The Beloit contest had been a minor game, the Penn pill had been bitter, but Michigan was our great rival for whom we pointed all season, and the championship was at stake

With the safety post deserted, Widman, of Michigan, popped suddenly out of a mass play with the ball and was off. Two of my men spotted him, broke loose from the tangle and gave chase. Either should have stopped him, but they waited too late to dive and he outfooted them, a blunder that seldom would occur in this day of greatly improved tackling. Captain Kennedy saw the flying Widman a moment later, spurted magnificently and overtook him, but too late. Widman was on our three-yard line as Kennedy dived, and the momentum carried both over for the touchdown that won the game and championship for Michigan by a single point. We had outplayed them consistently, and Widman's forty-five-yard run had been a sheer gift

Physical and Mental Agony

THE safety man was a star. He had played well and loyally for four years, and this was his last season and his last game. Most coaches would have rawhided him, I suppose, but the milk was spilled. I never hesitate to jump on a man with both feet, figuratively, if I can accomplish anything by doing it; but I said nothing, and have not spoken of it for thirty years until now. He, of course, knew what he had done and how inexcusably he had done it; so did all the team; but the reporters did not sense the facts and I print them now for the first time

I do not know yet whether he thought he knew more than I did, or whether his zeal and impatience at being out of the picture drew him forward automatically. It illustrate the necessity for a military obedience on the football field A player must obey orders like a soldier where orders have been given, and, like a good soldier, act swiftly and surely on his own in an unforeseen contingency.

At five minutes past ten every night, the year round, the chimes in Mitchell Tower, directly across from our gymnasium, sound a special cadence. Few in the university know that they ring thus because of the second and greater

Football at Night. Chicago Teams Have Practiced by Electric Light for Twenty-five Years. Above—Highball! The Ball Coming Around a Prettily Boxed-in End, Army vs. Yale, at West Point

Kennedy of Dartmouth Recovers an Onside Kick in the New Harvard Stadium. First of the Deep-Dish Fields, November 14, 1903

tragedy, which occurred in another Michigan game. At the Monday practice before this game I caught a serious cold. Tuesday morning I was so ill that I said to Mrs. Stagg, "I'm afraid something will happen to me if I turn out this afternoon, but I've got to go." She protested with all the authority a wife can command, but I went. By the day of the game I had an abscess in each ear, both needing to be punctured, influenza had developed and pleurisy and pneumonia were coming on. That morning the skies dumped fourteen inches of snow on the field, although none fell eight miles away on the North Side, and we had to muster an emergency crew to clear the field. I was driven to the game and onto the snowy field in a carriage, in fearful pain from my ears and a sinus headache—two of the most exquisitely painful aches, it is said, to which man is heir. I was swaddled in bedclothing and Mrs. Stagg sat beside me as nurse.

To this physical torture was added a worse mental agony when I had to watch two of my team side-step plays repeatedly. Yost had turned out another of his great elevens and we could not have won; but for the first and last time on any field, I was disgraced. Not even the brilliant work of Eckersall could obscure that. Willie Heston plowed through these two, but not through Eckersall. He leaped clear over Eckie's head on a tackle once, but the boy was up like lightning, reversed, overtook Heston in twenty yards and stopped a touchdown.

I came down with pneumonia after the game, my mental depression offset the staunchness of my body, and I came very close to death. I was sufficiently convalescent before Christmas to be taken to Chloride, New Mexico.

I made the foolhardy mistake of remaining only seventeen days in New Mexico, and hurried back to my job before I was well—an excess of zeal that I am not yet done paying for. Brooding during my convalescence over the disgrace that had come to the university under my ægis, I thought back to the chimes in Battell Chapel at Yale, of how effectively they had spoken to me in Yale's behalf, and of how I had gone to bed every night on their chiming ten o'clock.

The Meaning of the Chimes

THE pair had quit under fire, but I was their coach. Both had broken training rules, I was certain, and had been out of nights, with consequent lowered physical condition that probably accounted in part for their lying down under a pounding; but what of the coach who had let such a crop come to harvest? I grew more and more morbid in my weakened physical state, and I knew my first peace of mind when I had the inspiration of giving $1000 toward the installation of chimes in Mitchell Tower, a copy of the Magdalen Tower at Oxford, which stands across from Bartlett Gymnasium, a memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer, former president of Wellesley and the first dean of women at Chicago.

As a condition to the gift, Mrs. Stagg and I stipulated that a special cadence be rung nightly at 10:05 o'clock for the better emphasis of our purpose. It was our hope that the bells might have for the student body of Chicago the emotional value I had taken from the Battell chimes at Yale, and that they might speak with a greater eloquence than a coach could hope to do of the ideals of the university's athletics as they sounded a nightly curfew to the men in training.

Our '98 team was distinguished for a number of things, the least of which was that it was Chicago's first wholly smooth-shaven squad. Burchard, at guard in 1896, a graduate student, fat and well beyond the normal college football age, had rubbed the dirt of many a field in a coal-black and bushy beard that would not have dishonored a Russian muzhik. Our last mustache bloomed in 1897. When Harvey Fox arrived on the squad that season, bringing with him a pair of burnsides, the tide had turned forever against such manly adornments. Failing to persuade Fox that his burnsides were a blot on an otherwise pleasant landscape, some of his mates enticed him one night to the home of his cousin, Henry Adkinson. As he entered the door, Harold L. Ickes, a Bull Moose leader in 1912, tackled him smartly, while Adkinson and one other leaped upon his shoulders. They trussed him up to an ironing board and shaved off the right burnside, Adkinson wielding the razor

The mustache has not returned to Chicago athletics even in the bobbed form; but in the spring of each year the school barber fires a pistol, thereby starting the annual mustache race for seniors, with a suitable prize for the lushest growth by commencement.

That Hardy Perennial Sub

I SAW Yale play Harvard in New York in 1898, the first time I had seen a Yale eleven in action since I had come West, and the last. I went back with high expectations, looking for pointers, and suffered a great disillusionment. Yale was beaten 0 to 17, Diblee, captain and left half of Harvard, running wild simply because the Yale ends played so far out from the tackles. I shall attempt no invidious comparisons, but never since have I stood greatly in awe of the Atlantic Seaboard brand of football. In 1916 Tad Jones invited me to return to Yale to help out in the first week of practice. As we are not permitted to begin practice until September fifteenth, while Yale turns out on the first, I was enabled to go, but I saw no games, of course.

Knox College, of Galesburg, Illinois, was a newcomer on our 1898 schedule. George Fitch had graduated there the previous year. Knox is presumed to have been the original of his Siwash, so we may have played against Ole Skjarsen all unwittingly. Football has all the materials of drama in generous proportions, but except for Fitch's burlesques, fiction has done very poorly by the sport

There is, of course, the perennial story in the November issue about the despised sub who is sent in in the last minute of play because the coach has no one else left, and —— But you know it.

We lost only two games in 1898, the first to Pennsylvania, as hereinbefore related. That fine strategist, George Woodruff, was at the top of his form at Penn, but we had a trick or two up our own sleeves. We scored first on a fake place kick. In 1894 I had originated the play that suggested this—a fake kick-off, recovered by ourselves. The rules, as now, prescribed that the ball must travel at least ten yards on the kick-off. As we worked it against Michigan in 1894, Warhorse Allen was stationed alongside the ball. The pretended kicker charged

(Continued on Page 109)

The Great Oliphant Carrying the Ball, Purdue vs. Chicago, 1913. Dan Jardine's Tackle is Balked by a Crimp. Above—Crippled With Sciatica and Coaching From a Sidecar in 1914. Mr. Stagg and Captain Dan Jardine

SOUP

should be eaten every day!

IT IS A fact well recognized by dietetic experts that some foods, among them soups, act as a positive stimulant to the flow of the digestive juices. This action is highly beneficial. It is a wholesome spur to the appetite and it aids in prompt, efficient digestion. Remember this about soup. Think of it as a delicious hot dish which is also splendidly healthful and desirable to serve on the family table for every reason.

Serve soup regularly every day, not just occasionally. It increases the pleasure everybody takes in the meals, it provides nourishment, and it contributes to the general healthy condition you want so much to have the family enjoy. And the rule of serving soup at least once every day is one of the easiest and simplest of all to follow. For nowadays you are not put to all the trouble and expense of assembling, preparing and cooking the many different ingredients required for really good soup. Condensed soups, already cooked, made in spotlessly clean kitchens by manufacturers of high reputation for quality, are available to you at every food store.

SINCE soup every day is one of the golden rules of health and since "variety is the spice of appetite," every housewife should make it a point to know the different kinds of soups which she can always obtain in such convenient form. By familiarizing herself with them she will quickly know how to adapt them to her differing needs and occasions. She will find it helpful to think of them in three groups: vegetable purees, substantial soups made with meat or meat broth, and the clear soups.

The vegetable purees include Tomato Soup, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups. Tomato is, as you know, the king of all soups—leading all others in popularity, a favorite with just about everybody, the soup which by actual count is served most frequently in the home. No doubt it is the peculiarly piquant and refreshing flavor of tomato soup which is so appealing to all tastes. And condensed tomato soup offers it to you at its very best. In fact it was the condensed soup which first won for tomato its tremendous vogue and success. And it is the tomato soup in its condensed form which today reigns as the supreme favorite everywhere.

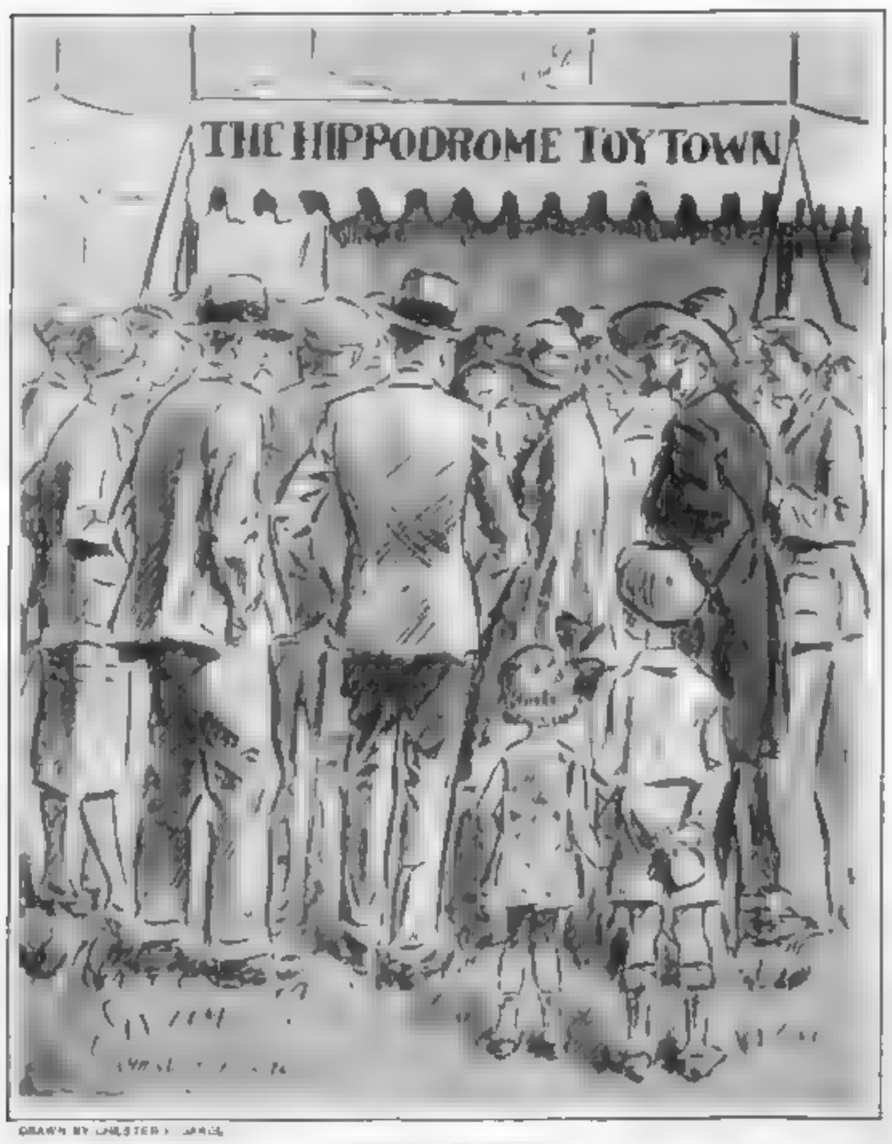
NOURISHING, tempting and wholesome are the other vegetable purees, made from the sweetest peas, tender young asparagus shoots, snow-white celery, or meaty beans, as your selection may be. Extra-rich and attractive served as Cream Soups, according to the simple directions on the can.

At the head of the hearty soups made with meat or meat broth, is that old household standby, Vegetable Soup. It is only second to Tomato in popularity, is offered to you at all stores, and contains no less than thirty-two different ingredients! Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Mutton, Pepper Pot and Clam Chowder each has its distinctive appeal and appropriateness.

And, finally, the clear soups—those dainty but invigorating blends, such as Consomme, Bouillon, Julienne and Printanier! How enticing to the appetite either for the formal luncheon and dinner or many of the regular family meals!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



For the Kiddies

Ah, to be In ——

AH, TO be in Rarotonga, 'neath the languor-laden breeze,
Or to be in Erromango, in the far New Hebrides!
Ah, to drowze beneath the palm trees on a green Pacific isle,
Where every prospect pleases and where man, besides, is vile!

There is magic in the atlas; how the names allure my eyes!
Ah, to be in Hiddi Birra, where the Jam-jam Mountains rise!
Or Kasongo on the Kongo, where Kibombo gleams afar!
Or in Kilwa Kisiwani, looking north to Zanzibar!

Oh, this life is dull and dreary; I would journey far away
To Jalalabad and Lhasa, to Kabul and Mandalay!
Ah, the Runn of Cutch! Rajpipla! And that dim and ancient land
Where the caravans come shuffling into silken Samarkand!

There's a lad in old Rajpipla with an atlas in his clutch,
And his dreaming eyes are gazing far beyond the Runn of Cutch,
And mysterious music lures him, and he murmurs soft and low,
"Cincinnati! Cincinnati! Buffalo, ah, Buffalo!

"Ah, to be in that far city, blooming like a tropic rose,
Where by golden Allegheny the Monongahela flows!
How sweet the limpid syllables that stir my heart to joy,
As I whisper, 'Ah, Chicago! Fair Chicago, Illinois!'"

—Morris Bishop.

Qualified for His Position

A MAN from the city returned to his native country village after twenty years away from it, and was inquiring of Uncle Ezra about all his old schoolmates.

"What became of Tom Smith?"

"Well," said Uncle Ezra, "Tom tried farming for a while and failed at that. Then he went to law school, and after three years trying to make a living at law in the county seat he failed at that. Then he tried publishing a newspaper and that went into bankruptcy."

"That's too bad," interrupted the man from the city. "Tom was a good fellow! Everybody liked him! I'm sorry to hear that he's such a failure."

"Failure, hell!" exclaimed Uncle Ezra. "He's our congressman!"

—Glenn D. Whisler.

Looking Forward

MOTHER: Remember, Willie, that if you save your money you may be able some day to buy a seat in the United States Senate.

The College Star Fullback is Penalized for Holding

"Oh, Lil, Before You Call the Police Bring That Bottle of Olives From the Ice Box. Maybe This Bird Can Open It"

Simple Spellers

SOME letters ought to be indorsed, "Dictated but not spelled."

An Autumn Letter to a Summer Lady

PAPER parasols and the sea
Are what I recall when I think of you—
Paper parasols and the sea,
Each saucily white and blue.

You said that your love was like the sea,
As permanent, sure and deep, and all.
But your love, alas, dear, proved to be
More like the paper parasol!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Pride

"I," SAID the buck of the antlers wide,
"Am the handsomest buck on Kalahdinside."
"I," said the fox with the lifted paw,
"Am the sneakiest fox that you ever saw."

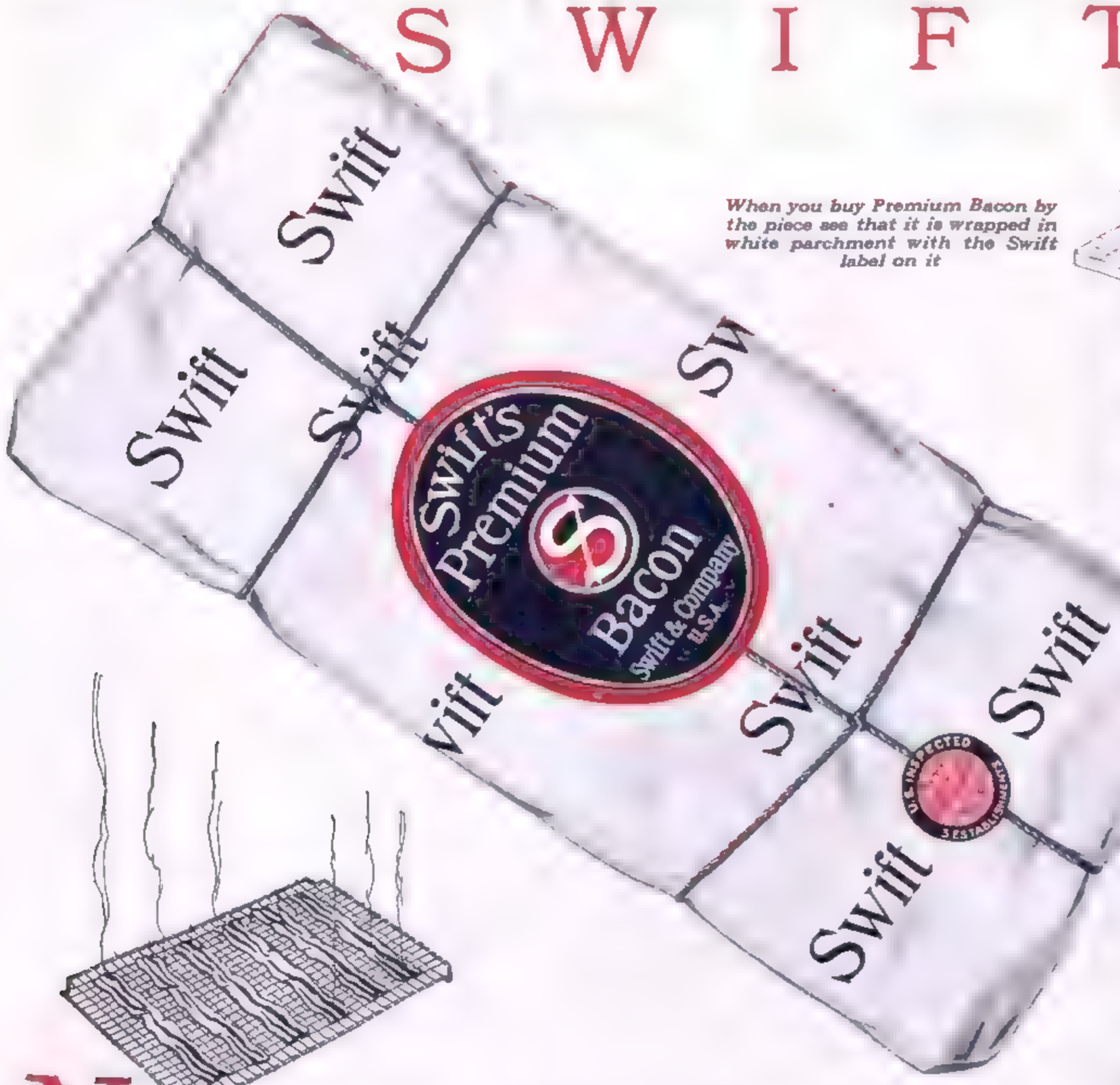
(Continued on Page 116)

OLD-TIMERS AND HALF-TIMERS

They Fought for the Vote Which ——

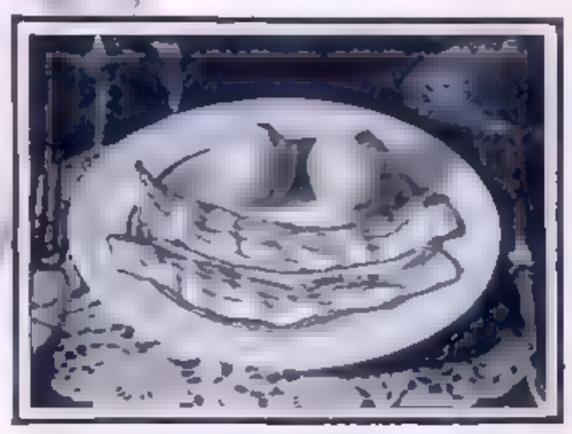
You Throw Away

S W I F T



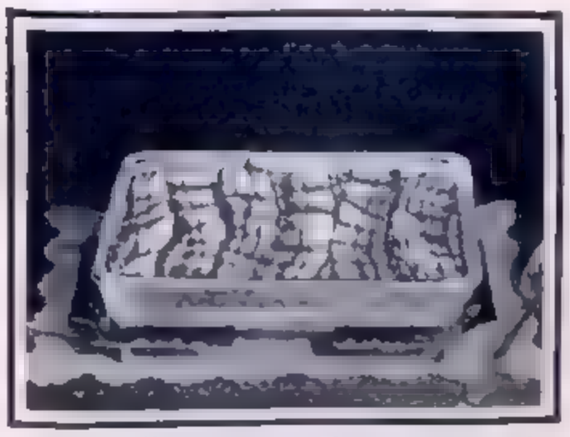
When you buy Premium Bacon by the piece see that it is wrapped in white parchment with the Swift label on it

"PIGS IN BLANKETS": *oysters sprinkled with salt and paprika, wrapped in slices of Premium Bacon, fastened with toothpicks. Broil or fry and serve on toast*



BACON WITH CHEESE BALLS: *balls of grated cheese blended with white of egg. Fry in deep fat. Serve with broiled Premium Bacon*

BACON WHITE SAUCE: *broiled bacon chopped and added to white sauce when creamed cauliflower, carrots or onions are served. Delicious with creamed potatoes too*



BAKED BEANS WITH BACON: *canned baked beans turned into shallow baking dish, covered with strips of bacon. Put into hot oven until bacon is browned*

New, savory blends of flavor

for the cool autumn days

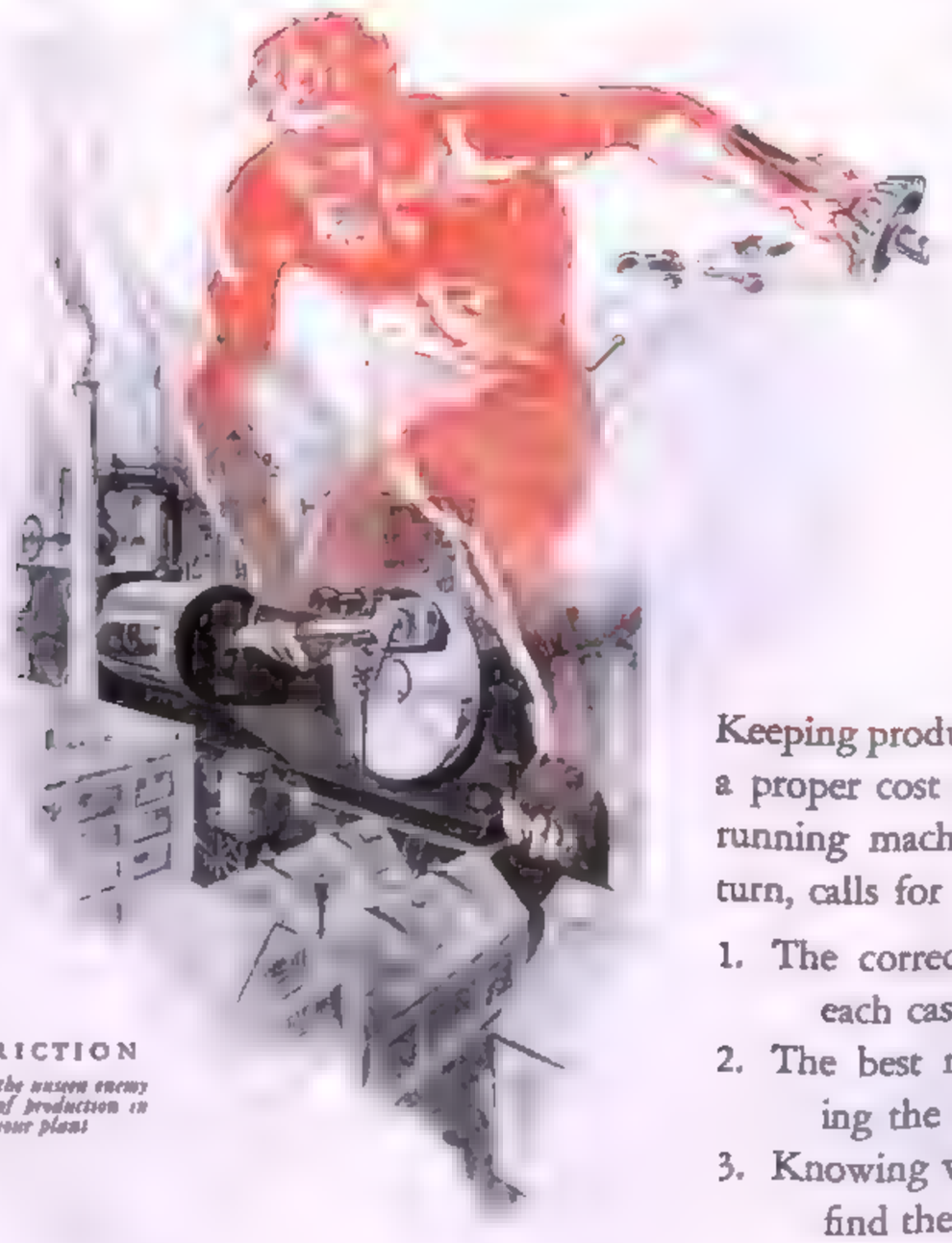
With crisp October and November days comes a keen zest to appetite, a welcoming of new dishes that are savory and substantial. There are many tempting combinations which may be made by using just a few slices of Premium Bacon with other foods; four of these are shown on the right. The delicate, distinctive flavor of this choice bacon blends delightfully with other flavors and at the same time adds much rich nutriment.

Because it makes possible such a wide variety of interesting dishes, many women like to keep a supply of Premium Bacon always on hand. It may be purchased in the whole piece, in its original parchment wrapper, or evenly sliced, free from rind and all ready for cooking in convenient pound and half-pound cartons. Either way, there are always the pleasing proportioning of lean and fat, the exceptional tenderness and the sweet, mild flavor for which Premium Bacon is so highly prized.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

"We are washing our hands of all of our oil troubles"



FRICTION
—the unseen enemy of production in your plant

AN executive head of a great paper company wrote this in closing with us a contract to supply his plant lubrication needs for the next 12 months.

He faced the common problem of all paper makers: to keep production flow moving uninterrupted; to keep down costs to a minimum.

"We are putting it up to you to supply the oil which is *needed in each case.*

"We will coöperate with you, endeavoring to keep records of our oil costs per ton of paper, and we will carry out your suggestions as *to applying the oil.*

"Then, if the oils do not work properly, we will know just *where to turn to find the reason.*"

The italics are ours.

We stress them because they epitomize the oil problem present in every plant.

Keeping production moving at a proper cost implies smooth-running machinery which, in turn, calls for

1. The correct oil needed in each case;
2. The best means of applying the oil; and
3. Knowing where to turn to find the reason if results fail to meet the rigorous production requirements of today.

Uninterrupted production at a faster gait is the immediate goal of industry; effective lubrication is an essential means to the end.

Industrial wastes are now so generally under executive scrutiny that the Vacuum Oil Company does not hesitate to assume the responsibility for the effective lubrication of any plant in which the recommendations of its engineers are carried out.

Send for us to call and discuss the matter.

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

The Trees Said to the Bramble, "Come Reign Over Us"

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

If the Other River People Had Listened They Would Have Been Suspicious, Knowing Something Was Wrong

XVIII

DEVELOPING the spirit and means of Lothian Farm was a task strange and interesting enough to absorb Jael's energies. She passed all her time either there or at Little Jones Street, as an executive base; and of course followed the way of political events in New Freedom, though now having the rôle of spectator only.

Capuchin, Semicorn, all the very radical elements of the Freemen's League, grew more and more reckless. The paper's campaign against Plaino became scandalous and personal. This was inevitable in human nature. It is all very plausible to begin, as the Semicorns do, by saying it is impersonal, that it is the system one attacks, not the man, or the man only as an accidental fact in his function of representing the system. But it is not possible to hate an abstract thing. Capitalism, for example, cannot be visualized as a system. It cannot be hated as a system. Emotion requires a definite object, responsible to the senses. This is proved by the necessity, which every demagogue obeys, of erecting human symbols of it to begin with. Presently the fact of representation becomes dim and the symbol itself is hated.

At the outset Semicorn and his associates believed in the idea of what they were doing; if in the doing of it they should happen to be unfair to an individual—to Plaino, namely—that was of no consequence. Worse luck to him; he ought not to be that symbol. Eventually they came to believe what they wrote about him as a person, and to hate him as a person; and so it was also with their readers. Plaino himself was the monster. All the rage, the fear, the recriminatory passions rising among the fanatical leaguers, especially toward the end, when they began to have a premonition of defeat, centered upon him. And he did provoke them exceedingly. The intensity of his purpose gave him a superhuman, menacing aspect.

He came on with his pamphlet against the Lothians, their retirement notwithstanding. Then was one devoted wholly to Mr. Capuchin, setting forth his record complete.

Politically, no doubt, the most effective pamphlet was one entitled, Confiscating Your Land by Taxation. This was a thesis to prove that if taxes went on increasing at the same rate for another four years they would amount to more than the value of the land. The people would be unable to pay them. Therefore they would lose their land; it would default to the state, and private ownership of the soil would cease. Very shrewdly he quoted some of the Lothian theorists who advocated state ownership of land as against private ownership so that one might infer that some such end had been in view from the beginning. This argument cut deeply into the minds and feelings of the farmers.

In the last pamphlet he exposed the bank. His information about it was exact. He knew of the grain speculations and of Capuchin's Louisiana Company. The bank was empty. The school funds were gone.

Nevertheless, for reasons which he had explained to Jael, there was no run on the bank; it did not fail. It merely stood there as a rotten tree, unable to fall. Indeed, the revelation of its insolvency caused thousands of people who owed it money to wish it might fail, thinking naïvely that in such case their indebtedness to it would be wiped out. Another result also was in accord with his predictions. For several months people had been murmuring against their bank, because it had stopped lending money; and now, having got from Plaino's pamphlet the notion that the reason why it had stopped lending money was that the insiders had looted it, they were furious.

The excitement was progressive. Each of Plaino's pamphlets stepped it higher, and as the November election approached nobody's fuse was quite safe.

Capuchin had smashed his airplane. He was afraid to replace it, lest that be a reminder to the leaguers of the state's swollen expenditures. So now he was racing about the state in a motor car with a gorgeous phantasy of himself as the great defender, fighting for the people, back to the abyss.

Whatever happened, his glory was prepared; for even more thrilling than the thought of desperate victory was the thought of dramatic defeat—of falling backward into the yawning darkness, heroically brandishing the fragments of his weapon, an imperishable phrase on his lips, a cry of dismay from the people. All that was lacking was the immortal phrase. He had not been able to invent one that satisfied him.

His speeches were accusatory, exhortative, more and more rhetorical. The forces of capitalism were arrayed against them. The eyes of the world were upon them. The fight for freedom had to be fought all over again. Privilege was powerful and thirsted for revenge. They had made mistakes, naturally. Profiteers also made great mistakes. The difference was that profiteers capitalized their mistakes and expected the people to pay dividends upon them forever, whereas the people, having made their own mistakes, would pay for them once and be done, taking to

themselves thereafter the profit. It was a brilliant, prodigious performance, but empty for all that, having no substance of fact. Continually he was met with the cry, "Talk about Plaino's facts!" He could not talk about them because they were facts. The alternative was to defame him, asperse his motives, inflame feeling against him.

That the League was losing, everybody knew, yet, because the extreme elements were so enraptured by their own sound, the extent of the disaster was unforeseen. It was complete. Everywhere the Freemen's Leaguers were chased into the ground. Not one official head survived. The edifice of folkmotes collapsed.

Three hours after the close of the polls Plaino's stonecutter began to chisel the last numeral on the bottom of the famous tombstone in his bank window, and two tall candles were set in front of it to burn all night.

THIS was the evening of the day after election. Jael was at Lothian Farm. Supper, which had been made here the high communion rite of the day, was taking place when Capuchin came. There were no servants. His knock at the door was answered by the nearest Lothian, who, on seeing Capuchin, left the door open and silently returned to the table. He entered, closed the door, and advanced to greet Jael. His face wore an ingratiating expression, which was disagreeable, and there was a way of stealth about him. He held his hand out to Jael, who was regarding him steadily, and she declined the gesture—that is, she sat perfectly still, continuing only to regard him.

"I can't blame you," he said, dropping his own hand. "The pity is, in a thing like this everybody gets scarred up, all of us; even the best of friends. Friends most of all."

Jael said nothing to this.

"There's a matter I must talk to you about," he said. "Something to be straightened up between us. A personal interview seemed necessary."

"Have you had your supper?" Jael asked.

"No, I haven't. I left Liberty right after lunch. Stopped two or three times on the way to talk. But don't bother."

Jael prepared a place for him. As she rose, several others did also, but she made them a sign they understood. She wished to do it herself. Having brought him food on a platter and a cup of tea, she took her seat and looked at the Lothian who had been talking.

"Yes. The effect of sunset upon primitive religion was what?"

The Lothian, so reminded, took up his thought and went on with it

Capuchin was nonexistent. When he had finished eating he seized a moment of silence to say to Jael, "There was no way I could see to avoid a private interview, as you will understand when you hear me."

"This is quite private enough," said Jael, without turning her head.

He was determined not to take offense. The necessity under which she placed him to state his business in the hearing of all the Lothians did not embarrass him. On the contrary, it suited him very well to do it that way.

"It's this matter of the newspaper," he said, holding his voice up. "I've made out a bill of sale"—pulling it from his pocket—"here, in which, for the consideration of one dollar, as the formality is, the property is conveyed outright to you. It has been yours all the time, of course, but the fact was not on record. This is to acknowledge it legally. You remember how it was. The objection to your taking a mortgage in the first place to secure the purchase money was that in that case we should have to disclose your interest, which was thought at the time inadvisable to do. So there has never been any record of your ownership. I wanted to set it all straight before leaving. I'm going away for a rest."

He said it smoothly, a little too plausibly, never hesitating for a word. Jael was thoughtful and did not speak. He moved the paper toward her, quitting himself of it, and said, "If I may offer a word of advice. Semicorn—I—I'd be very dubious about him—about going any further with him, I mean. I've noticed recently that he's—what shall I say?—not always the same. I hate to say it, but I begin to think he has periods of ——" What it was Semicorn had periods of he did not finish saying; but by contracting his eyebrows, shaking his head and tapping it with his fingers he left no doubt of his meaning.

Jael lighted a cigarette with an absent, meditative air and sat staring directly at him for some time. She said nothing. She did not touch the paper there in front of her. Conversation was resumed with an effort at the far end of the table and presently became general again, though halting and with need to be artificially sustained. Jael turned her interest toward it, but took no part. Capuchin held his hand before his face, rubbing his temples, or gazing abstractedly at a picture on the wall.

The tension was broken by a loud knock at the door, and when the door was opened there stood Fitzjerald.

Jael rose to greet him; so did those of the Lothians who knew him.

"A passing sight!" said Jael. "First, you are cold; secondly, you are hungry."

"Cold but not hungry," said Fitzjerald. "I'd like any hot thing to drink."

When he had been served and was comfortable, Jael regarded him with frank pleasure.

"You might look at us," she said. "This is Lothian Farm. These are all Lothians. When and whence? Do account for yourself."

"Today," said Fitzjerald. "At your house in Liberty they told me you were here and how to find you."

"But you must have arrived at noon. Here it is nine o'clock, and the drive takes only two hours."

"Just two hours," he said. "I started at seven."

"You are most unsatisfactory," said Jael. "Nothing to be got out of you. Why these heavy looks?"

Continued on Page 34

To Complete the Scene, He Fell With a Crash Upon the Table, Sobbing: "I Loved That Man—Like a Brother—I Loved Him"

Five hundred color and upholstery combinations

fifty body styles and types

America has greeted Cadillac's individualization of motor car choice, with an enthusiasm fully equal to that which accompanied its first realization that in this great new line of Cadillac cars had been achieved a new and sensational advance in motor car performance.

To such chassis features as unexampled smoothness of power, and speed that makes this new Cadillac, by the test of actual comparison, America's fastest stock car, is now joined the unique advantage of 50 Body Styles and Types and 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations.

It is precisely because of Cadillac's supremely great performance and dependability that this unprecedented variety in body offerings is regarded as characteristic of Cadillac's consideration for its public, and as important and significant as any of Cadillac's great engineering triumphs.

The even greater success that Cadillac is achieving—

The man who buys a new 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac is not especially interested in having his attention called to one or the other examples of Cadillac manufacturing excellence.

He knows that every earnest, honest effort to build a good motor car has for its inspiration and example the desire to approach Cadillac fineness of fabrication; that he will never long for deeper motoring satisfaction until and unless a greater Cadillac appears. That is why new hosts of buyers are flocking to the 90-degree Cadillac and surpassing all Cadillac Sales records for 24 years.

Priced from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 32)

"I'm looking at Capuchin. Good evening, sir," he roared. "How do you do?"

"Good evening, Mr. Fitzjerald," said Capuchin.

"You are safe, I see," said Fitzjerald, so offensively that everyone, even Jael, began to wonder at him. "Safety is your private platitude," he continued. "You mold the bullet, set it in powder, cock the hammer. You do not pull the trigger. That's the dangerous part."

Visibly agitated, Capuchin pushed his chair back from the table and began dusting himself, not aware of what he did.

"You don't brush yourself at the table, Mr. Capuchin," said Fitzjerald. "It's abominable, and it betrays you. What guilty knowledge of yourself are you forever brushing away with your little broom?"

"Mr. Fitzjerald," said Capuchin, "we shall have an accounting in full one day."

"It isn't possible," said Fitzjerald. Then he asked suddenly, "At what time today did you leave Liberty, Mr. Capuchin?"

Capuchin's manner altered. He answered quickly, anxiously, "At one o'clock."

"Witnesses for it, I trust? You would have thought of witnesses, Mr. Capuchin."

"Yes," said Capuchin strangely. He was instantly conscious he had blundered. His wits returned. "I could not possibly leave Liberty unobserved," he said, "whatever it is you mean."

"Of course," said Fitzjerald, sneering. "That you have witnesses is a harmless fact, and still very important. Well, in that case it is news I bring. The banker Plaino was murdered this afternoon."

All eyes turned to Capuchin. He came slowly to his feet, with a dazed expression, and began pacing the floor in a line parallel to the table, beating the palm of one hand with the fist of the other, groaning at intervals.

"Why so distressed, Mr. Capuchin?" said Fitzjerald, with wicked taunting. "You are safe. No one will suspect you, least of all the law. It is stupid. It will pass you by. Its business is with the one who pulled the trigger."

Capuchin stopped, turned to face Fitzjerald and met his gaze unwincingly. To the astonishment of those present who had not seen it happen before, his appearance changed, even the outline of him, which seemed all at once larger and more definite, not blurred at the edges as usual. This was one of those moments in which he saw himself in an aura of innocence, maligned, misunderstood, majestically wearing his sorrows. It clothed him with a fictitious dignity.

"Mr. Fitzjerald," he said, "you are a fiend. I am a guest in this house; an unwelcome one, yet a guest. As touching your insults, therefore, I am at the mercy of Miss Saint-Leon. What she permits I cannot help. But you goad me to say to her, to you, to all present, that I am no more responsible for what has occurred today than—than others. Certainly no more than the Lothian College. I did not invent Semicorn. I did not find him. He was presented to me in Jones Street. I met him there, as I met you, as I met her, as I met Lothians at all. I accepted him as I accepted the others. And if—no, that's all. That's all I mean to say." He began pacing the floor again.

"Semicorn!" said Fitzjerald, repeating the name. He was tense, dramatic, leaning halfway across the table, following Capuchin with his eyes. "Nobody had mentioned Semicorn, Mr. Capuchin. Why do you mention him?"

Capuchin faced the company. A stricken look spread slowly over his features.

"No," he said, speaking just above a whisper, "I should not have mentioned him either. I beg everyone here to forget that I did."

Then, to complete the scene, he fell with a crash upon the table, sobbing:

"I loved that man—like a brother—I loved him."

Fitzjerald supplied the theatrical fact. "Semicorn," he said, "is charged with the murder of Plaino."

XX

CAPUCHIN'S behavior was never clearly understood by those who witnessed it. No one knew what had taken place between him and Semicorn that morning. He stopped just short of disclosing it. As information it was very important; and although it was by no means final as evidence of Semicorn's guilt, yet if it had been known it would have reduced the tormenting doubt that surrounded his case. Capuchin never did reveal it.

It was this. Capuchin was still in bed the morning after election when Semicorn came to see him. What he came for was to expound the Lenine doctrine of revolution, especially the defense of it as an accomplished fact. The fatal error was to suppose that once the people had got control of the state they were safe. Not so. A revolution had to be defended jealously, by ruthless means. Counter-revolution had to be put down by the same methods as those by which the capitalistic state puts down revolution when it can. What happened to the leaders of a revolution if they failed? They were exiled, hanged, destroyed. So the people, having got the power, should stand their enemies against the wall, instead of leaving them intrenched, free to plot against the new order, to corrupt the inexperienced leaders, to seize the first moment of discouragement to turn the people against themselves, and so destroy the works of revolution.

His mind was aflame. The point of his argument was that a political defeat meant nothing if they refused to accept it. Capuchin was a fool to accept it. There was yet time to act logically. They had all the means still in their hands. What they lacked was courage. He, Semicorn, would undertake in one hour to raise a force sufficient for all purposes.

He had worked out a military plan. Spreading a large map on the bed, he traced upon it with an icy finger the lines of communication to be seized. All points of strategic importance were marked in red; there was indicated also the location of food reserves, ammunition, rifles, oil, with precise data as to quantities. According to the plan, the first act, after a secret mobilization of forces, would be to take Plaino and his bank, as a stroke of terrorism against the morale of the enemy.

As to all the facts, he was cool and reasoning. When he returned to the argument his intensity was alarming. The more Capuchin tried to calm him the worse it was. Toward the end—and it went on four hours—he began to reproach Capuchin for cowardice.

"And I ought to of known it," he said. "What you haven't got is the guts I'm trying to put into you—the guts to think red, feel red, act red, and not let the people down. They're red and you don't know it. They don't know it themselves until they see red done. Then they know it. They're not afraid of red. Every capitalist is. Red scares them—their own red does. They won't ride me out of here on a rail. I'm telling you what I'd do in your place and I'm saying that for myself. I got a better way to go. I'm red to the middle. I've got the guts to do red."

He was talking as much to himself as to Capuchin at this point, and appeared to be in physical agony, like some primeval worker of black magic consuming himself to invoke a dreadful power. Red was the word of incantation. He phonated it diabolically.

The paroxysm passed; he was calm again, saying, "It's no good. I hear you saying it's no good. Then let me alone. Leave that to me. You see your way and I see mine and what comes of mine is mine. T'hell with the Freemen's League of politics. Semicorn rides on his own guts. I'm telling you in time as I promised to."

Which said, he vanished. In one moment he was gone.

Capuchin, who all this time had been in his pajamas, clothed himself frantically, with no other thought in his head than to pursue Semicorn. As he was leaving the room he looked back and saw the map and the neatly typed military plan still lying on the bed. He put them in his pocket and went on. It was not until he was within sight of the newspaper office that he was struck with a sense of the incriminating character of these papers.

He stopped aghast. What if something horrible should issue from Semicorn's madness and they were found on his person! Time was passing. The back firing of a motor car gave him a nasty start.

The self-saving motive came uppermost. Turning, he went around the block to the public garage where he kept his car, spoke to as many persons as possible, asked the time of day, took on oil and gas and drove away, saying he was going for a rest. That he took the road to Lothian Farm was accidental. His one conscious purpose was to find a place where he could burn the papers without trace. As he was burning them in a deep ravine out of sight of the road his thoughts went back to Semicorn. What should he do about him? What could he do if he went back? He could not imagine informing against him or having him locked up. Moreover, if he did, Semicorn would deny it, and he himself had just destroyed the only evidence there was. What else? Then a horrible fear possessed him, and he was afraid to go back. He was safely out of it. He had said he was going away to rest. What had prompted him to say that? Why should he go back at all? So he went on, taking care to stop at least once an hour to talk to someone and speak of the time of day.

His thoughts, dwelling morbidly upon Semicorn, led him to see that they were bound to be very closely associated in people's minds. Everybody knew that Semicorn conducted the newspaper under his direction. This reflection gave him a fresh panic and moved him to cast about in his wits for some plausible act of disavowal. It was then it occurred to him to convey the paper back to Jael in a way to make it appear he had never owned it. Between Liberty and Lothian Farm was a small town where he got a blank bill of sale, which he filled out there.

Thus, he appeared before Jael, intent upon this one transaction, controlled by the instinct of self-preservation. On hearing from Fitzjerald that Plaino had been murdered, he was as sure as if he had seen it done that Semicorn did it. Now two emotions assailed him. One was that of simple horror; the other was one of remorse. For it was true he had conceived a great affection for Semicorn and the memory of having abandoned him to his madness clutched his heart. Distributing the responsibility for Semicorn, in that rise against Fitzjerald, was a general defense quite characteristic; it was also a secret, specific defense against the torment of remorse. Then all at once his direct feeling for Semicorn swamped all other emotions, and so he collapsed.

XXI

JAEL turned from that ambiguous sight to Fitzjerald and asked for more news. What was the evidence against Semicorn, and what were the circumstances of the murder?

As Fitzjerald recited the details Capuchin lifted his face and listened, forgetful of both himself and the incongruity of his position in this company.

The murder was that kind of incredible thing which does often take place. One simply could not imagine it to have happened unobserved, in the midst of activity, in the light, with no effort or possibility of concealment. Yet there was the fact. It did so happen.

At two o'clock Plaino was seen at his desk alive. He sat in a private room at the back of the bank. Entering the bank, one had on the right a row of windows with little desks between for the use of patrons, and on the left the long continuous counter with the opaque glass screen and the little barred openings such as one has seen in many banks. Walking straight down this corridor between the street windows and the counter one came to a partition wall with two doors. One was the door to the directors' room and was always locked; the other was the door of Plaino's private office. The partition wall was thick and the door was heavy; still it was very extraordinary that such a sound would not have been heard through the wall and through the closed door by the clerks back of the counter outside. From where the cashier sat to Plaino's desk, the actual distance was less than thirty feet, and the cashier was all the time in his place, or was supposed to be.

At 2:30 o'clock a clerk entered Plaino's room. He was still there, at his desk, but in a shapeless lump, with a bullet through his heart. The killer had walked in, right up to the old man's desk, facing him, had shot him and walked out again, and nobody had seen him.

The sequel was swift. The chief of police went immediately to the newspaper office, arrested Semicorn and his Wobbly crew, and then searched the editorial premises. In the top right-hand drawer of Semicorn's desk was found a revolver with one chamber fired. The empty cartridge shell was still in it and the smell of burned powder was fresh. The bullet that killed Plaino had been already recovered, for it passed clean through the body; and it fitted the empty shell.

Semicorn was questioned. They asked him if the weapon was his. He refused to answer. They asked him if he had killed Plaino. He refused to answer. They asked him if he knew who killed Plaino.

"Yes," he said.

"Who?"

"The people killed him," he answered; and that was all they could get out of him.

There was nothing more, except that the town was in a state of dangerous excitement. When Fitzjerald left at seven o'clock people were gathering around the jail in which Semicorn and his Wobblies were held.

Jael rose from the table. To Fitzjerald, she said, "Were you intending to go back tonight? You would be quite comfortable here. But if you were going back we might go together."

"I meant to go back tonight," he said, moving to get on his coat.

Capuchin stared at her unbelievingly. He had no understanding of her compulsion to go and could not restrain a sound of protest.

"But Ja—ah—Miss Saint-Leon, do you—do you—well, why should you go?"

She did not hear him. It was remembered afterward by those who noticed him that he was so torn by equivocal impulses as to seem to be moving in two directions at once. As a fact he followed Jael's car for several miles, then turned back, went deeper into the country, took refuge with some farm friends, and was not heard of again for several weeks.

A sleet storm had come on. The going was slow. When Jael and Fitzjerald arrived at Liberty it was two o'clock and the town was quiet. They went to Little Jones Street, which had the character of a club, and met again at breakfast. They were alone.

(Continued on Page 89)

$2,000 isn't a drop in the bucket

You've known motorists who prided themselves on taking every hill "in high"....

A rush at the bottom of the grade—a gradual loss of headway—then the agonized laboring of the engine toward the top...

Sometimes they make it. The driver is able to smirk complacently as the car drags over the crest.

But the automobile—$2,000 worth of straining, suffering steel! It loses two days of life in one day of such experiences!

THE normal human machine has more years of service in it than the best automobile motor. But it, too, will wear out prematurely if it is kept in high gear day after day, year after year.

Millions are doing it. Heart disease is now the greatest single cause of death. Other "degenerative" diseases—the diseases which we bring on ourselves by wrong living—are on the increase.

And the loss—depreciated earning capacity, depreciated comfort, depreciated happiness—the loss to each individual cannot be measured in money. $2,000 isn't a drop in the bucket!

Physicians are posting warning signs. "Go slow". "Dangerous grade ahead". They haven't any medicine to take the place of sufficient sleep and sensible diet. They can only counsel wisely, and hope for the best.

But it is the fashion to take the hills in high—to drive the human machine until it begins to labor and struggle—then, through artificial stimulants, to keep it sputtering on. As a consequence, many a man is living on his nerve, with no energy to draw on in an emergency—no reserve power.

Perhaps the stimulant most widely used is caffein. It deadens the sense of fatigue—temporarily. It repels sleep. It excites the nerves. It contributes nothing in place of what it takes away.

It is so needless to pay the penalties of caffein—even though you do naturally want a hot drink at mealtime. You can have all the enjoyment, without a trace of any stimulant. Try Postum!

Here is a drink made of roasted wheat and bran. It has a rich, distinctive flavor. It is completely wholesome. It is liked better than any other mealtime drink in millions of homes.

A thirty-day test of Postum will show you the difference in effects—and you'll learn, too, what a completely satisfying drink this is! Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes you a special offer:

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Please accept one week's supply of Postum, free, as a start on the 30-day test. I will send with it my personal directions for preparing Postum so it is most satisfying.

"Or you can begin the test today, by getting Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil".

Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

P.—S. E. P., 10-30-26

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ Check which you prefer

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling)

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Take a tubeful of Texaco Motor Oil and let it stand in a glass of crushed ice and salt for twenty minutes. The temperature will go down to about zero. Invert the tube. See how freely Texaco flows at this cold temperature.

The first *ten seconds* cause more engine wear than many miles.

The first few hundred revolutions of your engine on a cold day are a critical test of your motor oil.

The first ten seconds of speedy idling while warming up the engine and oil may cause more wear than many miles of driving.

If the oil does not circulate freely and instantly, the metal-to-metal contacts have a rapidly destructive effect. It is unwise and expensive to use an oil that will not stand the cold.

Texaco Motor Oil flows readily, doing its duty at the first turn of the motor, regardless of temperature, preventing this unnecessary wear.

TEXACO

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

TEX

MOTOR

Texaco flows instantly

It stands the zero pour test. It is the same fine lubricant at zero as at any normal engine temperature.

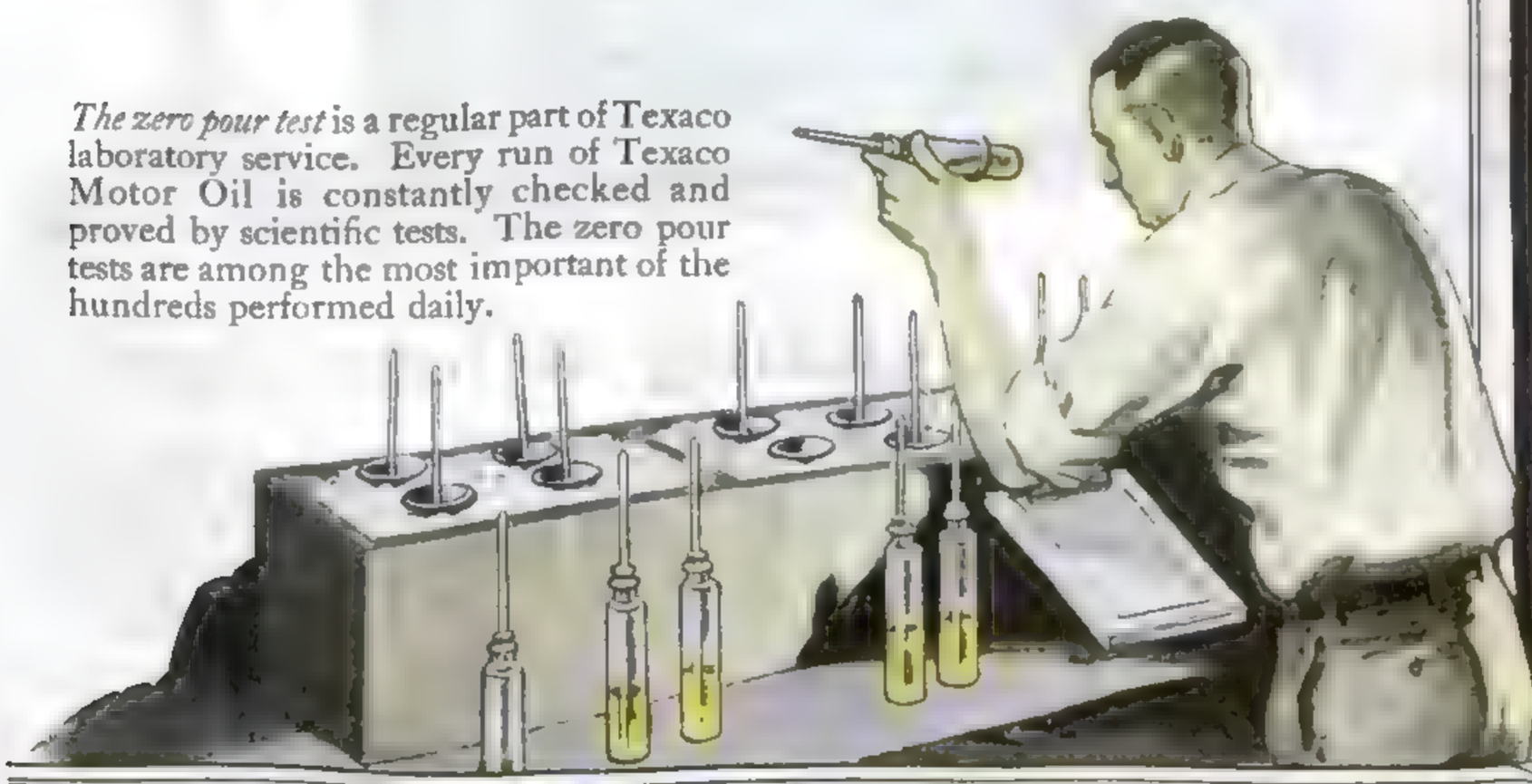
Test it for yourself.

The clean, clear, golden color of Texaco Motor Oil is proof of its purity—the visible evidence of perfect freedom from all substances that would cause the oil to solidify in cold weather, and from all carbon forming impurities.

The results—perfect lubrication, in a cold engine or hot; less wear; more power because compression is better; no heavy carbon deposits anywhere; no clogged valves, gummed plugs, sticking rings or piston head deposits; and a far longer life of maintained efficiency before crankcase draining becomes necessary.

Make it your invariable rule to stop at the Texaco Red Star and Green T whenever you need oil or gas. The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and the clean, clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil form an ideal combination.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A., *Texaco Petroleum Products*



The zero pour test is a regular part of Texaco laboratory service. Every run of Texaco Motor Oil is constantly checked and proved by scientific tests. The zero pour tests are among the most important of the hundreds performed daily.

TEXACO

OIL

Perfect co-ordination of units is necessary for a great band - - - - And in radio, Stewart Warner has designed and built Instrument Tubes and Reproducer to work together in perfect unison. The result is the famous Matched Unit Radio.

They're Knocking at Your Door!

THEY want to come into your home to entertain you. The big brass band—your favorite singer—the world-famous pianist—the most popular dance orchestra. All ready and waiting to please you. Let them in—tonight. It's Stewart-Warner Radio time!

Listen to the wonderful entertainment they offer you. Just turn the dials of a Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio and let the world of finest radio enjoyment flood your home.

Listen to the marvelous tone! Full, rich, mellow, clear, beautiful. That is because Stewart-Warner has designed, built and matched every unit to work in *perfect unison.*

No hit-or-miss combination of set, tubes and reproducer can be expected to give such fine performance. Just as all instruments in the brass band must be tuned and timed to blend into a perfect whole, so must all parts—all units—of a radio be *matched* to give the best and clearest reception.

When you buy your Stewart-Warner Radio, you have the satisfaction of knowing that it is made and backed by the big, reliable Stewart-Warner institution, with its twenty-year record of leadership—with its tremendous service organization, reaching from coast to coast.

Let your own ears tell you that this is the Radio you want in your home. Your nearest Blue Ribbon Dealer—a member of the national Stewart-Warner organization—is ready and anxious to demonstrate a Matched-Unit Radio for you and your family. We will gladly send you his address on request.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Reproducer
Model 415—$30

Radio Tube
Model 501-AX
$2.00

Table Cabinet
Model 325—$75

Console Cabinet
Model 375—$175

Which model is best suited to your requirements?

There's a Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio for every home—and for every purse:—

Five-tube, three-dial models (table and console types) from $65 to $400.

Five-tube, two-dial models (table and console types) from $65 to $175.

Six-tube, one-dial models (table and console types) from $80 to $400.

All cabinets are in walnut, beautifully finished.

Prices shown are without accessories.

All prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

STEWART-WARNER

Matched-Unit Radio

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

STRAIGHT FROM NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 15)

Brother Slayback surrendered. "Go on back," he said bitterly. "He's probably remembered something Aaron Burr told him. I'll telephone you tomorrow, maybe. Good-by."

He walked haughtily to the gate, his fine turban subsiding like a horse blanket down over his magenta shoulders.

The home-flown Yak awakened in his two-room apartment on upper Second Avenue the next morning with a moody melancholy hanging over him. He surveyed his beautiful costume as it hung on a clothes tree and he felt a little more cheerful, but presently the sight of it brought back to him the morose auspices of his return to Riverside.

When he began slowly to dress he somehow felt that even being a Yak could not recompense for everything.

"Arnold!"

He spewed the name disgustedly, bitterly, as one might rid himself of a worm caught inopportunely in an apple.

The Enquirer-Sun that morning carried a brief story about Mr. Huggins, "well-known New York journalist, who is here on a brief visit. Mr. Huggins is an old Riverside boy who has made good in New York. He recently covered the famous Hatton divorce trial for his paper, the New York Globe-Courier. Mr. Huggins will be here for two weeks. His friends wish him well." Brother Slayback felt that he could not, in all honesty, join in this beneficent anointment.

After breakfast, however, his spirits somewhat elevated by hearty nourishment, he called the Moselle home on the telephone. The flower of Riverside answered the call herself. Rich felt relieved. He half expected to get Mr. Huggins.

"Dear?"

"Oh, Rich, I'm so glad you called." Miss Moselle was overwhelming, and Rich became himself again. "I was so very sorry you had to go last night. Arnold was so very funny, I know you would have died laughing at him. He said so many ——"

"Arnold?" asked Rich vaguely.

"Arnold Huggins, silly."

"Oh, Arnold Huggins!" Brother Slayback, now that he was reminded, recalled the man distinctly. "Oh, yes, Arnold Huggins. Quite a fellow, isn't he?"

"He's darling. He said ——"

"Want a soda?"

"Why, I think that would be nice, Rich. At the Élite?"

"Yep."

"I'll be over in a half hour."

Rich hung up not so happy as a lark. He took off his store coat, put on his better, though civilian, garment, and strolled slowly to the Élite. Anita was there on the minute, looking so lovely that Rich's melancholy was evaporated. She seized his arm ecstatically.

"I don't know why," she whispered intimately, "but I just feel wonderful today. Shall we sit in the back?"

Somewhat doubtful that he might have inspired this delirium, he sat down beside her and duplicated her order of a strawberry ice-cream soda. Anita fidgeted, laughed unreasonably, and in general depressed Rich beyond words.

"I thought," he ventured at length, "you'd like to hear about the convention. There was Yaks from all over the state - Savannah, Augusta, Valdosta, Macon, everywhere."

"Really!"

Rich brightened hopefully. "Why, yes," he continued. "Assessor Goldfogle himself welcomed the Yaks in the name of the mayor of Macon, who was out of town, and there was Representative in Congress Hawkins and lots of big bugs."

"You must have had a gorgeous time—a perfectly gorgeous time!" she thrilled.

"Why, yes, I did," he admitted, taking courage, "and I was especially pleased by a little honor they give me. I was absolutely surprised, you know, because I hadn't the faintest idea anybody'd heard of me outside of Riverside. But it seemed that somebody had—some of the boys been talking, I suppose—and just as the parade was forming at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp ——"

Anita laid a hand suddenly on his arm. Rich stopped.

"Look yonder," she said quickly. "Not there—over by the cigar stand. The man with the gray hat on—isn't that Arnold?"

Rich looked. "No," he said shortly.

She laughed. "My mistake!" she acknowledged. "It looked like Arnold. He has a gray hat like that. For a minute I could have vowed that was he. What were you saying, Rich?—oh, yes, about the county tax assessor. You say he was playing golf with you?"

"I said," repeated Brother Slayback, and at that moment his face was more than ever that of a grim yak, "I said that there was a parade. It took a hour to pass a given point. There was two thousand Yaks from all over the state —— What?"

Miss Moselle shook her head hastily. "Nothing, nothing!" she giggled. "I just don't know what's come over me. I'm so silly this morning I don't know what to do with myself."

"What was it?" demanded Rich.

"Nothing, I tell you! I just thought I saw Arnold again —— It wasn't, though. A man standing there at the door had on a gray hat. Arnold has a gray hat, you know."

"I hope it chokes him," Brother Slayback declared illogically.

Miss Moselle looked at him curiously for a moment, but said nothing. Rich drew on his straw and absorbed half of the ice-cream soda at one gulp. He wiped his mouth.

"If you don't want to hear this," he offered.

"Rich, don't be silly, now." Anita was quickly considerate. "I know it was rude of me, but I didn't want Arnold to think I was cutting him. Now you go on and tell me about Assessor Goldfogle. What did he say to you?"

"It wasn't the Honorable Goldfogle," Rich explained, hurt in his voice. "I wanted to tell you about a little honor that was accorded me—a honor that was absolutely a knock-out to me, I was so surprised, never dreaming, you know, that anybody's heard of me outside of Riverside and right around town here ——"

He started to lift his soda glass to his mouth when his wrist was caught so suddenly that bubbles spattered squarely in his eyes. Blinded, burning, he groped for his handkerchief. Then, as he wiped his eyes dry, he heard a voice!

"'Nita!"

"Oh, Arnold, of all people!"

"Yep, it's the kid himself—and Mr. Slayback, the boy Yak! What's the Yak crying about?"

"Nothing!" replied Rich thickly, keeping his handkerchief to his eyes. "Nothing at all! And that's all too. See? Good-by!"

"Why, Rich!"

"Good-by, I said!" he repeated fiercely. "I said good-by, understand, and that means good-by!" He caught up his hat from a near-by chair. Other soda sippers in the vicinity turned to look at him curiously. "I'll learn you!" he shouted. "Just because I ain't from New York I reckon I'm a bum! Well, we'll see! We'll find out! I'll learn you!"

Still shielding his damp, red face with the handkerchief, he stumbled down the aisle to the door.

Flushed and embarrassed, Miss Moselle endured the stares of the other customers in agony. Mr. Huggins drew slowly and reflectively on his cigarette, apparently unruffled by the outburst.

"Pretty, wasn't it?" he remarked presently.

She drew a deep breath. "I think that was terrible," she declared. "He doesn't seem to have any pride at all—shouting here in public like that! I declare I don't know what to make of Rich sometimes. Sometimes he's so nice and other times he's fierce. Did I ever tell you about the way he acted at Warm Springs last June when ——"

"No," Mr. Huggins said. "But I know how it is. I've covered scores of conventions of fraternal orders. I was at the last Shriners' convention with Buford Macdonald, the famous sculptor. Buford and I are old friends—met him when I was covering the America Cup races aboard Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht. Buford was saying to me ——"

"I just wanted to tell you the way Rich acted at Warm Springs," she said hastily. "We were all going down to the pool ——"

"Buford is a Shriner himself," Mr. Huggins continued placidly. "He was telling me about an incident that gave him quite an insight into the Shrine organization. I wish I could remember what it was."

He dropped into silence, his brow knit as he pondered, and after a polite wait Anita spoke again:

"We were all going down to the pool when somebody called to me to come by the store on the way back. Rich heard ——"

"I can't think of it," Mr. Huggins said. "It's odd the way that thing has slipped my mind. I can remember the circumstances precisely. We were sitting on the deck of Tom's yacht; that is, Sir Thomas' yacht. All his friends call him Tom, or Tommy. We were sitting on his yacht when Eddie Cantor—good scout, Eddie—said something or other about the Shriners ——"

"Rich heard," repeated Miss Moselle determinedly—"Rich heard and evidently misunderstood. Right in front of everybody ——"

"Want another soda?"

"No," she answered shortly. "Right in front of everybody ——"

"Let's run along then," Mr. Huggins suggested. "I've got to go by the telegraph office."

Miss Moselle's lips closed in a straight, firm line. She rose and Mr. Huggins followed her to the cashier's desk. While he waited for his change she stood in the door, tapping a nervous toe. They turned the corner into Twelfth Street.

"I was just saying," she resumed, "that right in front of everybody, absolutely mortifying me to death, Rich came out and began to talk to me ——"

"We've still got that date tonight?"

Miss Moselle did not reply. Her eyes stared straight ahead, cold and sullen.

"I suppose it'll have to be our last, baby," he said, apparently oblivious of her temper. "I just got a wire today from the desk. They want me to get a series of stories on that big liquor scandal that's broke loose. I'm catching the midnight train. Maybe I'll get to see Oscar Underwood. Oscar and I are old friends, met at the Democratic National Convention a couple of years ago. Good scout, Oscar."

Miss Moselle fixed a steady gaze on him. "Rich came out," she said grimly, slowly, every word uttered distinctly, "and began to talk to me ——"

Mr. Huggins halted. "Isn't this the telegraph office?" he asked, looking up at the sign. "Sure! Well, I've got to send a couple of wires. May be at it for quite some time. I suppose you want to go on to lunch. And I'll see you this evening, about 8:30, eh?"

She stood for a minute looking steadily into his eyes and then started to walk away. Mr. Huggins, vaguely conscious then of something unusual, stepped forward, caught her by the arm.

"You should worry," he said comfortingly, "about that sap Slayback. Just let him and his Yak parade take the air. Yak parade!" He chuckled. "Picture that, will you? A Yak parade! That must have been a hot spectacle. And burning up to tell about it! The way he goes at it you'd think it was important. That's the main trouble with Slayback," he added; "he has an idea that everything he does or happens to him is important. A Yak parade!"

Miss Moselle smiled coldly and pulled her arm away. As she went down Third Avenue she was furious.

A round moon thrust silver-gray fingers through the vines and laid a filigree of soft shadows on Miss Moselle's hair and shoulders. She half lay in the porch swing, moving it idly with the tip of a toe, and hummed nervously under her breath. Two or three times she stopped quickly at the sound of passing feet on the sidewalk. And presently Mr. Huggins arrived. She greeted him indifferently, without rising.

He drew a chair to face her and sat down. "You know, 'Nita," he said, "I just got to thinking about Slayback and I got to feeling sorry for him. Lives around here in this village, goes off to meet a lot of other saps at a convention, and that's life to him! That's a hot experience! Think of that, will you? In an existence like that I'd suffocate. I've got to have things going on around me—big things, exciting things. I suppose you might say New York's got me!"

"Rich isn't a bad fellow," Miss Moselle said thoughtfully.

"No, but what a bore! Honest, that Yak parade was a knock-out. Who's interested in a Yak parade?"

"Yaks," she replied.

"Whose interested in Yaks?"

She was silent.

"It reminds me," Mr. Huggins began reminiscently, "of what Mike Arlen was saying to me once. He and Heywood Broun and H. L. Mencken and I—good scout, Henry Mencken—were out one evening when somebody—I don't remember who it was just now, but I think it was Heywood—somebody brought up the subject of ——"

Miss Moselle raised herself suddenly. Mr. Huggins paused. Shuffling footsteps had stopped at the gate. There was a click of the latch and then the shuffling was on the gravel walk. Anita dropped her feet to the floor. She stepped around a chair.

"Anita?"

"Oh, Rich!"

She hurried to the steps. Brother Slayback stood nervously in the walk. Behind him were two large, stolid citizens wearing derbies. Brother Slayback extended his hand formally and awkwardly.

"I want you to meet a couple of friends," he said. "This is Mr. Culpepper and this is Mr. Hook. Gents, this is Miss Moselle."

The Messrs. Culpepper and Hook removed their derbies with a single distinguished gesture and spoke simultaneously, "Pleased to meet you, ma'am. It's a pleasure."

"Why, I'm delighted," she bowed somewhat doubtfully. "Won't you come up on the porch and sit awhile? . . . Arnold's here," she added to Rich.

"I know it," he replied. "We'll sit awhile. Come on, fellows, and we'll sit awhile."

She led them down the veranda, back of the vines, and Mr. Huggins lifted his urban frame to acknowledge her introductions. Brother Slayback fetched more chairs from the parlor.

"Yaks?" Mr. Huggins asked politely.

"I'm a Moose," Brother Culpepper replied.

Mr. Hook looked puzzled. "I work at the garage," he submitted finally. "I'm a mechanic."

"I brought Jake and Jake around," Brother Slayback began, when Miss Moselle giggled.

"Both named Jake?" she asked.

"Yes'm," answered Mr. Culpepper. "I was named after the Apostle."

Watch This Column

Scene from "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

"MICHAEL STROGOFF" will unquestionably create a sensation. At its première in the world-famous Ufa Palace in Berlin there were 2,000 people there and repeatedly they arose and cheered the marvelous acting and direction. This is most unusual for Germany and a real tribute to the picture.

If you recall Jules Verne's famous dramatic novel of "Michael Strogoff, Courier of the Czar," you know what a thrilling tale it is and what a great treat is in store for you. No writer ever had greater power to stir the pulse than Verne, whose three great imaginative stories, "Michael Strogoff," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "Around the World in 80 Days" will live as long as memory exists.

IVAN MOSKINE

Every movie-theatre in the country will likely show *"Michael Strogoff"* as an agreeable and exciting change from the regular run of drama, and in which heroism reaches its highest point and a fine young soldier shows what extreme loyalty and unswerving obedience to orders mean. One of Europe's leading actors, Ivan Mousjoukine—whose name has been shortened to IVAN MOSKINE to aid American pronunciation—plays the valiant hero in a superb manner. And in some scenes appear 3000 members of the Latvian Army.

Universal's Greater Movie List is adding great strength to Greater Movie Season, and as rapidly as new productions issue from our coast studios I am more than ever proud of Universal. You must see HOOT GIBSON in *"The Texas Streak,"* a most unusual Western, also LAURA LA PLANTE with JAMES KIRKWOOD in *"Butterflies in the Rain;"* likewise *"Perch of the Devil"* with MAE BUSCH and PAT O'MALLEY. Write me a letter. Let's correspond on Universal pictures—past and present.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

"I was named after my uncle that lives in Talbotton," Mr. Hook said.

"I brought Jake and Jake around," Rich continued, "because they've been to New York and had some very in-ter-est-ing experiences. I thought Mr. Huggins might want to talk over old times in New York with them. They've had some very in-ter-est-ing experiences."

He settled back solemnly, and Mr. Huggins looked dubiously at the two old globe-trotters.

"When were you there?" he asked Brother Culpepper.

"1915."

"I wasn't there," Brother Hook said. "I was in Rahway, New Jersey. It was a convention."

"Tell us something about it," Mr. Huggins suggested.

"Do," added Miss Moselle.

"There ain't anything to tell," Brother Hook replied stolidly. "I can't think of anything right now." He turned to Rich. "Didn't you just get back from Macon, Rich?"

"Wasn't you at the convention?" Brother Culpepper added.

"Why, yes," Rich acknowledged, clearing his throat. "We had quite a parade there—took a hour to pass a given point. It formed at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp ——"

"I got to New York in 1915," Mr. Huggins said. "I remember Rector's was open at the time, and Bustanoby's and Churchill's. Those were the days, all right! I remember I was walking up Broadway the night I got there when ——"

"Now?"

Mr. Huggins stopped. Brother Culpepper had spoken, but his question apparently was addressed only to Brother Slayback.

"Now?" repeated Brother Hook.

"Now," replied Brother Slayback.

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"Nothing," Rich answered hastily. "Nothing at all. Go right ahead."

Mr. Huggins looked uncertainly from one of the Jakes to the other. Miss Moselle, listening silently, felt a trace of uneasiness.

"Well," Mr. Huggins resumed slowly, cautiously, "I was walking up Broadway ——"

"One night I was walking up Broadway," Brother Culpepper spoke heavily, blandly. "I was walking up Broadway with my wife, and all of a sudden she said, 'Look, Jake! Ain't that DeWolf Hopper?' I looked and there was a fellow that looked exactly like all the pictures we ever seen of DeWolf Hopper. Hair like his, face like his, everything. I said, 'It certainly looks like DeWolf Hopper, all right.' My wife thought so too."

He stopped as suddenly as he had started.

"Well?" prompted Mr. Huggins after a pause.

"Well, what?"

"Was it DeWolf Hopper?"

"I don't know," Brother Culpepper admitted. "I never could find out."

There was silence for a moment or two and then Mr. Huggins spoke. "I know DeWolf ——"

"We was going to New York when I was in Rahway," said Brother Hook. "It was a Thursday morning and raining cats and dogs, and we'd just come out our hotel when one of the delegates said, 'Let's go to New York and see the sights.' Nobody ever answered him and we didn't go."

"Rahway," said Mr. Huggins, "is where ——"

"Another time in New York," Brother Culpepper said, "I and my wife were on Seventy-second Street and we had to get down to Times Square. I said 'Let's get in the Subway and go downtown,' but she wouldn't do it. She was scared of the Subway."

"Yes?" Mr. Huggins said.

"We got on a street car and rode downtown," Brother Culpepper finished. "My wife wouldn't get in the Subway."

"I covered the opening of the Subway ——"

"Newark," said Brother Hook, "was as near New York as we got. We had to come back South by way of Newark. We caught a 4:02 to Newark, caught a 6:32 out of Newark, and that was as near New York as we got on that trip."

"Did you ever go again?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"No," Brother Hook answered.

"One of the biggest stories I ever covered ——"

"I wouldn't live in New York," Brother Culpepper said expansively, "if you was to give it to me."

"One of the biggest ——"

"I was saying that to a fellow I and my wife met in the hotel lobby when I was in New York," he continued. "He was a nice fellow, named Musa. We got to talking and I said I wouldn't live in New York if you was to give it to me. I said, 'Look at you, now. Here you are a poorly-looking fellow, thin as a rail, and pasty face. You can't get any air here in New York, and you need fresh air. Look at me. I'm a big fellow, strong as a bull, and never had a doctor in my life except when lightning struck me once,' I said. 'What you ought to do is get out of New York,' I said. 'You need country air.'"

"Did he get out?" asked Mr. Huggins.

"Well," confessed Brother Culpepper, "it turned out he didn't live in New York. He lived in Texas and was just visiting."

"Texas ——" began Mr. Huggins, when Brother Hook spoke:

"There was a fellow from New York through here yesterday. He thought his gears were stripped. I said they wasn't; that that was a knocking or something. He was a New Yorker all right, kept saying he knew his gears were stripped, and I told him I was a mechanic and knew my business, and it was something knocking; but, no, he wouldn't believe me."

"What did it turn out to be?" Mr. Huggins asked.

"I don't know," said Brother Hook. "He got mad and went on away."

"Once I traced ——" Mr. Huggins began.

"I'll bet," said Brother Culpepper, "there are more people on one block in New York sometimes than there are in all of Riverside even on Saturday."

"I traced ——"

"I don't see how they keep it up, those New Yorkers," he marveled. "Going, going, going, night and day, never resting. You see 'em on the street at one o'clock in the morning."

"One ——"

"We went up on the Seaboard Air Line and came back on the Southern," said Brother Hook. "I don't know which I like best. Some of the fellows—the delegates, you know—said the Southern was the best, and some of them said the Seaboard Air Line was. I couldn't make up my mind. Both of them was pretty good. Once I knew a fellow that went up on the Atlantic Coast Line. I always thought I'd like to see him and find out how the Atlantic Coast Line was."

He dropped into silence over this fascinating notion and nobody spoke for several minutes. Miss Moselle hummed a little note or two happily and Mr. Huggins stared intently at the back of his hand. It was he who broke the silence:

"I ——"

"Who was the fellow?" asked Brother Culpepper.

"Archie Moss," Brother Hook replied.

A longer silence.

"Perhaps ——"

"Didn't you see him at the post office yesterday?" asked Brother Culpepper.

"I got there late," Brother Hook said regretfully.

"Well ——" began Mr. Huggins.

"You might telephone him," suggested Brother Culpepper.

"I ——"

"I'll do that," declared Brother Hook.

Another silence, and presently Mr. Huggins tossed his cigarette away and stood up. Miss Moselle followed him. The two Jakes looked at Brother Slayback inquiringly. He shook his head shortly.

"I'd better be going," Mr. Huggins ventured. "I've got to catch a train. There's a big story broken and I've got to ——"

"Is Archie Moss married yet?" asked Brother Culpepper curiously.

Mr. Huggins silently took his hat from the window sill. He offered his hand to Anita. "Good-by," he said. To the others: "Good-by."

"Good-by."

He walked alone down the veranda, up the gravel walk, and into Third Avenue. Behind him he heard Miss Moselle giggle. He hastened his steps. Presently Brother Culpepper reached for his derby.

"I reckon we better be getting on back down to the garage," he said.

Brother Hook picked up his derby. "Mighty pleased to have met you, ma'am," he said to Miss Moselle.

"Thanks, fellows," Rich said gratefully.

"Any time," acknowledged Brother Culpepper generously. "Any time at all."

They moved off. When their footsteps had died down the street Rich shifted his chair once or twice and then got up and went to the swing. Miss Moselle made room for him. He leaned back, sighed, and pulled her toward him until her head lay on his shoulder.

"Mighty interesting fellows, Hook and Culpepper," he said presently.

Miss Moselle did not answer.

"Yes, sir," he repeated, "mighty in-ter-est-ing fellows. What I brought them around for was I just wanted to show you that that Arnold Huggins wasn't the only person that's been to New York and knows a thing or two. There's a couple of Riverside fellows been to New York and nothing uppish about them. Just like anybody else."

"More so," murmured Miss Moselle.

"You bet your life they're regular fellows," Rich declared. "Not Yaks, to be sure, but nice fellows all the same." He lifted her chin slightly, so he could look into her face. "You wasn't sore, was you?"

"I'm not sore," she said.

Rich breathed a deep sigh of relief. "I was afraid you might be," he said. He pressed her closer and kissed her strawberry-blond hair. Then he spoke again:

"He's all right, I reckon, but the way he kept trying to keep me from telling about that little honor I got at the convention kind of got my goat. It wasn't anything much, but—you know, Anita, they had a parade—a big parade that took a hour to pass a given point. It formed at Cotton and Mulberry Streets at ten o'clock sharp, and I was standing there, not thinking anybody knew me or ever heard of me outside of Riverside, when a Potentate came up and said, 'Would this be Brother Slayback, of Riverside?' I said, yes, I was Brother Slayback. Then he said, 'Well, Brother Slayback, we need a man to carry the Imperial Sacred Banner of Hu Lu Temple in the parade and everybody says you're a good strong fellow and could carry it.' And I said, 'You don't mean I should carry the Imperial Sacred Banner of Hu Lu Temple!' And he said ——"

"I wasn't sore," said Anita thoughtfully, "because I discovered Arnold Huggins. I found out something. I can see now why you didn't like him."

"And he said ——" Rich resumed faintly.

"He's too interested in himself," Miss Moselle explained. "He won't let anybody else say anything. He thinks everything he's done is important. Nothing anybody else has done is important at all. He just won't let others talk."

She paused and Rich made one more effort. "And he said, 'Mr. Slayback ——'"

"I'm glad he's gone," Anita murmured. "Go on, dear. Finish what you were saying."

"That's all," Rich mumbled. "That's all I was going to say."

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THE MAD LOVER

(Continued from Page 23)

"You're a mind reader," he said.

"No more than any woman is," she said. "You looked at my dress. You said to yourself, 'Maids don't wear dinner gowns; now who the devil can she be?'"

"My very words!" laughed Gerald. "Marvelous—simply marvelous!"

"I'd like to be a mystery," the girl remarked. "But I'd be solved as soon as your mother comes down. I'm Irene Thorne."

"How do you do, Miss Thorne? I'd tell you that I'm the Prince of Monaco, if I didn't have a rather strong hunch that you know I'm Gerald Shannon."

"I could tell that from your shoulders."

"How?"

"They're like your father's," Irene Thorne said.

"I'm glad you think so," said Gerald. "You don't live in Branton, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I was born and brought up here."

"Really?" He was puzzled. "I'm practically sure we never met."

"We never did," she said.

"I can't understand why we never did."

"I've been busy—working," she told him.

"Working? Oh, for the Junior League."

"No; bread-and-butter work. I lost my amateur standing years ago."

"But surely—we must have been at the same parties ——"

She smiled quizzically. "Not with my past," she said.

"My dear young lady, have you a past?"

"A dark past, from the Branton point of view," Irene Thorne said. "You see, Mr. Shannon, I'm a Jungle girl." Seeing that that left him with nothing to say, she added, "I was born in Gifford Street. I've lived down there nearly all my life. Now I'll answer your question: What the devil am I doing here?"

"All you need is a tent, a crystal ball and a gypsy make-up," laughed Gerald. "It's really uncanny the way you see right into my brain cells."

"I'm here," said Irene Thorne, "because I work here. I've a pleasant job. I'm a sort of companion to your mother and a sort of secretary to your father. Sometimes, in the evening, he dictates letters to me. He's a tremendous worker, you know."

Somehow—perhaps because of her tone, perhaps because of her steady gaze as she said this—Gerald Shannon felt vaguely uncomfortable.

He was puzzled too. That voice of hers, now—it wasn't the sort of voice he would have expected to find in a girl from the Jungle.

"To go on," she said, "I like your parents very much."

"So do I."

"I'm nearly twenty-four."

"Thank you."

"I get thirty-five dollars a week and my room and board."

"Thank you."

"Any other questions?"

"I wasn't aware," said Gerald, "that I'd asked any."

"You may, if you wish."

"It isn't polite to be inquisitive."

"No; but it's very human. Didn't they have a course in curiosity at Yale?"

"No."

"Too bad. How are we to find out about people unless we ask questions?"

"Do you want to ask me some?" said Gerald. "Is that it?"

"Oh," she smiled, "I know all about you."

"Really? How?"

"Your parents will discuss you."

"Do they speak well of me?"

"Sometimes."

He raised his eyebrows. "Sometimes not?" he queried.

She hesitated. "Mr. Shannon," she said, "I think we'd better talk about polo."

He frowned slightly. "Oh, I see," he said. "Polo it is. Do you like it?"

"We don't play polo in the Jungle," she said. "Do you know how they describe it down there?"

"No. How?"

"A little pill chased by four big ones."

"Indeed?" He said it stiffly.

"Do you mean 'minx'?" she said.

"Really, Miss Thorne ——"

"Really, Mr. Shannon ——"

It seemed to him that there was a hint of mockery in her manner; just a suggestion that she did not seem to realize she was talking with a man generally considered the most eligible bachelor, the best polo player and the richest young man in Branton. This was a new experience for Gerald Shannon. In the big houses in High Park he had grown accustomed to be taken rather seriously, particularly by marriageable girls and their mothers. There was no subtle coquetry in this girl. He was not at all sure he liked her manner—or her.

"So you like to be asked questions about yourself?" he said.

"Love it."

"Good! Do you play bridge?"

"No."

"Chess?"

"No."

"Parcheesi?"

"No."

"Lotto?"

"No."

"Do you ski?"

"No."

"Read horoscopes?"

"No."

"Flirt?" She did not answer at once. "Think, Miss Thorne, think!"

"Not often," she said.

"Do you sometimes let strangers speak to you on the street?"

She surprised him by answering at once and without any sign of embarrassment, "Why, yes."

"Then you saw me today?" he said.

She looked at him blankly. "Saw you? Where? Why, I never saw you in my life until I came into this room a few minutes ago!"

"You didn't see me—at that drug store—on the corner of Perry Street and Railroad Avenue—this afternoon?"

"Why, no!" she said, and began to laugh. "Do you mean to say you were there?"

"I was," said Gerald, with some sternness, "and I saw you—and that man."

She continued to laugh. "You saw it all?"

"I did," said Gerald, "and heard it too."

"Do you often spend rainy days playing Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Shannon?"

"It was entirely an accident, I assure you."

"I'm sure it was," said Irene Thorne. "So the little sketch we played had an audience—and a disapproving one."

"It's hardly up to me to censor your conduct, Miss Thorne."

"Of course it isn't. Let me ask you this: What would you have done in my place?"

"Stepped on his face," said Gerald promptly.

She shook her dark head. "He-man stuff," she said. "No, Mr. Shannon; punching never proved anything except that you are a puncher. I never punch mashers."

"You speak as if your experience had been extensive."

"It has been," Irene Thorne said calmly. "I've been a working girl in Branton and in Chicago. I've had to learn how to deal with mashers. I've learned to take them lightly. I don't mind them any more."

"You don't mind being insulted?"

"Of course I do. But surely, Mr. Shannon, you don't consider it an insult in these days for a man to speak to a girl he hasn't happened to meet formally?"

"Well," said Gerald, "it certainly violates a very sound convention."

"Do you keep a pug dog, Mr. Shannon?"

He stared at her. "No."

"Do you ride a high-wheel bicycle and wear detachable cuffs?"

"I do not. What are you getting at?"

"I was afraid you might—with such ideas."

He was quite sure he did not like her now. "What's wrong with my ideas?" he challenged.

"Some of them are excellent, I'm sure," she said. "But in this instance you are a bit out of date. Don't you see, I'm not the old-fashioned type of girl who swoons if a strange man looks cross-eyed at her."

"I'm beginning to suspect that."

"You see, Mr. Shannon, girls nowadays are finding out that a good many conventions are nothing but fears. The ladies who said 'How dare you, sir?' if a man spoke to them, weren't honest. Secretly, they liked it. A man doesn't speak to a girl unless he thinks her attractive. Why should I wallop that funny-looking little fellow for paying me a compliment?"

"You might have taught him a lesson," Gerald said.

"But didn't I? I didn't want to be rude to the pathetic, pompous pup."

"But why encourage a man like that?"

"Now I ask you, did he look particularly encouraged?"

Gerald grinned; he was thinking of Tommy Waterlow, gulping, discomfited.

"I must admit," he said, "he did look rather more sheepish than encouraged."

"He won't try it with me again," said Irene Thorne. "He belongs in Class A."

"Class A?"

"You see," she explained, "I divide mashers into two classes."

"Really? How systematic!"

"I had to learn to be systematic when I was living on sixteen dollars a week," said Irene Thorne. "Our Mr. Smith ——"

"Your Mr. Smith."

"My Mr. Smith, then, belongs in Class A, because he thinks of women as prey and of himself as a mighty hunter. He is interested only in a little cheap amusement. Picking up girls of a class different from his own satisfies his male vanity and in a measure compensates for his failure to make conquests in his own class."

Gerald chuckled. Tommy to the life! She was smart, this girl. What he said was: "What do you know about his class?"

"I imagine," said Irene Thorne, "that he would describe himself as a gentleman, meaning that he pays more than a hundred dollars for his suits, drives a foreign car and speaks in a secondhand Oxford voice."

"Is that your idea of a gentleman, Miss Thorne?"

"No; that's the Branton idea," she said. "My idea is that before you can be a gentleman, you have to be a man."

"You're very wise for one so young."

"I've had to take care of myself since I was sixteen," she answered. "One learns lots doing that."

"I suppose so. But you haven't told me about the Class-B mashers," said Gerald.

"They are rather rare," she said. "They have what I believe used to be described as honorable intentions. They see a girl and are strongly and genuinely attracted to her. They want to know her. To do so they adopt what you would call unconventional methods. Real romances start that way sometimes."

"Miss Thorne?"

"Yes."

"Have you met any like that?"

"Only one."

"Oh!"

"There's nothing to oh about, Mr. Shannon," she said, with a smile. "He's a very nice young man. He lives in Chicago. Sells tractors and sings barytone."

"Sounds interesting."

"He spoke to me one day at a soda fountain, where I used to lunch," she said. "Told me his name and all about himself. He knew I came to that soda fountain every day, and for more than a week he had been coming there, too, trying to get up his nerve to speak to me, he said. He told me he'd even ordered strawberry ice cream because I did, although strawberries always gave him a rash. Can you wonder I was touched?"

"Greater love hath no man," said Gerald. "Tell me, are you ——"

He checked himself on the brink of asking the question. After all, why ask it, when the answer did not particularly interest him?

"Am I what?"

"Since you don't object to questions, I was going to ask if you are engaged to him?"

"No."

"Do you expect to be?"

"I don't believe so. I'm afraid I couldn't be a good wife to a man who carries a change purse and says 'all righty' and calls children 'kiddies.'"

"But you could cure your barytone friend of his little faults, I'm sure," said Gerald.

"Why are you sure?"

"Just a notion of mine. I somehow have a theory that you have a will of your own."

"I hope so."

His mother came in just then. "It's a fine surprise, having you, Jerry," she said, as she kissed him. "You're looking well."

"It's scandalous how young you're looking," he said. "It doesn't seem right that you should have a big lump of a son like me."

She patted his arm. "You've met Irene, I see," she said.

"Oh, yes. We're old friends already," Gerald said.

"That's good," his mother said. "She looks a bit like me, don't you think, Jerry?"

"By Jove, she does! You might be sisters."

"Go 'long with you, Jerry."

"There's dad now."

He hurried to the door to greet his father.

After dinner, father and son smoked together in the old-fashioned dining room.

"Irene is going to be a great comfort to your mother and me," Kevin Shannon said.

"I'm glad of that, dad."

"A fine girl."

"She seems to be."

"Proud as the devil," Kevin Shannon said, "like all the Thornes from the County Kerry."

"You know her people then?"

"Did you never hear me speak of Timothy Thorne?"

"Let me see," said Gerald, groping through his memory. "It seems to me I have. I remember him vaguely—a short, square man who used to come to the house when I was a boy."

"That would be Tim Thorne," said Kevin Shannon. "I thought I'd spoken to you of him, but maybe not. We haven't talked much about the old days, you and I. You've been away from home so much of late, and at school and college before that, and I so busy I hadn't much time for talk, I guess. It's a pity you never knew him. A fine man he was, with bold go-to-the-devil eyes, like his daughter's. You noticed them?"

"Yes," said Gerald, "I noticed them."

"She's like him in many ways," said Kevin Shannon.

"Tell me about him, dad."

"Tim Thorne was an educated man," Kevin Shannon said; "a scholar, and a good bit of a dreamer too. We came to Branton together, Tim and I. He married a girl from the old country and built himself a little house down near the river. It was real country in those days, down there. They didn't start calling it the Jungle till after the factories came. There Tim lived, as poor as Paddy's pig and as proud as

(Continued on Page 47)

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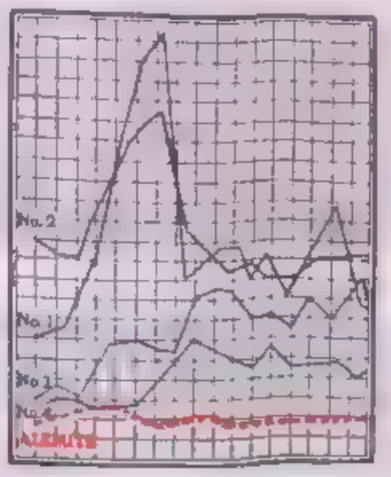

This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubricant made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

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"However, my judgment as to quantity was not reliable. When I still had a strip of floor about 3 feet by 12 feet to finish, I ran out of Valspar. I went up town for more varnish only to find the store where I had made my purchase closed for the day.

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The famous Valspar boiling water test

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S
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(Continued from Page 42)

Brian Boru himself, writing books about Irish folklore that nobody ever bought, and giving lessons on the piano to earn food for himself and Irene, for his good woman died when the little girl was born. Time and again, after I was lucky, I went to him and said, 'Tim, for old time's sake, let me help you with your work.' But he'd take no help from me or any man. He died eight years ago. Irene found him, bent over his desk, his pen in his hand and a smile on his face. I wonder sometimes if, when death comes to me, it will find me smiling."

"It's a good many years yet before you need to worry about that, dad," Gerald said. "Tell me, did the girl let you help her?"

"You don't know Tim Thorne's daughter if you think that," said Kevin Shannon. "I offered to, of course. Well I remember the little front room of the house down by the river, with its rows of big books and his black square piano, and Irene standing there, very straight and very grave, and not letting herself cry, as I told her I wanted to take her father's place and help her get the education I knew he wanted her to have. But she wouldn't let me. 'I've got this house,' she said, 'and my health, and I can cook and play the piano, and I'm going to get through college, somehow, for I'm willing to work.' That ended it. In Kerry, there's a saying, 'Never argue with one of the black Thornes.' She sold the house, and precious little it was worth, and she went away and to college. She went to Ann Arbor, and how she managed, I don't know. But she did."

Kevin Shannon puffed on his pipe. "Your mother and I were a little lonely in this big house," he said. "No, I'm not blaming you, Jerry. Not a bit. I want you to live your own life, as you want to live it. You know that. You know, too, that any time you want to work with me you can —— Oh, well, it was Irene I was talking about, wasn't it? I advertised in the papers for someone to live with us, to be with your mother and help me a bit now and then with my letters and papers. Irene Thorne applied for the job. She didn't say she was Timothy Thorne's daughter. She wrote a businesslike letter, telling her experience and qualifications. It seems she put herself through college doing secretarial work. When I told her we wanted her, she made me promise I wouldn't keep her unless she proved absolutely competent."

"Has she?"

"She has that," said Kevin Shannon. "She knows the meaning of work."

"She looks competent," said Gerald.

"Jerry?"

"What, dad?"

"You don't seem to like her."

"I hardly know her."

"Come, Jerry, that's no sort of answer. We Shannons like on sight or we hate on sight."

"To tell the truth, dad, I never met anybody just like her."

"You're not likely to."

"I'm afraid," Gerald said, "I don't greatly care for competent women. They make me uncomfortable. Now this girl—well, she makes me feel uneasy, as if she were secretly laughing at me."

"Listen," said Kevin Shannon. "She's going to sing."

"I'm afraid I can't stay," said Gerald hastily. "I have an engagement."

His engagement was to play poker with Tommy, Sonia and the Talbot girl. Sonia often said that poker was a man's game, and, as such, she was sure that its fine points were beyond her grasp. She was never quite certain whether four of a kind beat two pairs, and yet somehow she managed to win fairly consistently.

The sound of fingers touching notes came to their ears. A clear soprano voice sang:

"It was on a bright morning in summer ——"

"She knows all the old Irish ballads," whispered Kevin Shannon. Gerald listened:

"I have not the manners and graces
Of the girls in the world where you move.
I have not their beautiful faces;
But, oh! I've a heart that can love.
If it please you, I'll dress me in satin,
And jewels I'll put on my brow;
But och! don't be after forgettin'
Your pretty girl milking her cow."

When Irene Thorne had finished, Gerald applauded. "She has a charming voice," he said.

"Come in for a bit," urged Kevin Shannon. "You should hear her sing Molly Bawn."

"I can stay only for a moment," Gerald said as they went into the drawing-room. "Just long enough to hear the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow again, if Miss Thorne will be so good as to sing it."

Gerald Shannon left his father's house at half-past eleven that evening. On the way home he was thinking of suitable excuses to make to Sonia and the rest for not appearing to play poker. Also, he was humming. He was humming as he entered his apartment.

"Hondo!"

"Yis, Mis' Boss."

"Listen—listen carefully to this tune."

"I listen."

Loudly Gerald hummed:

"But och! don't be after forgettin'
Your pretty girl milking her cow.

"Do you hear that, Hondo?"

"I hear."

"Remember that tune," said Gerald. "If you hear me singing it, or humming it again, I want you to make a series of loud noises by beating on a gong, or dishpan or something. Understand?"

"I understand."

Gerald went to bed. He did not go at once to sleep. He lay there, in the darkness, frowning. It was irritating the way his mind kept returning to that Thorne girl, sitting there at the piano, in her white dress, singing the old songs. He didn't want to think of her. She had said she was a minx. Yes, decidedly, the word fitted her. Pretty? In a way. But not in the way Sonia Brotherton was pretty, for example. This girl was a gamin. There was a soft femininenes about Sonia this girl lacked. Sonia always made Gerald think of silk. This girl—well, she was iron—silk and iron. He said it to himself—silk and iron. Best dismiss the Thorne girl entirely from his mind. He would do so. He trained his mind on a polo problem. . . . Yes, she did have go-to-the-devil eyes. . . . He fell asleep.

Gerald was breakfasting next morning at half-past ten, and enjoying an omelet which had just issued from Hondo's artful hands, when he sprang up with a startled cry, for from the kitchen came a din which sounded like an epileptic bull having a fit in a tinware store. He rushed to the kitchen door. Hondo, grinning joyously, was energetically belaboring a copper pot with a large wooden spoon.

"You sing that song," said Hondo.

"So I was!" said Gerald.

"I beat 'em up pan some more?" asked Hondo.

"Yes, if you ever hear me sing it again."

"Velly goo, Mis' Boss."

He went to the club, and there encountered Tommy Waterlow. "Where were you last night, Jerry?" Tommy asked.

"Sorry. Couldn't make it," was all the explanation Gerald offered. He sat in the lounge, listening absent-mindedly to Tommy's chatter.

"You take four lemons," Tommy was saying, "and two tablespoons of liquid honey and the white of an egg —— Say, look here, Jerry, how can a man describe a perfectly exquisite cocktail when you sit there singing to yourself?"

"Was I singing?"

"Yes—something about a cow."

"Damn!" said Gerald.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm going out for a walk."

"Walk? Where?"

"How should I know?" said Gerald, and out he went. Half an hour later he was ringing the doorbell of his father's house.

"What's the matter with Jerry Shannon?" Sonia Brotherton asked it.

"The ways of the wild Celts are beyond me, my dear," said Tommy Waterlow. "He may be suffering from a touch of the moon. Who can say what that surprising young man may do? Not I, certainly."

"I wonder if he's up to something," Sonia said. "I've hardly seen him at all in the past three weeks."

"Which has made it very nice for me," said Tommy.

"You've been a dear," she said. "I would like to know what Jerry has on his mind, though."

"There's no telling. He's as changeable as a chameleon on a pair of kilts. Between us, Sonia, I sometimes wonder if Jerry isn't just a tiny bit mad."

"You're not serious, Tommy?"

"Oh, no, I'm never serious except on Sunday morning between eleven and twelve, and I'm seldom awake then."

They were sitting on the wide veranda of the new Idlemere Country Club, waiting for more cracked ice. Branton had two country clubs by now, and symptoms of a third. In the not very distant past, it had none. Then one had sufficed. That, as Tommy Waterlow often remarked, was in a happier era, before niblicks went democratic. When the original Branton Country Club, like the city, had grown beyond all the plans of its founders, Tommy Waterlow, Gerald, Harry Carstairs and a dozen others had withdrawn from it to form a new club, where the initiation fee was a schoolteacher's salary, and, to quote Tommy Waterlow, not every undertaker who owned a couple of sticks and an old ball could join.

"The sight," Tommy said, "of one's dentist putting in plus fours always afflicts me with an acute attack of the squealing pip." In more bitter moments he complained, "They might at least have left us our golf."

He, himself, had given up playing. He did so, he explained, as a protest against the debasement of the royal and ancient game, and was pinkly indignant when Gerald Shannon suggested that the real reason was that Tommy had grown aware that in white linen knickers he looked like a pile of wet-wash mounted on piano legs.

Sonia Brotherton did not play, either. "I just know that gripping a club would ruin my hands," she said. "No man could really love a woman with prominent knuckles." So her golfing costume that day was of filmy black georgette painted with exotic mauve flowers, high-heeled slippers and a hat like an orchid.

"Tommy," she said, in her low drawl, "you're my friend, aren't you?"

He laid a hand on his bosom and contrived to bow without getting up. "Easily," he said. "At least that, and willing to be more."

"That's right sweet of you, Tommy," Sonia said, "and I'll consider that your proposal for the day."

"Sonia," he said plaintively, "I wish you'd take my proposals more seriously."

"I thought you were only serious on Sunday mornings."

"And when I'm proposing to you—no matter when I do it." He sighed. "Gad, I wish I had more hair—black and wavy for choice, and less waist and a dad with ten millions," he said.

"Tommy, don't be sordid," she said. "Besides, you're not exactly in the bread line, are you?"

"Practically," he said mournfully. "What's twenty-five thousand a year, nowadays?"

"You poor boy!"

"Of course," he added, brightening, "if Aunt Clara ever decides to admit that she is dead, and doesn't leave her money to found a home for fallen canaries, I'll come in for something rather jolly."

The cracked ice arrived at the moment and was put to an appropriate use.

"Tommy," said Sonia, "you say you are my friend. I know you're pretty astute. Tell me now, what do you think accounts for the way Jerry has been acting lately?"

"It is odd," Tommy said. "He's been rather moony, that's a fact. Pensive, you know. One might almost surmise that he is thinking."

"Perhaps he does not find thinking so fatiguing as some people."

"Smack!" said Mr. Waterlow. "A tart one for Tommy. Don't misunderstand me, Sonia. Jerry has a neat and agile bean on him and I never said he hasn't. He got through the scientific school—if that means anything—and I admit I was tossed out of college before I had time to finish unpacking my trunks. But why should a man in Jerry's position think or worry? He can afford to hire someone to do that for him."

"But what is he thinking or worrying about?"

"My data," said Tommy Waterlow, "are meager. But drawing on my large knowledge of men and life, I should say it is probably a woman."

"What woman?"

"Sonia! Please! Don't pounce on me like that. You've made me spill my drink. How do I know what woman? How do I know it is a woman at all? I'm only deducing. Jerry doesn't confide in me. I know it can't be money. His father fairly bathes him in gold. It isn't his health. He's fairly bristling with that. So, if I may say so again without making you jump out of your lovely skin, I suppose it must be a woman."

"Tommy," Sonia Brotherton said, "you are not coming across. You know something more. If you don't tell me, I'll never let you propose to me again."

"Truly, I don't know anything more," Tommy said, emphasizing the verb. "I don't wish to spread tales about Jerry Shannon. He comes of a violent race, given to explosions. Why, once I saw Jerry knock a two-hundred-pound truckman for a row of mohair canal boats. Jerry fizzed up like a Seidlitz powder, and all the fellow was doing was taking a few husbandly slaps at his own wife. My beauty would be in danger if I told you anything about Jerry without facts, and I haven't any facts."

"But why," Sonia persisted, "do you think he has dined at his father's house seven times in the past three weeks?"

"Devoted son and all that sort of rot," said Tommy.

"Nonsense! Even if he is a devoted son, why should he cut any number of good parties lately—including one at my house?"

"You ask riddles, my dear. It may be that old Kevin is making one of his periodic drives to get his handsome son to go to work. The old man is keen on that idea, you know. He has a theory that Gerald would be happier playing tiddledywinks with steel girders, and making dear little power houses and what not. All of which proves that a father may know precious little about his son."

"That may be it," said Sonia. "But can you imagine Jerry in overalls?"

"With difficulty," Tommy said. "But if he wore them, you can be sure they'd be cut and sewed by the best tailor in London."

The waning ice in their glasses was renewed by a steward. "I hear," remarked Tommy Waterlow, "that old Kevin Shannon has a new secretary."

"Yes?" said Sonia, yawning.

"A girl," said Tommy.

"Really?"

"And rather a comely wench too."

"How do you know, Tommy?"

"Well," said Tommy, sipping his drink, "I had her pointed out to me."

"By Jerry?" Her tone was not so indifferent.

"Oh, no," said Tommy hurriedly. "By some fellow—I forget who at the moment

(Continued on Page 49)

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Crosby Sweet Corn Bable Corn
Corn on Cob
Succotash Hominy
Green Stringless Beans Wax Beans
Extra Small Green Beans
Extra Small Wax Beans
Cut Green Beans Cut Wax Beans
Green Stringless Beans
(Whole beans, packed like asparagus)
Red Kidney Beans Lima Beans
Tomatoes
Asparagus Asparagus Tips
Pumpkin
Whole Beets Diced Beets
Sliced Beets
Carrots Sauer Kraut
Cut Okra Whole Okra
Sweet Potatoes Spinach
Tomato Puree

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Pimiento Cups Pimientos
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Pork and Beans (Tomato Sauce)
Yankee Beans
Cooked Spaghetti
PEANUT BUTTER
Strawberry Preserves
Red Raspberry Preserves
Apple Butter Grape Jam
Currant Jelly Grape Jelly
Preserved Figs Fig Jam
Lemon Syrup Maple Syrup
Orange Marmalade
Mincemeat Plum Pudding

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Apricots
Blackberries Blueberries
Loganberries
Black Raspberries Red Raspberries
Strawberries Gooseberries
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Sliced Pineapple Crushed Pineapple
Gage Plums Egg Plums
Bartlett Pears Fresh Prunes
Sliced Peaches Pears
Yellow Cling Peaches
Grape Fruit Hearts
Red Pitted Cherries
Royal Anne Cherries
Seedless Grapes
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CEREALS
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Pearl Barley Granulated Hominy
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Dessert Tapioca Pancake Flour
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Green Pea Soup Beef Soup
Mock Turtle Soup Chicken Soup
Ox Tail Soup
Baking Powder Cream of Tartar
Black Pepper White Pepper
Cinnamon Ginger Cloves Paprika
Mustard Allspice
Pickling Spice Turmeric Mace
Poultry Seasoning Curry Powder
Curry Powder Celery Salt
Onion Salt Sage Nutmeg
Savory Thyme Garlic Salt
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White Distilled Vinegar
Pepper Sauce Worcestershire Sauce
Extract of Vanilla Extract of Lemon
Molasses
Jelly Powder Sparkling Gelatine
Cocoanut
Marshmallows Marshmallow Crème

Keep This List for Future Reference

QUALITY for 70 Years

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She struck me as looking like a very smart young thing."

"Who cares?" said Sonia.

"Not I," said Tommy. "The only reason I mentioned her is that I understand she has practically been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Shannon—lives at their house."

Sonia Brotherton set down her glass sharply on the metal table. "What did you say?"

"Lord, Sonia, you give me the jumps! I haven't investigated the creature personally. To be frank with you, the home life of the elder Shannons has never profoundly interested me. I simply report what I have heard, in a poor but sincere effort to entertain you."

"Tommy Waterlow, you are a fiend. You don't think ——."

"I never think on sunny days."

"Tommy, stop trying to be clever, and be yourself. If you know anything else, out with it, or I'll never speak to you again."

"I couldn't bear that, Sonia. I really know nothing about this young person, except I've heard she's the daughter of a seedy old harp Kevin Shannon knew in the old days—a girl fresh from the Jungle, and pretty fresh too."

"You speak with a certain amount of feeling."

"It's this Scotch—it's full of feeling," he said. "Sonia."

"What?"

"You're not worried about Jerry?"

"Should I be?"

"Of course not. For all his Gaelic rashness, he's got a certain vein of sense. Got it from his old man, I suppose. He certainly isn't taking this girl seriously, even if he does tote her around in his car now and then."

"Tommy! So he's been doing that? When?"

"My dear lady, I do not play Boswell to Jerry's Doctor Johnson. I can only say that they passed my house at exactly twenty-two minutes past six last evening. I've no doubt he was ferrying her home from his father's office. He's so accommodating, you know."

She bit her lip. "One doesn't go to Kevin Shannon's house by way of High Park," she said.

"One could," said Tommy Waterlow.

They sat watching the players in their gay sweaters, dotting the links.

"We're playing bridge at my house tonight, aren't we?" Sonia said.

"That is the scenario."

"You, I, Nancy Talbot and Gerald."

"I'm afraid not Gerald. Ken Stuart is coming instead," Tommy Waterlow informed her.

"Why not Gerald?"

"I saw him annoying a broiled lobster at the club today," Tommy said, "and he told me that he was sorry, but he is going to be busy tonight."

"Oh!" said Sonia Brotherton.

"Oh, indeed!" said Tommy.

"For heaven's sake, Tommy," she exclaimed petulantly, "don't try to be funny! The only time you're not funny is when you're trying to be."

"Smack!" said Tommy.

"Please send for your car," Sonia said. "I'm going home."

Gerald Shannon was dressing to go out to dinner that evening. In his mirror he examined his face twice to be sure it was all right. Usually he took that for granted. Tonight he was nervous. He asked himself why he should be. After all, he reflected, he had nothing to fear and a great deal of joy to look forward to. He hummed snatches of a song as he sent his car swiftly along through the Branton dusk.

That afternoon he had been with Irene Thorne, had taken her for a drive through the country, and to the top of Sunset Hill, where they had stopped to look out over the panorama of Branton spread out beneath them. They had talked. It was easy to talk with Irene, he was thinking, as he drove along; and yet it was baffling. He had found no artifice, no pose in her. She was frank to an almost alarming degree. She was responsive to his moods. She laughed easily. They found much to laugh at together. And yet, to him, there was something enigmatic about her. He had seen her often in the past three weeks. They had talked and laughed about almost everything under the sun—about an amazing array of subjects, he remembered—books, the curious conduct of spiders in love, internal-combustion engines, dancing, the prevalence of bunk, comic strips, missionaries, clothes, folklore, a mutual distaste for caraway seeds and tapioca pudding, trout fishing, Paris, types of men, religion ——

Despite all this, he had a sense that there was some sort of barrier between them, the nature of which he could not comprehend. He knew her, and yet in any real sense he did not feel that he knew her at all. Behind her dark eyes lay a mystery; for, though they had talked candidly and freely about many things, Gerald Shannon felt that he had no understanding of the one thing which most interested him, and that was what Irene Thorne really thought of him. He wanted to know. He must know.

That very afternoon, while he was standing on Sunset Hill, lecturing, after the manner of the megaphone orator on a sightseeing bus, on the beauties of Branton, he had turned suddenly, and had seen that she was studying him with grave, appraising eyes. He could not read their verdict.

"On our right," he had been declaiming, waving a hand toward the city, "we see the pure Grecian lines of that temple of commerce, that palatial emporium known the world over as Zimmer's Big Store, where one dollar does the work of two—laughter—and where you can buy anything from garters for the goldfish to a long-felt want. Zimmer's long-felt wants are made of the finest milk-fed felt, and come in all sizes—— Why, Irene, why are you looking at me that way?"

"What way, Jerry?"

"As if I were Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy."

She laughed. "Your eloquence must have hypnotized me," she said. "Go on about the long-felt want."

"I never saw you look quite so earnest as you did a second ago."

"Dear me, did I look earnest? I hate earnest people. It is they who start the wars and make all the trouble in the world."

"You made me feel like a pound of dried apples being weighed on a grocer's scale," said Gerald.

"Why did you say dried apples?"

"Now, Irene, don't try to psychoanalyze me."

"I wasn't. I was just curious."

"I might just as well have said a pound of bird seed or thumb tacks."

"Why didn't you?"

"Saints preserve us, Irene, but you talk like a district attorney! I plead guilty."

"Of what?"

"Oh, anything. Malfeasance, misfeasance, simony, nepotism and torts—take any two."

"But why did you say dried apples?"

"What a woman! Very well then, I probably said dried apples because at the moment you made me feel like dried apples."

"I didn't mean to."

"That's all right, Irene. Sometimes you make me feel like peaches and cream."

"They're making fine progress on your father's new school building," she said, pointing across the city to where steel girders were raising their heads.

"We weren't talking about school houses," put in Gerald.

"We are now."

"Well, then I'm in favor of schools. Noble institutions. Three cheers for schools. That's all I have to say on that subject. Now to go back ——"

"Jerry," she interjected.

"Yes, Irene."

"A man must get a great kick out of building a fine school like that."

"Dad does."

"Doesn't it interest you," she asked, "to make things?"

"Yes; sure. I'd like to make the American polo team."

"I mean to build things."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said carelessly. "I can't say I'm greatly bothered by pressing desires in that direction. There now, you're beginning to get that earnest look again. It's after six. We must dash home, if I'm going to have time to dress for dinner."

They did dash home; and, he remembered, Irene had been silent and thoughtful on the way.

After dinner in his father's house that evening, Gerald and Irene were sitting in the drawing-room. Kevin Shannon had spoken of a contract he must look over that night and had gone to his room. Mrs. Shannon had developed a sudden mild after-dinner headache and had asked to be excused. She was. There was silence for a moment as Gerald and Irene sat there.

"Will you sing for me, Irene?" Gerald asked.

"I like to," she said. "What shall I sing?"

"See if you can guess," he said.

She sat at the square piano and played the opening bar of Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow.

"That's it," said Gerald.

"It's a fine old song. Why do you like it so much, Jerry?"

"Sentiment, I suppose," he answered. "Mother used to sing it for dad and me when I was a kid. Then it's the first song I ever heard you sing."

"So it was."

The room was lit by the soft light of tall candles. Irene was wearing the white dress he had first seen her in.

"That song always makes me think of you," Gerald said.

"I don't milk cows," said Irene Thorne.

"No; but you are a pretty girl."

"Thank you."

"You are more than that," he said, sitting on the piano bench beside her. "You are very beautiful tonight, Irene."

"Thank you. Now please sit over in that chair and let me sing."

When her fingers were touching the last notes, he came back to the bench beside her and laid his hand on hers. She drew her hands away.

"Please don't, Jerry," she said.

"Why not?"

"You mustn't, that's all."

"I must." He would have kissed her, but she slipped away from him and stood up.

"Sit there," she said, a little catch in her voice. She pointed to an easy-chair.

"But why?"

"I want to talk to you."

"And I want to talk to you."

He took a step toward her, but her eyes stopped him. "I mean it, Jerry," she said. "Please sit there."

He took the chair, frowning a little. She sat down on the sofa, opposite him.

"Now," she said, "tell me what you're trying to do."

"You know," Gerald said. "You must know."

"That's not telling me."

"Irene," he said, "I know you hate earnestness, and so do I. Most of the things I say I don't expect to have taken seriously. But I mean this, every word of it. I'll tell you what I'm doing. I'm making love to you."

"Now, Jerry, stop being serious. I can't have you doing that. Here, I'll sing some more. You'd like to hear Off to Philadelphia, wouldn't you?"

"I would not. You know I love to hear you sing—almost any time—but not now. I must talk this thing out with you, Irene."

She had begun to play. She stopped, turned and faced him. "Can't we go on—as we were this afternoon—having good times together—and not getting all serious and heavy?" she asked.

(Continued on Page 51)

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(Continued from Page 49

"I can't," he said. "I'm not made that way. Damn it all, Irene, I'm in love with you."

"I tell you, Jerry, you mustn't be."

"Why? You at least like me pretty well, don't you?"

Irene Thorne nodded. "I do," she said. "That's the trouble."

"That's not my idea of trouble," he said. "Irene, you're the finest, straightest, dearest girl I ever met. I love you and I want terribly that you should love me. Please say you do care—if only a little."

"Jerry, it's very hard for me to tell you exactly how I feel about you. You're awfully attractive, in so many ways ——"

He started up from his seat to go to her side.

"Stay there, please," she said. "You should know me well enough by this time to know that I'm not playing any coy game with you. I'm trying to tell you honestly how I feel, and it's the hardest thing I ever tried to do in my life."

He sank back into his chair. "What's the matter with me, Irene?" he said.

"Let's try not to get all snarled up in emotions," she said. "Let's try to laugh about it. You say you are in love with me. Now you know perfectly well, Jerry Shannon, that love to you is something like a skyrocket that goes shooting through the night, looks beautiful for a short while, bursts and goes out."

"That isn't so, Irene," he said warmly. "That isn't the way I feel about you, and I can prove it."

"How?"

"I want you to marry me."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Jerry," she said, "but I can't."

"You can't? I think I have a right to know why not."

"You see," she said, "you are what you are and I am what I am, and there's no changing us now, I'm afraid."

"I don't understand you, Irene. What am I? You know me through and through by now. There's nothing I've kept back, nothing I'm ashamed of. I never claimed to be a saint, or one of the great minds of all times, or anything like that. But I'm not a bad fellow, I think. I've always tried to run straight."

"I know that, Jerry. I think I do know you pretty well."

"What is it then? Is it something to do with you that I don't know about? That man in Chicago?"

She laughed. "No. There's no man in Chicago or Detroit or anywhere else that has anything to do with this—no man but you."

"Irene, you must tell me what the trouble is. Does it matter because my father is a rich man?"

"No, it doesn't matter what your father is. You're asking me to marry you, aren't you?"

"I am. Oh, Irene, we could have wonderful times together. We could go everywhere, do everything. I could give you just about everything your heart might desire."

"You couldn't, Jerry," she said soberly.

"What couldn't I give you?" he demanded.

"Pride," she said—"pride in the man I love."

"Do you mean you couldn't be proud of me?"

"Jerry, I don't want to hurt you. I've dreaded this talk. I've lain awake nights thinking what I should say to you and how I should say it. Let's get it over with. Yes; I mean I couldn't be proud of you, and I couldn't be happy married to you."

"I'd like to know why."

"Because we don't see life the same way. Don't you see, Jerry, our whole training has been different? I've had to work hard since I was a girl. I've had to learn to weigh the values of the world. I think I know the sort of life I want, and the sort that can make me happy. It isn't your sort."

"My sort?" he said. "What's wrong with the way I live? I manage to have a pretty good time."

"I'm glad if you do, Jerry. I know I couldn't, that's all. It would be easy at first, drifting along, playing. But I've seen what that sort of life has done to your friends. I don't know them, of course, but I've seen them, heard much about them. They look anything but happy. How do they spend their time for the most part? Gin, clothes, polo and cheap and nasty love affairs. No wonder they look jaded and bored, old before their time. Their faces seem to say that they are always hunting for a new thrill, which they know will be no good when they find it. Jerry—now don't be cross with me—sometimes you look that way."

"Why don't you marry me to reform me?" he suggested.

"Please don't be sarcastic, Jerry. I'd be the one who would be changed if I married you. It would be all too easy for me to float into a silly, useless life. That's what happens when a couple has too much money and no work to do. After a time, the marriage goes to pieces, because it has no solid basis."

"Poppycock!" said Gerald.

"It isn't poppycock. Look at most of the marriages in High Park."

"Ours need not be like that," he said. "We're strong."

She did not answer at once. When she did, her voice was shaking. "I'm sorry you said that, Jerry," she said.

"Why?"

"Because—well, because I'm afraid it isn't true."

He frowned. "I'm beginning to understand," he said. "Irene, out with it! Do you mean you think I'm not strong?"

"Jerry, won't you accept the fact that I will not—cannot marry you, and let it go at that?"

"You think I'm not strong," he insisted.

"What difference does it make what I think? You are yourself."

"It makes a lot of difference to me. You must tell me, Irene. No one ever accused me of being weak before."

"Jerry," she said gently, "I can only tell you how I feel about it. I'll try to be honest with you. You're not my idea of a strong man."

"Thank you."

"Now you're angry."

"What you just said would hardly cause a man to dance with joy. Come on, Irene, let's have the rest of it. You might as well now. Go into detail."

"It might only wound you."

"Maybe. But it is also possible you're wrong."

"Jerry, I wish I were. But look at the facts."

"What facts?"

"As you sit there, what are you?"

"Suppose you tell me," he said.

"You have charm, good looks, humor ——"

"No flattery now."

"—— but you don't amount to a damn."

"Oh! Really?"

"You've had every advantage, and you've done—nothing. You're nearly thirty, and all you are is a rich man's son, frittering away your time and the money your father has earned. You've had a splendid start in life, and you haven't gone ahead an inch. Everything's been handed to you; you've gained nothing by your own efforts. That's why I say you're soft—and weak."

"Much obliged," he said. "What would you have me do? Join the Boy Scouts and do a good deed a day? Found a home for wayward sailors and run it?"

"I wouldn't have you do anything," she answered, "unless you really wanted to do it for its own sake."

"I might go to work tossing bricks for dad, if it would please you."

"I'm not asking you to do anything for me, Jerry. Gestures don't count. You'd still be a weak man playing at being strong It couldn't last."

"You seem to think you know a lot about strong men," Gerald Shannon said crossly. "You might mention one. Perhaps if I had a model ——"

"You're sore, Jerry. I suppose I can't blame you much. But I do know a strong man."

"Who?"

"Your father."

"I know he is."

"I wonder if you really know just the sort of man he is," Irene Thorne said.

"I've at least a rough idea," he replied.

"Do you know his early story -fully, I mean?"

"I know he had a mighty tough time of it, if that's what you mean."

"Has he told you about Glenkillen?"

"Not much. You see"—he was apologetic—"dad and I are good friends, but we've always been—well, sort of shy when we've been together, and that hasn't been very often since I was a kid. Besides, he was never much of a talker."

"My own father told me your father's story," Irene Thorne said; "about the early days in Glenkillen—and here."

"Glenkillen must have been a dismal hole," said Gerald, "from all accounts."

"It was a desolate hamlet, my father said; and it was so poor the very sea birds avoided it. It looked, my father said, as if a few score wrecked huts had been washed up there by the waves. In them lived a hundred or so men, women and children. They knew want; not just now and then, but always. The bogs near by gave them a little peat for their fires. The poor soil yielded them a few stunted potatoes for their stirabout. Now and then a school of fish strayed into the cove and helped them stave off starvation. It's an out-of-the-way spot, with no industries and little trade, a helpless, hopeless place. All the families were poor, but the poorest of them all were the Shannons."

Gerald was listening intently. "They lived," went on Irene Thorne, "in a tumbledown cabin, and it was crowded, for there were a lot of them, two girls and five boys, and the father and mother. They all worked hard to keep the family going—all except the youngest son, and he was the black sheep of the family, and the most worthless, shiftless, laziest lad in the County Kerry. Everyone called him Useless Shannon. His right name was Kevin."

"I can't believe that," broke in Gerald.

"I'm only telling you what my father told me," Irene Thorne said. "All day he loafed about the village, and strolled back to the cabin in the evening to share the meal his father and brothers had provided. He wouldn't work; but he was a strong lad for all that, and it was common talk that Useless Shannon could outdrink, outdance and outfight any man in Kerry, which, it seems, was saying a great deal, for, according to my father, Kerry produces the greatest drinkers, dancers and fighters in the world."

Gerald grinned, and with his hand motioned her to go on.

"Useless Shannon had just turned twenty," she said, "when one day in the spring of the year he sauntered over to Killarney to a pig fair, because he knew there'd be drinking and dancing there, and maybe a bit of fighting as well. The girls, in their best dresses, were dancing on the green with the young men. Useless Shannon was lounging near the dancing, without a penny in his pocket, and with his brother Peter's best suit on his back, though Peter didn't know it, when among all the pretty girls—and they grow on every bush in Kerry, my father said—he saw one who made him forget all the rest. He asked who she might be, and they told him her name was Rose Daly, the daughter of a farmer who lived not far from Glenkillen, on the road to Tralee; a man of some standing, for he owned six cows and wore a gold watch and chain to mass on Sunday.

"Now Useless Shannon was a tall, straight young man, and handsome. Rose Daly saw him smiling at her, and she pretended she had not, but he knew she had.

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KGW Portland Oregonian — Portland
KPO General Electric Co. — Oakland
WSB Atlanta Journal — Atlanta
WMC Memphis Commercial Appeal — Memphis
KOA General Electric Co. — Denver
KHJ Los Angeles Times — Los Angeles
KJR-OA Seattle Times — Seattle
WDBO Rollins College — Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE Tampa Daily Times — Tampa
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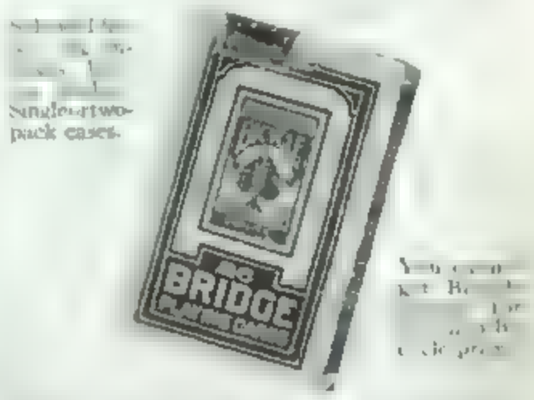

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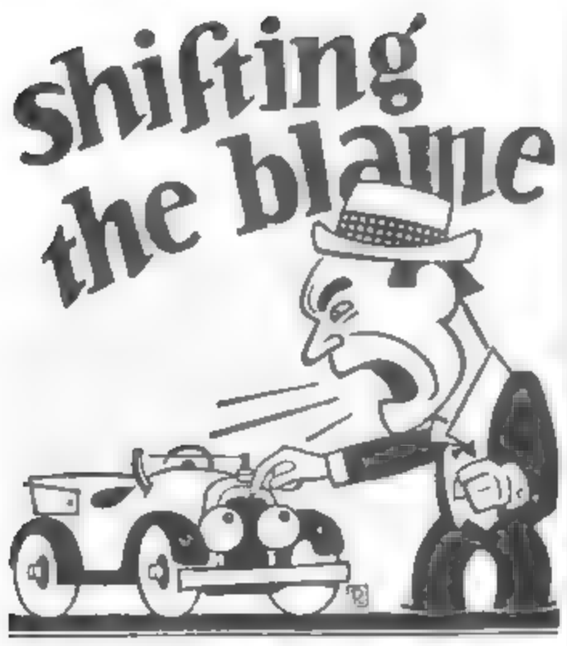

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He knew, too, that to ask her to dance was to bring trouble on his head, for her escort was Big Muldowney from Tralee, a great ox-like man, with heavy fists, which he liked to use, for he had a short temper. He'd pitched three big, strong gypsies through the window of his public house in Tralee one Christmas Eve, and he was feared all over the countryside. They told Useless Shannon that he was courting Rose Daly. Useless Shannon hung about the dancing, and the longer he stayed, the surer he was that Rose Daly was the prettiest girl in the world, and that he must know her. But there was Big Muldowney, with his thick chest, looking murder at any man who came within a foot of her. Nevertheless, when the fiddlers stopped playing the reel, Useless Shannon went up to her, bowed, smiled and asked her to dance. Big Muldowney scowled.

"'You'll dance the next dance alone, if you're able to dance it at all,' he said.

"'I'll dance it with this young lady,' Useless Shannon said, 'so sit down and be comfortable and watch, for you need a lesson in how to use your feet.'

"'I need no lesson in how to use my hands,' Big Muldowney said. So they fought."

"And dad licked him," put in Gerald.

"By all the rules, he should have," said Irene Thorne, "but though he was the smaller man and fighting in a romantic cause, the fact is he didn't. He tried his best, and it was a tremendous fight, all over the green, with the girls screaming and the boys shouting. Again and again Big Muldowney knocked your father down, and he kept getting up and fighting on. But at last he was so badly beaten he couldn't get up. As he lay there he smiled up at Rose Daly and said, 'Well, I fought for a pair of black eyes—and, be gorry, I got them. I'll be coming over to see you when I begin to look decent again.' 'You'd better not,' said Big Muldowney. But a week later Useless Shannon did walk over to the farm of Rose Daly's father to see her, and Big Muldowney turned up, and they fought, and the Shannon brothers had to take your father home in a jaunting cart, he was that battered and mauled. You've noticed that your father's nose is a bit bent?"

"Yes," said Gerald.

"Well, that happened in his third fight with Big Muldowney, for your father went to see Rose Daly again, as soon as he was able, and Big Muldowney came upon them walking together by Tralee Bay."

"So dad beat him at last?" Gerald said.

"Never—with his fists. But after they fought a fourth time, Big Muldowney stopped coming to see Rose Daly. 'No girl,' he is reported to have said, 'is worth all the trouble I've been put to to court Martin Daly's Rose. Every time I go near the colleen, a crazy young bucko flies at me like a wildcat, and though I hammer the daylights out of him, and that without so much as mussing my own hair, he bobs up again a week later and I have to wear out my poor fists on his stubborn skull. The only way to get him to quit is to murder him entirely, and that would cause talk, so the devil take him—and her too.'

"So Big Muldowney married some girl from Ballylanders, and Useless Shannon went nearly every day to Tralee to court Rose Daly. She let him watch her milk the cows and bake bread, and listened to his nonsense, but when he asked her to marry him, she shook her head.

"'You make love well, Kevin,' she said. 'But you'd be nothing at all as a husband. If life was all jigging and reeling and singing come-all-ye's, I'd marry you this very day, but it isn't. They call you Useless with good reason. So you mustn't come here any more. It's a honest, decent, hard-working man I'll marry, and not the likes of you.'

"He had nothing he could say to her, because in his heart he knew she spoke the truth. But at last he said, 'I will go away, Rose, though it tears my heart in two. I'll go to America. I'll find out there what I'm really made of. If I turn out no good, I'll never bother you again. But if I don't Rose, will you give me a year? Will you wait?'

"Rose Daly must have been in love with him, for all his shiftlessness, for she said she would wait a year. He went away from his home in Glenkillen next morning at daybreak, with only a patched suit of old clothes on his back and five shillings in his pocket his mother gave him when she kissed him good-by. He walked all the way to Queenstown. In the harbor lay a ship, one of those old-time wooden sailing tubs, and he heard it was about to set sail for America. That night he dived into the cold water of the harbor, swam to the ship, scrambled up the side and slipped aboard. The ship was jammed with emigrants. Most of them were sobbing as the boat sailed down past Daunt's Rock and headed for the open sea. Your father crouched, shivering, behind a pile of rope. At night he slept in a lifeboat. He mingled with the others next day, and nobody discovered he was a stowaway, for there was plenty of time to collect tickets. The trip took six weeks and was a wicked one. The sea was rough and the little ship bobbed about like cork. Everyone was desperately sick. Some who started for a new chance in the New World never reached it at all. It was bad enough for two weeks, and then it was worse, for a violent storm swept down, and it seemed as if the waves would beat the old boat to pieces. Panic struck the passengers. They huddled on deck, moaning and praying. It was then that your father made the acquaintance of my father. Did he ever tell you about their first meeting?"

"No," said Gerald. "Tell me about it."

"My father was a Kerry man too," Irene Thorne said, "from down Kenmare way, and as a boy he had often sailed on Bantry Bay, so he, of all the passengers, was not sick. He was going about among them, doing what he could to calm them, which was little enough. The situation was desperate. The storm was raging with greater fury and the poor people were going hysterical with fear. Then a young man, his face deathly pale, staggered up to where my father was standing.

"'What's your name, or alias?' this young man asked roughly.

"'Timothy Thorne,' said my father.

"'I'm Kevin Shannon,' said the young man, 'and I don't like your face or the cut of your jib or anything about you.'

"'That's a pity now,' my father said, good-naturedly enough. 'It's the only face I have.'

"'I'd be doing humanity a service if I made a new one for you,' your father said.

"'Lie down, lad,' said my father. 'You're either drunk or beside yourself from all this ruction on the water.'

"'Lie down, is it?' said your father. 'Sick as I am, no thieving landlord's agent can give me orders.'

"Now you know the lowest thing you could call an Irishman in those days was a landlord's agent, and my father was an able-bodied young man with his share of temper.

"'No more of your gab,' said my father to yours, 'or I'll lay you on the deck so hard it'll take a carpenter to saw you out.'

"'You talk big, you ugly son of a Sassenach,' said your father to mine. 'Now let's see if you can use your hands for anything but to pick honest folks' pockets.'

"With that your father spit on his hands and doubled up his fists, and my father forgot all about the weather, and our fathers went at each other. It must have been a grand fight. They fought all over the deck for hours, wrestling and pummeling, and there were bloody noses and split lips for both of them, but neither could down the other. The crew did not stop them. The sailors were busy enough keeping the ship from turning over. The passengers left off praying to form a ring and watch the battle. All afternoon our fathers punched each other, now and then stopping for breath, and then going at it again. My father began to tire. He told me he could not have lasted two minutes longer.

"Then, all of a sudden, your father dropped his fists and said, 'Let's call it quits. You're a good man, Tim Thorne. Shake.'

"'Are you quitting?' gasped my father.

"'I am that,' said your father, and he bent over and whispered in my father's ear. 'You poor stookon, don't you see that the storm's died down and we can stop our show?'

"And later, when they were alone together, your father said, 'Tim, I've nothing at all against your face, and nothing but respect for your right hand; but you see, we Irish are a queer lot. Our biggest trouble is that no matter what we're doing, whether it's worrying or working or praying, we'll drop everything to watch a fight or take part in one. So, I'm telling you now, if another storm like the one today comes up, and the folks are in terror and all upset, I'll paste you all over this ship from stem to stern.'

"My father laughed and said, 'And I'll paste you back from stern to stem, Kevin Shannon, and it will be a privilege.' They shook hands and till the day of my father's death they were warm friends."

"Please don't stop," Gerald urged.

"The fight attracted the attention of the captain to your father, as he must have known it would," Irene Thorne continued, "so of course they found he was a stowaway, and put him to work, doing the hardest, dirtiest on the ship. When the ship finally did get to New York, and anchored off Castle Garden, they locked your father down in the hold, for they planned to take him back to Ireland on the return trip. But your father knocked his guard down, jumped overboard and swam ashore. So he arrived in America, soaking wet, and with five shillings in his pocket.

"They were advising young men to go West," went on Irene Thorne, "so your father and mine went West. Part of the way they walked. Part of the way they rode on freight cars. At Branton, one night, the train stopped and they were kicked off. They both saw Branton for the first time one cold and drizzly dawn. It made your father homesick, my father said, because it was nearly as shabby and God-forsaken as Glenkillen. They found that if they wanted to eat, they'd have to go to work, and jobs were scarce, for Branton then was a lifeless place. Do you know how your father got his first job?"

"I'd like to," Gerald said.

"He took it," Irene told him. "He came upon a gang of laborers and there was a big fellow bossing them—you'll remember him—Shamus O'Leary, who used to be a foreman for your father."

"I remember him," Gerald said. "He had a back like a taxicab."

"That was the man. Your father knew he ruled the gang because he was the strongest man. So your father went up to him and said, 'I want your job.' O'Leary said, 'Take it, if you can.' They fought, and your father won."

"And he got the job," said Gerald.

"He did. It paid a dollar a day. Your father and mine shared a little room, and my father said he never saw a man work so hard and save so hard as your father did in those early days. Just before a year was up, your father had saved enough money to send a ticket to Rose Daly in Tralee. You've heard about that?"

"Yes," answered Gerald. "Mother told me. It was the happiest day in her life, she said, when that letter came. Is there any more you have to tell about dad?"

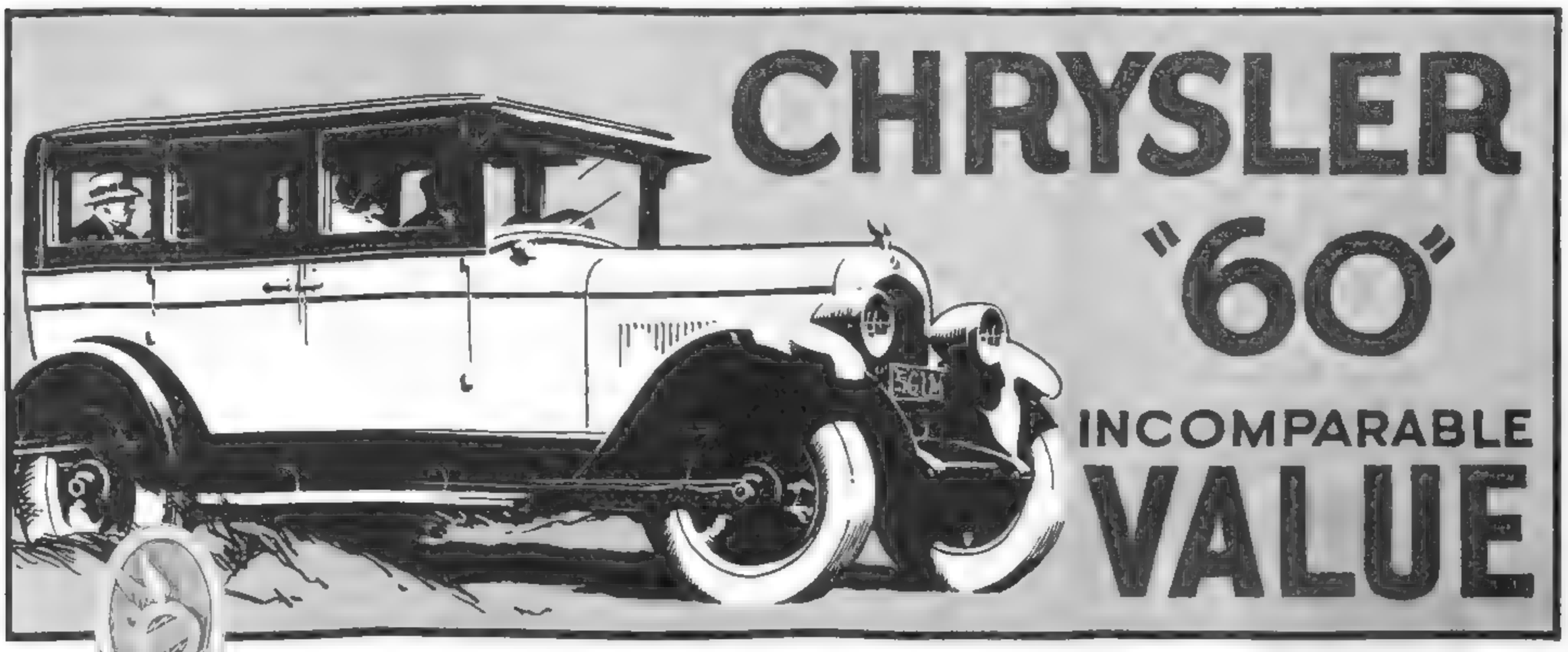
"Something happened—it was the day you were born—that showed what your father is like."

"Tell me about it."

"You know, he'd started a little contracting business soon after he was married. It was hard sledding. He had no capital. A man promised him a contract to build a store. Your father invested all the money he had and could borrow in materials and supplies, so he'd be ready to start the work when the contract was signed.

(Continued on Page 54)

THE CHRYSLER principle is to give clear evidence of being beyond comparison—and that evidence is plain and unmistakable in the Chrysler "60".



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Like all Chrysler cars, the "60" was given outstanding qualities unusual in cars of its type and class.

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(Continued from Page 52)

There was some sort of hitch. The contract was held up. The day you were born your father went to his tiny office knowing that if the contract did not come through that day he'd go broke. He told my father it was the longest, hardest day of his life.

"Finally the mail was brought in by the postman. There was one letter. Your father tore it open excitedly. It was a circular advertising a set of the works of Hawthorne. No contract. Your father was nearly distracted with worry about your mother and his affairs. He waited for the next mail like a man waiting for a jury to come in. There was a letter for him, at last. The man who had promised him the contract had broken his word and had given it to someone else. Your father was crushed.

"Just then he got word that you had arrived and he hurried to your mother. The first thing your mother said, after introducing him to his new son, was, 'Did you get the contract, Kevin?' Your father did not hesitate. 'I did,' he said, 'and it will be the making of us, Rose.' For two weeks, while your mother lay there ill, he told her every day how the work on the store was progressing. It was progressing all right, but he had nothing to do with it. The bank was hounding him. He left your mother's side, not to boss the job, but to beg for a few more days of grace. His reputation was good and he pleaded so hard that finally the bank agreed to carry him a little longer, and he got a contract to build some other building, and he was saved. He never told your mother. That was like him."

"That took nerve," said Gerald.

"It took character," said Irene. "His whole life is full of such struggles. There were times, my father used to say, when it seemed as if Kevin Shannon were carrying the whole city of Branton on his back. My father and yours used to take walks on Sunday afternoons, and their favorite walk was to the top of Sunset Hill, where we were today. Branton wasn't much to look at in those days. It was just a sleepy, stagnant country town, and nobody thought it had much of a future. Nobody, that is, except your father. 'Tim,' he used to say, 'when you look down there you probably see nothing but a poor, spiritless lot of cheap houses and stores, but I see a great city, alive and happy.' My father said he thought this was a fantastic vision, but he never told your father that, for fear of discouraging him. Not that anything seemed able to discourage Kevin Shannon. He went straight ahead. His vision is a reality today."

"I guess," said Gerald Shannon sadly, "you think I haven't that sort of stuff in me. Maybe you're right." Irene Thorne said nothing. "You look very grave, Irene," he said. "Please tell me what you're thinking."

She did not answer for a moment. Then she said, "I was wishing —— Oh, never mind. Jerry ——"

"Yes?"

"I think you'd better go now."

"Do you want me to?"

"Yes."

"Then you mean what you've said—about me?"

"Yes."

"You don't want to see me any more?"

"It would be better for both of us," she answered.

His eyes searched her face. "I'm afraid you do mean it," he said.

"I'm afraid I do."

"I'm sorry, Irene."

"So am I. Good night, now."

"Good night," he said. He gave her hand a quick shake and went out. He jumped into his car. He sat there a moment like a man who has been dazed by an entirely unexpected blow. He was not sure just what had happened to him. Then he began to understand. His instinctive reaction was to seek to forget the hurt to his pride by feeling a fierce rush of resentment. He kicked angrily at his self-starter and jerked the gear-shift lever.

"How could I expect a girl like her to understand me?" He put the car in high. "I'm well rid of her."

He shot down the street. It was a relief to be thoroughly angry.

"Not her sort, am I? Well ——"

He pointed his car's long nose in the direction of the house of Sonia Brotherton.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EN GARDE

(Continued from Page 7)

salle d'armes which bears their name, in the Rue Monsieur le Prince. They talked earnestly, passing through the *salle de combat*, to the dressing room, where Louis Merignon prepared to don fencing costume. Although an old man, he never passed a day without visiting the Salle Merignon, to cross blades with his son, now head of the establishment. The two were probably the greatest masters of swordcraft that ever lived, and the last of the famous fencing family that had dominated French *escrime* since the first Napoleon.

Norbert Merignon opened the windows that give upon the flagged court—the same court made famous by Dumas as the scene of certain exploits of D'Artagnan. Then he sat down to await the arrival of the assistant, whose job it was to clean up, to sort swords that needed mending from the long rack in the *salle*. His father, struggling with the neck buttons of the canvas vest, continued the argument that had started with breakfast.

"You've got to get into it, *mon fils*," he said. "You tell me there seemed more in it than an ordinary quarrel, so De Kerstrat may kill the miserable Sapigny. He is often regardless of consequences. Anyway, his position might save him. But also there is the boy, Deslandres, your favorite pupil. What about him?"

"Very likely he, too, may be killed," Norbert replied, sighing. "This London, I understand, is strong with the *épée*. De Kerstrat is sure to be here soon, to ask me to second him." He broke off and stared out of the window moodily.

He and De Kerstrat were the same age. As a boy the young aristocrat had been brought to the *salle* for lessons, and except by the Merignons, he had never been beaten with either *épée* or foil. A left-hander, he had a natural advantage over right-handed fencers. His tremendous strength, courage, personality—all, when he became a duelist, had made him the most dreaded swordsman in Europe. A dozen times he had met opponents with naked steel. Except the first time, during his army service, when he had been wounded with a saber, his blade had drawn blood. The dynamic force of the man had always attracted the older Merignon. They were of the same order. Norbert, more gentle than his father in character, loved him for his uncanny skill with the sword, second only to his own.

"I'll try to draw him out," Norbert continued. "I was in the café during the entire affair, but I could not hear everything. There seemed more than just De Kerstrat's interest in Mademoiselle de Sayre, but I am not sure. We both understand how Guy is with women. It's fortunate that he hasn't yet a wife to worry about him."

"I've heard about this fellow London too," Louis Merignon said goadingly. "It has been said that even Aldo Niardi avoided meeting him during the carnival at Milan."

"That is untrue probably," Norbert replied calmly. "Niardi is not Italian champion for nothing. He is a great swordsman, but he is not a duelist. Nor am I." Norbert looked at his father, making his point.

This was an old argument. Louis Merignon, in his prime, had fought scores of duels. Norbert insisted that no difference could be rightly settled with the bare point. Often he officiated as a second, but he had never gone *en garde* except with the *point d'arrêt* at the tip of his blade, that tiny triple pin point of steel attached to the button, used in championship matches because it will tear the vest and thus aid the scoring.

"How did you happen to be at the Café Napolitain?" the old man then asked. "You seldom go there."

"Georges Deslandres came yesterday for his lesson. He was excited. I got out of him that Henri de Sayre is in trouble with Sapigny. I knew that Georges is to marry Henri's sister, Louise. Don't imagine, please, that I went because of Sapigny." He spoke rapidly. "Until last night, I had not seen the Dorzial in years."

The old man grinned. "Not since you and I had our bout a dozen years ago. I cured you of the snake woman then." They both laughed at the recollection of their great fight in the old Cirque near the Champ de Mars that resulted in Norbert breaking the liaison with Fernande Dorzial and marrying Laure St. Vincent. That had been the zenith of Louis Merignon's career, his last great victory. Afterward, Norbert came into his own and properly earned the title, the greatest Merignon of them all.

"Why waste time, then, on Sapigny?" the old man asked. "Even Deslandres might defeat him."

"He might, if lucky. Neither is too mediocre, but he also mentioned this fellow London. That's why I really went—to prevent a challenge from him and to look him over. I never dreamed that Guy de Kerstrat would turn up. That's what intrigues me now."

"You will second him of course."

"Probably both he and Deslandres will come on the same mission. I presume, *père*, that you might act for Georges." Louis Merignon assented cheerfully.

There was the sound of the door opening into the *salle*. Norbert looked through the passage and saw Fernande Dorzial entering from the court. He went to meet her slowly, surprised. She was haggard, and wore, in disorder, her dress of the night before.

"Norbert," she began huskily, "I've never been near you since—since we broke off, so—so it can't matter now. Don't turn me away."

"What is it?" He motioned her to sit on the long *banquette* under the sword racks. His father remained in the dressing room.

"You saw—last night. The affair didn't turn out as expected. Deslandres is going to fight London—to get killed, perhaps"—she shrugged—"but René Sapigny is to fight De Kerstrat."

"Also to get killed, perhaps," Norbert said dryly. The woman stiffened. "I saw that it was a serious matter," he continued—"so serious that De Kerstrat might be thanked this time for dueling, instead of fined, as happened the last time, you remember, when he sent Ponsot to the hospital."

"I won't bore you with my emotions," she said, rising, her old spirit returning. "I am no longer in love with Sapigny, particularly, but he remains all that I have. De Kerstrat will come here at any moment to ask you to second him. Isn't there some way to stop this duel? I've never asked you a favor before. I've never asked a favor of anyone. But I must keep Sapigny if possible."

"Naturally, he is of no service to you dead."

"De Kerstrat hates him. He began to hate him on your account." Norbert looked up, surprised. "Yes, because I knew him—before I knew you—and still went

(Continued on Page 56

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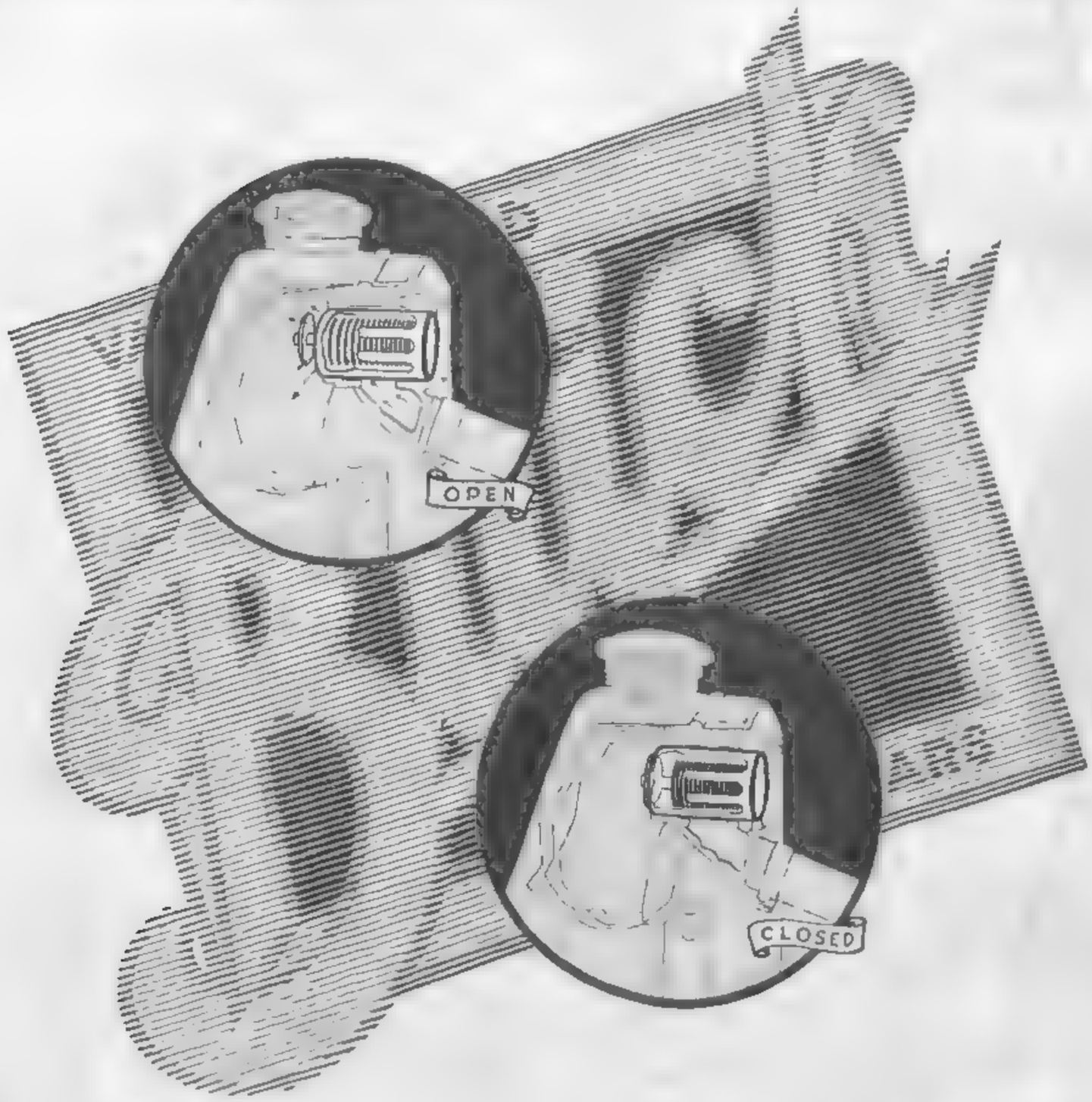

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(Continued from Page 54)

about with him—afterwards. De Kerstrat never forgives anybody. Certainly he will run Sapigny through, regardless of consequences."

"Most certainly, madame." De Kerstrat's voice surprised them both. As on the night before at the café, he stood in the doorway, almost filling it, smiling. "Most certainly, madame," he repeated. "I shall run him through as surely as we cross swords."

"Monsieur de Kerstrat"—Madame Dorzial faced him on the rubber fencing *piste* in the center of the *salle;* she hesitated a moment, biting her under lip—"you are skillful enough to place your sword where you will," she went on. "But it will be an unequal combat, an unfair one. I appeal to your sense of sportsmanship to send your point where it will not be fatal. Send him to the hospital for a time if you like—the way will then be equally clear to you with Louise de Sayre."

Norbert Merignon, with the idea of keeping his temperamental father out of the way, had already passed from the *salle* into the dressing room. De Kerstrat stared down upon Madame Dorzial, his eyes gleaming evilly.

"Do you think, madame, that I would fight with your lover on account of a woman?" He threw his head back magnificently. "I have fought many duels; some for political principles, others for personal reasons. I have fought because of the verdict in a horse race. I have picked and taken on quarrels for even lesser things. But I have not yet brought the name of a woman into my affairs on the field of honor."

The woman before him was equally magnificent, her steady eyes raised to his. "But you have an interest in Louise de Sayre," she replied. "I understand that she fears your suit as much as she despises Sapigny's—also that she is betrothed to Deslandres."

De Kerstrat laughed, bringing his head down.

"*Alors*, madame. So be it. And I shall have the little De Sayre if I want her." He snapped his fingers, then went on, dropping his voice: "But you know, madame, that we fight for something else."

She ignored the words and his piercing look. "And Sapigny?" she persisted, holding her gaze unquailing to that of the giant editor. The duel of eyes lasted several seconds.

"I promise nothing," De Kerstrat said finally. "In the duel there is always the element of uncertainty." He laughed shortly. "Why, some day I may be wounded myself!"

Madame Dorzial turned away, shrugging disdainfully. Without glancing at him again, she swept out of the room.

"You were hard on her, *mon ami*," Norbert Merignon remarked. He had returned, after persuading his father that a certain blade needed resetting in the pommel, and overheard De Kerstrat's final decision.

"Hard on her? H'm—yes, perhaps. But I have always hated her, ever since the time she tried to ruin you. I'd have challenged you myself at the time your father took you on—just to bring you to your senses—only I knew that you would win."

Norbert placed a hand on De Kerstrat's shoulder affectionately. "Guy, my friend," he said simply, "we have always been friends—to the surprise of everyone, because we are so unlike. But we need not speak of that. You are here to have me second you in a duel with Sapigny. Dorzial told me, naturally. She tried to have me interfere—to stop it."

"I want both you and your father," De Kerstrat replied eagerly. "Deslandres is in it too. He challenged London—got in ahead of me. You don't want him to fight London any more than I do. The fellow is said to be a wonder. Norbert, I come to you to find a way out. I am willing to fight London myself and let Sapigny off."

"That's impossible. The pair of you gave the double insult. Dorzial described it." Norbert spoke rapidly. "It was splendid, Guy, the way you did it. I salute Georges, too, rash as he was. But I don't care to have even you fight London." He broke off suddenly. De Kerstrat flushed. Norbert continued abruptly: "Guy, why don't you let the girl alone?"

De Kerstrat's hands clenched and he walked about nervously, furious for the moment, both at the mention of Louise and at the suggestion that he might find London a difficult problem.

"Come," Norbert said, after watching him awhile—"come, we will not speak of that again. My father is urging me to keep Georges away—if that can be done." He went to the door of the dressing room and listened. His father was at a small workbench in the corner, muttering and swearing.

"You know that I do not fight duels," Norbert went on slowly, in low tones, "but perhaps there is a way out." He passed into the dressing room.

De Kerstrat wandered about the *salle*, his anger fading. He fingered idly the rapier hanging above the fireplace. The blade was of Toledo steel; the jeweled hilt of the weapon that once belonged to the Duc de Guise. Below it was an exquisite miniature of the Prince Imperial, who as a child took fencing lessons from Louis Merignon. Beside this was a daguerreotype of Norbert as a baby. Near it was a photograph taken of himself when a youngster, about to make his first public *assaut* before a jury of *maîtres d'armes*. He felt a thrill that his picture should hang in the famous collection of the Merignons. He strolled into the flagged court, where even the great emperor had come when the first Merignon inaugurated the *salle*, shortly after the Revolution. He looked through the window and saw Norbert treading lightly from the inner room through the *salle* and out to the court.

"Guy," Norbert said softly, glancing back at the window of the dressing room, where his father remained—"Guy, I have the plan."

De Kerstrat bent forward and Norbert clutched his arm, whispering eagerly. De Kerstrat nodded quickly, a light of almost satanic pleasure breaking on his face.

The Parc des Princes at dawn has been the place and time of Parisian duels for more than a half century. The De Kerstrat-Sapigny and the Deslandres-London double encounter was to take place at the very break of the new day. Norbert Merignon made the arrangements, after De Kerstrat and Deslandres, who followed him, had departed from the *salle d'armes*. The London and Sapigny seconds had gone there, too, following directions left by De Kerstrat at his great private hotel in the Faubourg St.-Germain.

It was still dark when the Merignons, with De Kerstrat, left the editor's car at the *porte* and groped their way into the deeper shadows of the midsummer foliage. Stars were still flickering out when London and Sapigny arrived in two cars, with their seconds and a doctor.

The Merignons talked briefly with the other seconds, club friends of Sapigny, explaining that Deslandres would come alone, probably within a few minutes. Norbert Merignon seemed nervous, anxious. His father exhaled cheer. Someone mentioned the doctor, and old Louis grunted affably that one doctor would suffice, as his principals would not need medical service.

Sapigny nervously walked up and down the turf *piste*. The air was fresh. He shivered, lighting cigarette after cigarette and throwing them away after a few puffs. London stood in the shadow of a big tree, leaning against the trunk, calmly smoking a pipe. De Kerstrat wandered about aimlessly, striking at the grass with a cane. Norbert Merignon approached him, and they whispered for fully a minute. Louis Merignon interrupted, stating that London would claim a default if Deslandres did not appear soon.

"Better speak to him," Norbert advised De Kerstrat, who immediately joined London under the tree, speaking so that all could hear.

"The matter between Sapigny and myself shall be settled now, London," he said. "You and Deslandres may fight later." His tone was so cold, so assured, that London made no response. Sapigny whirled about quickly and began to protest, but De Kerstrat was already taking off his coat and vest. One of the seconds called out that it was irregular, in as much as the Deslandres-London challenge occurred first. De Kerstrat gave no attention, except to his disrobing.

The last stars had gone out. The editor, in his seminudity, was a herculean figure, looming through the dim light. His body gleamed against the early morning grays. Despite the hard, furious pace at which he lived, he was in perfect physical condition. The seconds shrugged and ordered Sapigny to undress, advising him to hurry.

De Kerstrat took the dueling *épée* that old Louis handed him without glancing at it. He went on guard, chuckling, his left arm held in close, his right hand thrown back in balance, his great body resting in easy, graceful lines. Sapigny, his nervousness increasing, already dripped with perspiration. Although a fair fencer, he grasped the sword awkwardly, the blade wavering. Norbert Merignon placed the points together, then stepped back quickly.

The long left arm of De Kerstrat shot forward with such speed that the duel almost ended before it actually began. His point touched Sapigny's breast, but did not draw blood. Sapigny leaped back, slipped to one knee, but De Kerstrat made no move. Contrary to his usual dueling tactics, which in their quick and elusive footwork often recalled the dancing master, the editor seemed glued to the turf, contenting himself merely by thrusting the blade in and out wickedly. Sapigny would not attack and managed to keep out of reach. De Kerstrat moved forward a single step, his sword ringing against Sapigny's pommel. Then, for no good reason except to show his skill, he executed an intricate, obsolete parry *en prime*. This he followed with a savage *riposte*, the blade slithering past Sapigny's head, so close that it ruffled the hair. Sapigny retreated rapidly, until warned by the seconds that he was at the end of the allowed distance. Louis Merignon called a halt and ordered both men to their original positions in the center of the small clearing.

London, still beside the tree, pipe in mouth, mumbled something about the absent Deslandres.

De Kerstrat turned to answer, when Sapigny attacked. The lunge was outside De Kerstrat's guard, *en quarte*, which, after all, is the best method for the right hand to employ against the left. But it was too wide. De Kerstrat, scarcely shifting back, caught it with a parry *en sixte*, and followed with a thrust that caught Sapigny full on the shoulder. De Kerstrat felt his blade bite into flesh and drew away quickly. Sapigny, with bulging eyes, saw the blood spurt from the wound, then collapsed into the arms of his seconds. They carried him under the tree beside London, who took no notice. London was watching De Kerstrat.

"Nice work," he commented, sucking at the pipe. "Too bad you couldn't have had that chance against me." De Kerstrat looked at him without replying, meanwhile drawing a handkerchief from a hip pocket and wiping the blood from his blade.

"Your turn next," he said finally, handing his sword to Louis Merignon.

"But your friend will not die." De Kerstrat's tone was scornful. The doctor had already announced to the others that the wound was slight. "He has collapsed from nerves as much as anything—now that all is lost."

"All is lost? What do you mean, De Kerstrat?"

"All, London—quite all." De Kerstrat picked his coat from the grass, fumbled in the pocket for the big gold cigar case. London went close to him, peering up to his

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

face. The light was still dim. The entire action had taken place in a couple of minutes. De Kerstrat lighted the cigar, blowing the smoke toward London, smiling. His huge body was scarcely moist from the exercise. Sapigny was sitting up, while the doctor bandaged him. The Merignons and the other seconds gathered about.

"You are mistaken," London said quietly. "All is not lost. Sapigny will soon be about. Evidently, you didn't intend to kill him." De Kerstrat shrugged. "But young Deslandres does not come. Even your great Merignons cannot afford to have this advertised. Their principal. Their pupil. They uphold the honor of *escrime*. So, De Kerstrat, the situation remains the same, if we say nothing."

De Kerstrat started forward, the coat slipping from his hands, but Norbert Merignon was ahead of him, shouldering him back, then facing London.

"You are correct, London, in one respect," he said, "and I am glad that you mentioned the Merignons. We do uphold the honor of *escrime*. Deslandres does not come. You will fight just the same—no, not just the same; you will fight harder, for you will fight me." His right palm struck London squarely on the jaw. Old Louis Merignon rushed to his son, stuttering, almost sobbing with excitement and joy.

De Kerstrat gave a shout of glee. London appeared dazed. His seconds rushed to him, talking rapidly. Norbert broke away from his father and walked quickly toward the open turf. At the edge of the clearing, he stopped to strip off his coat and shirt. Then, suddenly, he bent down beside a large tree. When he arose, an *épée* was in his hand.

"Come on!" he called to all of them. "No *proces verbal* is needed. De Kerstrat, you are my second, naturally."

London, gasping, inarticulate with rage, tore off his clothing and rushed to face him, seizing Sapigny's sword where it had fallen on the damp turf. Old Merignon pushed to the center, to place the sword tips together and give the men their distance. Norbert, with the blade, motioned him away.

"Back, father!" he shouted. "London, *en garde!*"

The day came slowly that morning to the Parc des Princes. A gray mist had come up from the Seine, blurring everything. But events there moved so swiftly that none of the seconds could follow them. London fought ferociously, also with a skill that marked him as a great swordsman. Against anyone else, even De Kerstrat, he would have been a worthy foe. But Norbert Merignon, although it was the first time in his life that he had faced the naked point, was proving that he was, indeed, the champion of all champions.

He was like a cat, so quick, stealthy and so complete in grace. A dainty, superior cat, holding all the world in certain disdain, permitting no encroachments. Mist made the figures spectral, ghostly, so that the seconds strained their eyes. On the soft turf, the rapidly moving feet made no sound. Only the ring of steel on steel indicated the savagery of the combat. The swords met so often that the striking pommels sounded like chimes. London uttered frequent grunts and oaths, but Merignon fought in silence. The seconds crowded in close, two on each side, trying to follow the shades in the fog. The doctor deserted Sapigny, now propped against the tree, and hovered on the outskirts.

London gave a cry, both of rage and pain, and the seconds could see, dimly, that Merignon pressed him back. The haze lifted for a second and they could see blood on his breast. Again they saw Merignon's blade rip against his cheek, and then a tiny trickle of blood. Old Louis, squatting beside the *piste*, peered upward intently, occasionally brushing moisture from his eyes. Only De Kerstrat seemed almost uninterested, a sinister figure certain of the result.

The fog again settled down. The seconds heard something fall at the side of the *piste*. Silence, then the sound of someone fumbling and of heavy breathing.

"Pick it up!" It was Norbert Merignon's voice. He had disarmed London and was waiting.

One of London's seconds cried out for an interval of rest, and old Louis bounded up as though stung.

"No!" he cried. "No halt! This duel goes on to the end!" He turned back, squatting down as before. The day had come, but the mist obliterated everything. Steel continued to grind on steel, and the pommels went on ringing, as the sweating bodies came together in the onrush. De Kerstrat became nervous, and whispered to Louis Merignon that perhaps it had been better to allow the rest.

"No, no," the old man muttered, pushing him aside. "My son can sense the blade. He can fight in the pitch dark."

The haze lifted momentarily, as London again cried out. This time there was blood both on his forearm and stomach, but apparently not from severe wounds. In the last clash, Norbert apparently had given him the point while lunging in the upper line, and then finding no *riposte*, had lunged again in the lower line.

"Why doesn't he end it?" De Kerstrat said, but old Merignon only held tightly to his arm and made no answer. Despite his bloody appearance, London still seemed strong when the fog shut them out again. He gave a yell of triumph, and both De Kerstrat and Louis started up.

"It is nothing." Norbert's voice came through the mist, which then lifted as suddenly as a rising curtain. They saw what had happened. Merignon had merely given ground quickly, swerving so that London had charged beyond him, thinking that he was down. But they were now facing each other at the proper distance, and from the expression on Norbert's face, his father knew that the end was coming.

There was no mercy. Norbert beat down the bulky, hairy figure with his thin elegant blade just as surely as though he held a sledge hammer. London was breaking fast. Blood streamed over his eyes. He slipped to his knees and Merignon's blade was at his throat. The seconds started forward to intervene, but Norbert's left hand waved them back. He continued holding his point close to London's throat. Then he spoke, quietly, evenly: "It is finished, London. You know now that you have lost all."

The other gave a whistling sob. The point was withdrawn and the man slipped forward, full length on the grass. Merignon dropped the blade beside him, walked to the edge of the clearing, picked up his coat and shirt and began dressing. He was so calm that he was almost hypnotic. The others were dazed, dumb. No one moved. Then the doctor started to the prostrate man, but Norbert called out, "It is nothing. Better let him lie."

Old Louis peered about eagerly, as though trying to solve a mystery. De Kerstrat aroused himself with a start, hurried to London's side and stared at him. The fallen man breathed in wheezes. De Kerstrat reached down and picked up Norbert's blade. He looked at it carelessly, then attentively, and finally gave a long whistle. Louis Merignon hurried to his side and also examined the blade. Together, De Kerstrat holding the sword, they marched across the turf, stopping before Norbert, who was adjusting his cravat and smoothing his rumpled hair. The old man appeared to be choking. De Kerstrat spoke.

"You planned a surprise, yesterday, Norbert," he said. "You explained that Deslandres would not appear and that you would take his place. But I never dreamed of this."

He held out the *épée*, blade first.

"Oh, that," Norbert said, scarcely noticing it. "But you know that I never fight duels." He continued adjusting the cravat. De Kerstrat stared at him, still fingering the weapon, the blade of which was protected at the end by the *point d'arret*, which, though it may let blood copiously, cannot possibly kill. In effect, Norbert Merignon had faced the naked blade of London with a buttoned foil.

The Merignons, with De Kerstrat, breakfasted at a dingy *bistro* near the Porte de St.-Cloud, taking their *café au lait* standing at the zinc bar. The place had just opened. Only a couple of workmen were there to stare, to wonder at the exhilaration of the trio, particularly that of the old man, who kept an arm about his son's shoulders and never ceased to chuckle. Norbert then insisted that his father go home to rest, so De Kerstrat dropped them at their apartment in the Rue du Val-de-Grace. Norbert said he would walk on to the *salle d'armes*. De Kerstrat, who seemed eager to get away, said he would call there later.

"Deslandres will likely have come out of his sleep—the sleep I arranged for him, and be storming the place," Norbert said, grinning. "It is best that I go there. Mademoiselle de Sayre may come, too, so perhaps it is better that you come later."

"And the Dorzial?" De Kerstrat questioned, frowning at the mention of Louise. "Do you expect another visit from Madame Fernande?"

"Not likely," Norbert replied. "She swallowed her pride when she came yesterday, so she is not likely to do it again. Besides, you arranged it that she may get her news direct from Sapigny."

They separated. As Norbert half expected, he found a pallid, shaking, but furious Georges Deslandres waiting for him in the courtyard.

"You did this to me, Merignon!" he shouted. "You have disgraced me!"

"I've probably saved your life, *petit imbécile*," the *maître d'armes* said dryly, pushing beyond him and unlocking the door of the *salle*. The youth followed, raging.

"I won't have it!" he persisted furiously. "You've got to answer for it!" He thrust his twitching white face in front of Merignon, who calmly took him by a shoulder and pushed him to the wall divan.

"Be quiet," he ordered. Deslandres broke down, covering his eyes with his hands, his shoulders heaving. Norbert looked at him, smiling. "Georges," he said softly, "don't be a fool. You can't make me answer for anything. You know that. I did what I did for you, to save you, and to save her—Louise, to keep her name out, and even to show De Kerstrat the real situation. You couldn't have stood up against London. He was no mean antagonist even for me, and he was in a mood to run you through."

Deslandres looked up quickly. "You—you," he stammered—"you mean to say that you fought him in my place?" Eagerness of youth shone from his hollow eyes. He clutched at Norbert's hand.

"Yes, I fought him. So, you see, my young friend, he will never mention the matter of your nonappearance. No, no"—Deslandres started to interrupt—"I didn't kill him; but he will not talk—ever." He smiled grimly. "You see, Georges, I had to get into this, as I said, for De Kerstrat as well. I was at the Napolitain the other night and witnessed your challenge. You acted then so that no one can ever question your bravery. But your judgment was bad. You are young, rash; De Kerstrat is my friend—and he is rash too. I think so much of you both that I want your happiness not to cross with his. I have impressed De Kerstrat by this morning's work, so I believe that he may let Louise alone. Besides, he didn't want you killed—he even offered to fight London himself."

"De Kerstrat is a ——" Deslandres began, but Norbert stopped him, clapping a hand lightly over the youth's lips.

"—— a very great man," Norbert concluded the sentence. "A misguided one sometimes, but my friend."

Deslandres arose from the divan and walked rapidly up and down the *salle*. "Tell me about it," he said. "I won't mention De Kerstrat again. Tell me, please. I

(Continued on Page 60)

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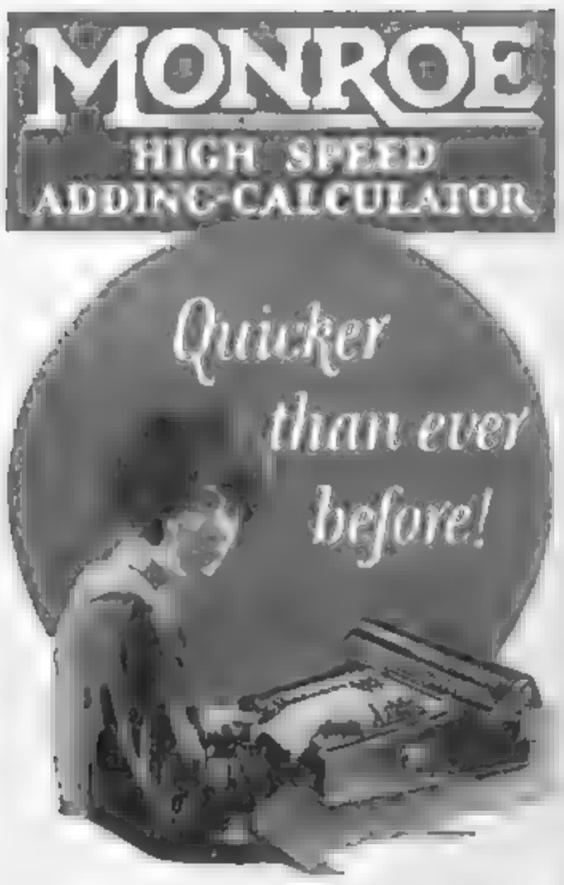

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(Continued from Page 58)

woke up a few minutes ago in Henri de Sayre's bed, dressed, so I rushed here at once."

"Henri de Sayre did the only thorough job I've ever known him to accomplish," Norbert replied, smiling. "He did it because I forced him. I knew that you were dining there, that you had asked him also to second you, so—so I had him put you to sleep—that's all. Henri probably was so impressed with the success of his work that he is celebrating at baccarat somewhere. Get out now, I'm busy. You will get all the details later. Come back this evening for a lesson and I will show you exactly what I did to London." He pushed the youth across the *salle*, through the door into the court. Still smiling, he pulled off his coat and vest, then went into the dressing room, where he prepared for a shower bath.

The door had scarcely closed behind him when Louise de Sayre appeared, missing her fiancé in the street by the fraction of a minute. She was crying, and wandered about the room hysterically. Merignon's voice came through the door, asking the name of the caller.

"Louise," she replied, gulping a sob—"Louise de Sayre."

"Please sit down. I shall be a few minutes," Merignon called. "But everything is all right."

She rushed toward the door.

"Everything is all right? Oh-h!" She groped across the room to the *banquette*. She was still hysterical, but laughing.

"Yes, nothing to worry about. Georges was here only a moment ago. Don't see how you missed him."

The girl was still huddled on the *banquette*, when De Kerstrat entered, his face glowing. He crossed to the inner door without noticing her. But she saw him and arose instantly, her face paling.

"Monsieur de Kerstrat," she said. He turned, surprised, staring at her for a moment as though he did not recognize her. She took a quick step back.

"Ah, Mademoiselle de Sayre," he said finally, taking off his hat and bowing. He stepped toward her, but she backed farther away, raising her arms as though to ward him off. He stopped, his face calm, grave. "Mademoiselle, you have seen Monsieur Merignon?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur de Kerstrat; but he is here—in there." She pointed to the door, which opened as she spoke, Norbert appearing in a dressing gown.

"Ah, Guy, you here already?" He advanced to Louise de Sayre, taking her hand and bending low over it. "Pardon my *déshabillé*, mademoiselle."

The courtyard door opened and Georges Deslandres burst into the room.

He stared at the trio, then rushed to Louise. She clutched his arm, which went about her.

"I came back," he said rapidly, "because as soon as I got out I realized that Louise would come here—to learn the result." The girl hung heavy on his arm. He bent over her. Merignon placed a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Take her away," he said softly. "You know enough—enough to tell her. Anyway, all that she wants to know, she knows already."

He smiled at them both and gently pushed them to the door. De Kerstrat leaned against the mantel, negligently, gracefully, smiling sardonically as usual. His frame seemed to fill the end of the room. Norbert turned to him a trifle brusquely.

"Well," he said, "you saw."

"Hah!" De Kerstrat laughed. "Norbert, even you think evil of me at times. I am evil—at times—not always." He continued chuckling. Merignon turned to the sword rack and took down a pair of *épées*.

"See that?" he said, going close to De Kerstrat and holding out a pommel. "It is a new method for fitting the blade."

De Kerstrat took the weapon absently and began bending the button against the parquetry floor. "Look here, Norbert," he said, "let's us get this straight between us. Do you think I intend to disturb the happiness of that girl?" He took a step forward, still flexing the blade nervously. "Do you think she really mattered to me? Yes, I realized that she feared my attentions. Perhaps I enjoyed that. Norbert, don't you understand that I did not go into this duel on her account, or even for the sake of dueling? Don't you know that there is something more in it?"

Norbert, who also had been idly bending the button of his blade against the floor, looked up quickly. The men faced each other about a yard apart.

"I did suspect that there might be more. However, I had the definite feeling that the girl mattered. Forgive me, Guy. I got into it mainly to drag you out—I wasn't quite clear how. But I intended to have it out with you now—here. I believe you, of course."

He thrust the sword under his left arm and held out his hand. De Kerstrat seized it, laughing and talking rapidly.

"Then hear the rest of it, *mon ami*. I've already seen the premier. Yes, I dragged him out of bed and made him listen. Didn't you guess that London is not the fellow's name? London is Wolff, the spy, plotter and arch villain of Central Europe, who came here to break up our English understanding. Through Sapigny, using young De Sayre as an unconscious tool, he was to get our whole code."

"What's this?" Norbert interrupted. "What's this you are telling me? Then I have interfered with affairs of state."

"*Certainement!* Just so. Sapigny will get jail or exile when he is well enough, and probably London is already under arrest. The premier phoned the *sûreté* while I was there. I'd have killed London had young Deslandres not interfered. But your way was perhaps better." His tone was unconvinced, a trifle regretful. "Yes, I suppose your way was better. Anyhow, we will have the news exclusively for La Vie. The premier promised that—the double news."

"The double news?" Merignon asked. "What is there more?" De Kerstrat again laughed loudly.

"Why, about you, of course. The Merignon-London duel, and the promotion of Norbert Merignon to the rank of Commandeur de la Legion d'Honneur. The President of our Third Republic will hang it on you himself."

Norbert appeared dazed. For several moments he bent and unbent the *épée* against the parquetry. Then he laughed, shortly but cheerfully, and placed himself in fencing position.

"Guy de Kerstrat," he said, smiling, "it is time that you had a fencing lesson. *En garde!*" The last words cracked like a whip.

Mechanically, De Kerstrat raised his sword in salute and they crossed blades.

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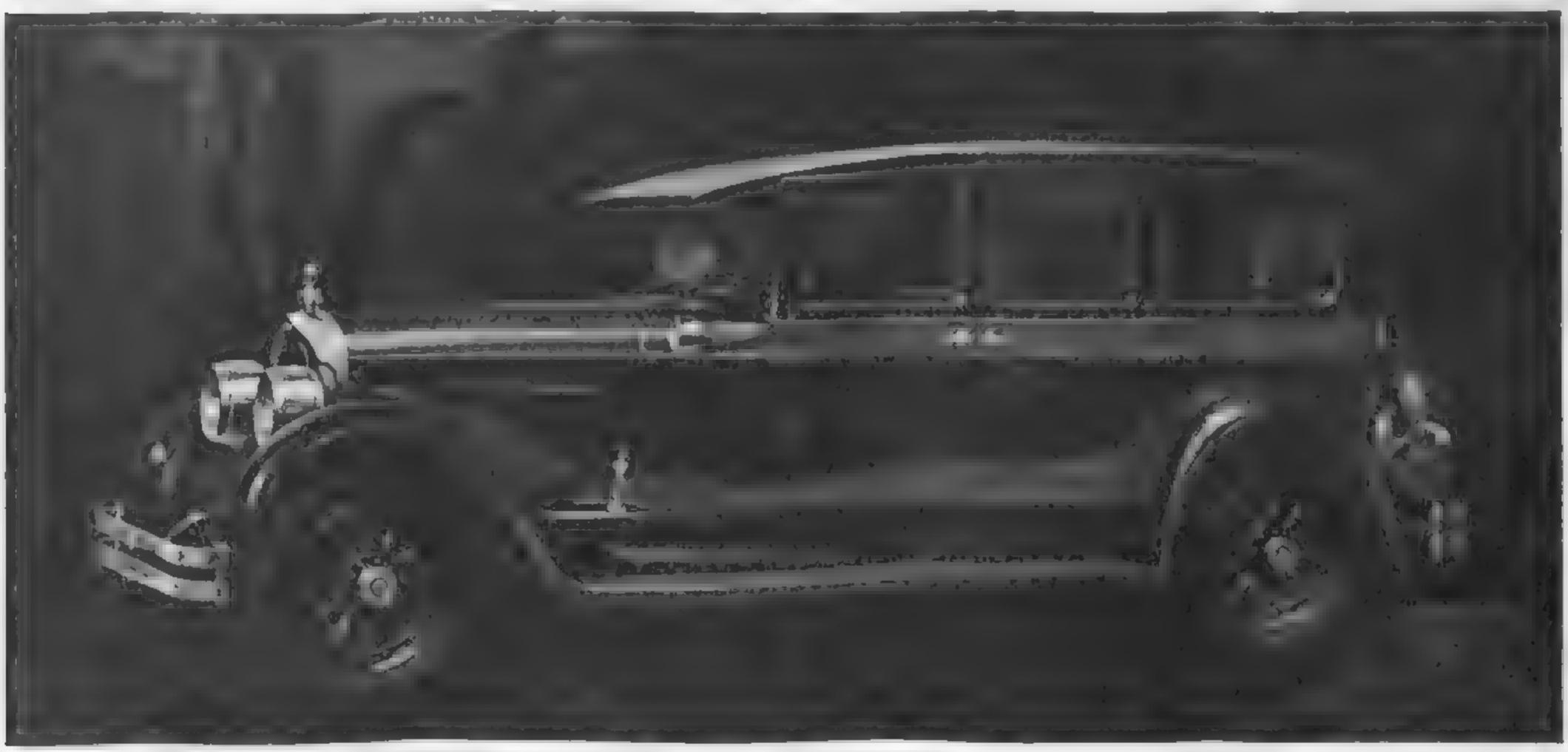

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HINKLE AGAINST FAYNE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Can you run too?" she asked, deliberately unpinning her stiff-brimmed hat of black Milan straw in the teeth of the April wind.

The hat whirled from her head; Tug shot nimbly and gallantly after it. The women hurried through the doorway and up the dark stairs beyond.

Sol Cohen, Little Amby's sluggish-bodied and methodically thinking managing clerk, fixed liverish eyes on the two women when they appeared in the outer office upstairs. Cohen noted the beauty of the bareheaded young lady without stir of emotion. Cohen ran after no hats but his own. In his youth he had been unprepossessing and had repined against the unjust and illogical distribution of female favor; he was now middle-aged and resigned, but a whit revengeful. He rolled his cud of chewing tobacco over his tongue, puffed his black cigar and went on dictating a pleading.

His telephone sounded. He picked up the receiver, listened, said "It's about time you let me know," and put down the receiver. He picked it up again and said: "This the Pennsylvania? The office of Ambrose Hinkle. Reserve a drawing-room on the Race Special, if that's the train pulls out in half an hour, for Mr. Hinkle. Hold it until after train time. What time tomorrow does that train reach the track?"

The ladies had been standing, awaiting attention that did not come.

A slightly built man, under middle height, came from an interior hall and crossed the outer office. He nodded to Cohen, who did not respond by voice or gesture. The little man, who was approximately Cohen's age, wore patent-leather shoes, a loud but well-cut suit of black-and-white checks, and a fur-collared overcoat of imported broadcloth. He turned a thin and triangular face toward the ladies and flicked them with a glance from large and luminous black eyes. He settled a smart gray derby hat on his sleek black head and descended the stairs.

"We are waiting to see Mr. Hinkle," said the older of the ladies, a large and fleshy woman with hard hazel eyes behind glasses.

"Have you an appointment, madam?" asked Cohen, opening his desk book with quickness.

"Yes, certainly!"

"In what matter?"

"The matter of the Biers estate. I am Mrs. Fayne. This is my daughter."

Cohen ran a yellowed finger down the page. He closed the book and pushed it away. He resumed his dictation. A car started in the street. The wall clock's soothing ticking marked the passing minutes. The ladies seated themselves and watched the clock.

"What's the delay?" snapped Mrs. Fayne at last. She was in a temper. Heloise Fayne put out a cool hand and said, "Now, mother."

"I've given you next Tuesday morning at 10:15," said Cohen. "You had no appointment for today. Please be prompt on Tuesday, or ——"

"This is ridiculous," said Mrs. Fayne, lifted to her feet by rising fury. "We'll see him now, you understand?"

"You've just seen him, madam," said Cohen. "Tuesday morning."

"What? That was he?" Cohen was hard-boiled, but her expression caused his eyes to seek her hands uneasily; pistol-toting ladies were of not infrequent occurrence in the practice of his master.

"Let that fat fool be, mother," cried Heloise, urging her away.

"Here's your hat, lady. What's your hurry?" said Tug Gaffney below as they whisked by him.

Heloise stopped the first empty cab on Centre Street. It had its flag down, but she had sprung right into its path.

"Dry up," said Heloise, answering the driver's remonstrances. "Jump in, mother! The Pennsylvania Station in ten minutes, and double fare!"

"And a ticket," said the driver.

"And ten dollars," said Heloise. "Step on it, will you?"

The handsome fee decided the driver to risk getting the feared ticket from a traffic officer. He swung the car over to Lafayette Street, and sent it northward through the heavy traffic, in and out, jipping, shooting for the pockets, at a speed that oscillated between twenty and forty miles an hour. He roared down the vehicular entrance to the great terminal with a minute to spare.

Heloise was pleased with the service. She threw a twenty-dollar note through the window, leaped from the cab while it was going, hit into a redcap, dragged her mother into a like collision, and won free of the wreck and into the station.

"Race Special!" she screamed, running like a madwoman. The gate was closing, was closed. A ten-dollar bill thrust through the metal slats opened it for the women to slip through. Down the stairs they rattled, and again through closing doors. They had arrived.

"We are with Mr. Ambrose Hinkle," she said to the Pullman porter. "He has taken a drawing-room."

Little Amby lay in his narrow cell, discussing sport, charged water and Scotch whisky with the millionaire owner of a racing string and with a tout who had once been a famous jockey. The door opened without having been knocked on, and he was looking into slanting green eyes beneath a mass of red-brown hair.

"Mr. Hinkle?" said Heloise. "Your man in Centre Street told us we'd find you here."

"Cohen sent you after me?" said Little Amby, frowning but rising in company with the owner of race horses; the tout sat and nursed the bottle. "What is it, madam?"

"About the Elbert Biers estate," she said. "I am Miss Fayne."

"Good old Elbert Biers!" said the horse owner. "Why, I knew him well, miss. You remember El Biers, Amby. Some hell raiser! So you're his little girl, are you? Come on in."

"You're thinking of the father, Harry," said Little Amby. "This young lady was playing jacks in those days. And El Biers had no daughter. This is Miss Fayne."

"Well, the old son of a gun," said Harry, whose mind was temporarily deranged by alcohol. "This is the—the heir—eh, Amby?"

"You must see me, Miss Fayne?" said Little Amby. "You'll excuse me, gentlemen. I don't know what Cohen can have been thinking of. Come in, Miss Fayne."

"My mother," said Heloise when the sporting men were gone and the ladies were seated on the couch across the fixed table.

"It's a pleasure," said Little Amby, without registering the least delight. "Now what do you want? You want me to take care of you in the settlement of the estate—is that it? Tell me—I know only what I read in the newspapers—how did you two get in that house?"

"My daughter was engaged to poor dear Bertie," said Mrs. Fayne. "She met him abroad by a romantic accident. Show Mr. Hinkle your ring, dearie."

"Poor dear Bertie," said Heloise, tears filling her eyes as she stretched her arm across the table. Little Amby was not impressed by her grief and did not attempt any hollow consolation. He took the hand she offered and inspected the ring critically.

"About four carats," he said admiringly, "and better than a crystal. Whoever picked that stone out knew stones. I'm very fond of diamonds myself." He turned his hand over and four diamond rings blazed in the electric light. His vulgar display of gems was a vestige of his early years on New York's East Side. Little Amby—tenant of the seat perilous as leader of New York's criminal bar, Broadway spender with the rich and chuckle-headed, reading fair appearances through knowledge of the seamy side—had come from a New York gutter.

"Met abroad, eh? With the inevitable result." He bowed to Heloise. "That will do to go on with. Have you a copy of the will? I am not familiar with its precise provisions."

Heloise handed him the required document. He read it carefully, pausing to weigh the clause that she had encircled with pencil:

> The said Tyler Trust Company, hereinbefore named as trustee, shall pay over the rents, issues and profits of the said trust fund in monthly installments to my son Elbert Biers until he reaches the age of thirty years. When my son reaches the said age of thirty years, the trust shall terminate and the whole principal fund be turned over to the said Elbert Biers. But if my said son Elbert Biers should die before reaching the said age of thirty years, leaving no issue him surviving, the trust shall terminate forthwith and the entire principal, together with any accrued but unpaid rents, issues and profits, shall be paid over to my dear friend Mrs. Heloise Fayne of the city of Yonkers, state of New York, to be hers absolutely and for her own uses and purposes.

"When did Mr. Biers the elder die?" asked Little Amby, tapping the table with the paper.

"In 1909—July," said Mrs. Fayne. "I meant to attend the funeral, but I had just been invited for July by friends in Asbury."

"So the boy had the spending of the income for nearly six years—until two days before his thirtieth birthday," said Little Amby. "A short life and a merry one, I understand."

"The poor fellow was not parsimonious," said Mrs. Fayne primly. "Nor was he to be blamed, in view of the large fortune that was coming to him."

"How much is it?"

"Nearly two million dollars. Bertie had the spending of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand a year."

"Did he leave any relatives?"

"His mother came from Wyoming, and I think her people are out there yet. Mr. Biers did not live with his wife for many years before his death, but she would not consent to a divorce. Very ordinary people."

"A divorce wouldn't cut them off, anyway, as they would trace through the son," said Little Amby. "There's where your trouble will come from, if anywhere. Have you had any intimation of trouble?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

"I have a little undeserved reputation as a criminal lawyer," he said, "but I don't do more than my share of civil work. Any lawyer could take you down to the trust company and introduce you and show you where to sign papers."

"We have nothing to fear," said Mrs. Fayne. "Perhaps we misunderstood what was said about you; law and lawyers are strange to us. In any event, will you handle our interests until this money is paid over to us by the trust company?"

"On suitable terms."

"What will your fee be, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said Little Amby softly.

"Why, this is robbery, Mr. Hinkle!"

"Plus expenses, of course," said Little Amby. "Though there are more serious charges than robbery, Mrs. Fayne, it is still a harsh word. You are asking me to work on a contingency, and I must make my fee great enough to cover all possibilities. It may be a long and troublesome road to old El Biers' two million dollars. I hope not; I think not. But you don't want to give me mine until you get yours. Very well, you must pay for your insurance. Don't snap at it. Think it over."

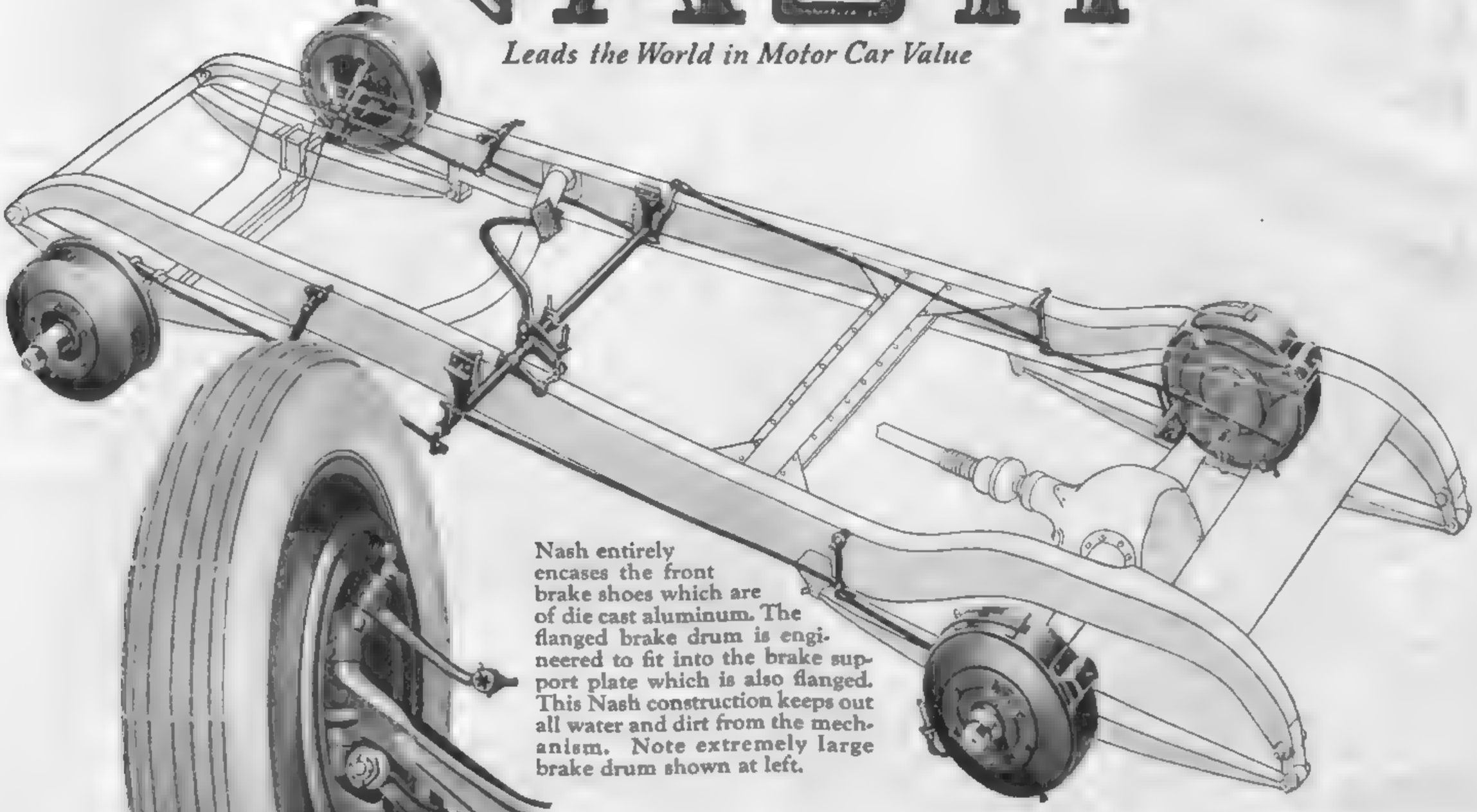
"I shall speak to my daughter," said Mrs. Fayne, rising.

The two women went outside. Little Amby studied the will. They returned. The girl sat beside Little Amby. Her

(Continued on Page 64)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



Nash entirely encases the front brake shoes which are of die cast aluminum. The flanged brake drum is engineered to fit into the brake support plate which is also flanged. This Nash construction keeps out all water and dirt from the mechanism. Note extremely large brake drum shown at left.

New Nash Features

7-bearing crankshaft motor—*world's smoothest type*—powers all new Nash models.

New-type crankcase "breather" which prevents crankcase dilution.

New double beam headlights with convenient steering wheel control.

Rich new body finish colors.

All enclosed bodies are of the expensive wood-frame body construction employed by finest American and European motor cars.

And a long list of added new improvements.

The Simplest and Most Efficient 4 Wheel Brakes

Standard Equipment—No Extra Cost

Another vital Nash mechanical superiority is the special Nash 4-wheel brake system—the safest, simplest and most efficient type known to the industry.

Fully equalized to right and left, front and rear, these brakes banish entirely the dangerous swerving characteristic of partially equalized brakes.

They are of unique simplicity in design, having fewer points requiring lubrication than any other mechanical brake system.

Extreme heat or severest cold does not hamper operation. And continuous efficiency is maintained by reason of their permanency of adjustment achieved thru the use of exceptionally large braking surfaces.

Their instant, powerful, but velvety ease-ful pressure is scientifically distributed, 60% to the rear and 40% to the front.

The sixteen new Nash models *now on display* range in price from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory.

(4133)

A blade with backbone to conquer whale-bone whiskers!

IT takes substance to give a keen edge—so we make Ever-Ready Blades of rigid, rugged, reinforced steel, tempered to perfection, ground to microscopic fineness.

It takes a blade with backbone to give a clean shave—so we put a backbone of solid steel on each Ever-Ready Blade.

Contrast the Ever-Ready (A) to the wafer-like blade (B). Notice the heavy steel body of the Ever-Ready. Notice the perfect bevel edge which can be compared only to the edge of an old-fashioned straight razor. No wonder Ever-Ready outlasts, out-shaves, out-economizes everything that ever tackled a beard!

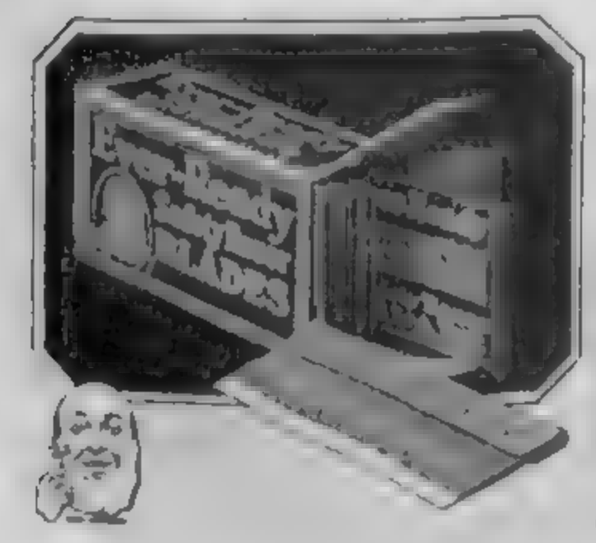
About Ever-Ready Razors

Ever-Ready is the perfectly balanced razor. It gives faster shaves and makes faster friends. If your Ever-Ready Razor isn't batting 1.000, our service department will repair it or replace it! Send it to the

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



(Continued from Page 62)

mother took the opposite side of the table. "Very well," said the girl. "Mother'll do it."

"We'll have a memorandum," said Little Amby, finding pen and paper. He wrote:

For his professional services to be rendered in the matter of securing to Mrs. Heloise Fayne her testamentary rights under the last will of Elbert Biers, filed in the Surrogate's Court, New York County, September, 1909, I agree to pay the said Ambrose Hinkle fifty thousand dollars and his expenses. Said sums to be paid to said Ambrose Hinkle upon the payment of the bequest in full to Mrs. Fayne, or within ten days thereafter, but no composition accepted by said Heloise Fayne without the consent of said Ambrose Hinkle is to invalidate or modify this agreement.

"Sign that, Mrs. Fayne," he said, tendering the pen, "and I'll take care of you through hell and high water."

"Just a moment," said Miss Fayne, reading the retainer. She passed it to her mother, nodding philosophically.

"Oh, dear," quavered Mrs. Fayne, "my hand is shaking so. It's a perfectly dreadful sum to pay."

"Don't be silly, mother," said Miss Fayne. "Think of all the money you're going to get. Here, sit down here. Steady now."

She stood up, flashing a smile over her shoulder at Little Amby, and bent over her mother. She put a steadying arm about the older woman. Little Amby lit a gold-tipped cigarette.

"Go on, mother," encouraged the girl. "'Heloise F-a-y-n-e.' Good! That wasn't so hard, was it?"

Little Amby took the paper, glanced at the signature, folded the paper, and slipped it into his breast pocket.

"That being disposed of"—he smiled—"I think again of pleasure. May I, by this fortunate chance, have your company at the races? You will find that I am acquainted, and I guarantee you a good time."

"Another occasion," said Miss Fayne sweetly. "May we save the good time until we are all spending the money of Elbert Biers?"

The ladies got off at Trenton, caught a local from Philadelphia, and returned to New York and to their apartment in the palatial Hotel Almirante. They were dressing for dinner when Mrs. Fayne, having answered the telephone, announced, "A Mr. Luray calling."

Marie started, causing Heloise to drop a hand mirror, which broke.

III

IN SEPTEMBER, 1915, an order was entered in the Surrogate's Court, New York County, allowing the account of the Tyler Trust Company as trustee under the will of Elbert Biers, discharging the company from its trust and directing that it pay over to Mrs. Heloise Fayne the principal fund. There was no opposition. Little Amby promptly demanded his fifty thousand dollars and expenses; his demand was ignored and he entered suit for professional services on contract before the month was out. Mrs. Fayne put in a general denial, joining issue. Hinkle against Fayne, because of its promise of brevity, was shortcaused on Little Amby's motion and went to trial in January, 1916.

The unexpected result occasioned much snickering in professional circles, and not a few hearty stomach laughs. The paunch-shaking laughs were vented by advocates whose clients' interests had suffered from the sharp practices of the formidable little shyster of Centre Street. These joyous lawyers greeted their brothers at general calendar call at the lunch counter in the basement of the Supreme Court House, at conference and at the Wednesday matinée for the trial of undefended divorce cases, with "Have you heard what happened to Little Amby? You're going to laugh your head off."

Hinkle against Fayne resulted in a verdict for the defendant. A bill of costs was entered against Little Amby, and he paid it.

Mrs. Fayne swore that she had never signed the retainer, and readily dashed off a dozen signatures for comparison. They were nothing like the one on the plaintiff's Exhibit A. Heloise took the stand and swore that she had signed the retainer; the signatures and phrases that she scribbled off-handedly by request supported the truth of her statement.

It is only fair to say that the costs were statutory; judgment for the defendant carried them necessarily. All reasonable auditors were of the opinion that Little Amby had been overreached.

Mrs. Fayne had in her grasp the heaped dollars of that notorious old free liver Elbert Biers. Her late counsel had his trouble for his pains.

Little Amby and Cohen walked down Chambers Street from the courthouse. "You're slipping, boss," said the disgusted managing clerk. "I'll stop back there after luncheon and get a guardian appointed."

Little Amby's thin lips relaxed from a soundless whistle. "Pocketed by the filly while the old mare went home," he said. "As soon as the old lady said she didn't sign that paper, I got the flash. I'd have discontinued right then, but I wanted the girl on record. See what they did to me? The girl leaned over her mother, blocking me off, slipped her arm inside the old lady's and snatched the pen. Her name is the same. Since I sued on the paper, I had to stand by it. The girl hasn't got a box of matches, of course. Take judgment against her and devil her with a sup. pro., but we won't collect the notary fees."

"Hello, boss, how's your behavior?" cried Tug Gaffney from the stoop of the little house on Centre Street. "Just passed in a French harp to see you about that Fayne case, but I guess that's in, hey? He couldn't say his own name, but he certainly looked filthy. That's his boat waiting there with the toy chauffeur. Reminds me of a song my old man—God ha' mercy on him—used to have, going:

"By Mac and O, you'll always know ——

"Well, if he caught this baby he would change his tune. He says to me, he says ——"

Cohen winked a warning. Tug's uncouth bawling died; he discovered interest in the unchanging wall of the prison across the street. He said in modified accents, "Foreign gent named McCarty upstairs to buzz you about that Fayne case. Nothing else new."

The little lawyer and his clerk mounted to the offices. The master entered his private room. He glanced at a card that lay before the bronze Buddha on his brass-bound mahogany desk, and spoke into his telephone:

"This man Macorde—has he got anything? Send him in."

"Good day, Mr. Hinkle," said the slim and lightly bearded Frenchman who entered. He walked to the desk and put out his hand with confidence. "It is an honor to meet the famous advocate. I am Silvestre Macorde."

"The jeweler of Paris," bowed Little Amby, gesturing courteously toward a waiting chair.

"You are, m'sieur," said Macorde, whose English, except for an occasional Gallicism or misplaced inflection, was of a perfection infrequently achieved or striven for by the native-born, "the advocate for Madame Fayne—Mrs. Fayne. You are, I suppose, familiar with the affairs of the young man who died so prematurely. Is there, may I ask, a sum of importance remaining in his name?"

"I don't represent his heirs, Mr. Macorde," said Little Amby. "But I understand, in a general way, that he left nothing."

"Ah," breathed the Frenchman, with melancholy and yet with a polite effect of felicitating Little Amby.

"Is it then perhaps, m'sieur," he began again, "that Mrs. Fayne will assume the unpaid debts of this unfortunate young man? The estate that came to her by his death is very large. I know that."

Little Amby laughed in sour mirth. "Did young Biers owe you money, Mr. Macorde? Well, you have come to the right place for sympathy if you have any notion of getting it out of Mrs. Fayne. I speak as a fellow sufferer. Mrs. Fayne isn't paying her own debts when she can beat them."

"The young man owes me—owed me—eighty-three thousand dollars," said Macorde. "You know my house, m'sieur; the loss does not ruin me, does not hamper me, but one does not accept it without protest. The loss, it is natural to say, is not of all; part of the debt was prospective profit. Though the young man was in sound health and threatened to live indefinitely, there was yet a risk to be calculated. I would take fifty thousand dollars gladly."

"So would I," said Little Amby, shaking his head.

The Frenchman considered him with shrewd gray eyes. "*Alors*," he said then, rising with an upward fling of hands and shoulders, "I waste your valuable time. Have you perhaps the address of his solicitors?"

"Sit down," said Little Amby. "You'll get nowhere on that road. I tell you he blew in every nickel as fast as he got it."

Little Amby rose, strolled to a window and stood, with hands clasped behind his back, looking into the gray wall of the Tombs. "Do you know Miss Heloise Fayne?" he asked over his shoulder. "Have you ever met her—seen her?"

"I should remember, had I the pleasure. The lady was—how does one say?—a public character, or figure, for a time in Paris, before the war, m'sieur. Such a one is of general interest and is pointed out."

"She was engaged to young Biers."

The Frenchman's bearded mouth was humorous. "And why not?" he said lightly. "It was an honor less than unique. There were others."

Little Amby returned to his desk. "In Paris, eh?" he said reflectively. "I knew her motions, but I had no line on her; my information about what goes on in New York may be spotty, but it covers territory. She's certainly a darling.

"It may be that we can cook up something to catch her between us and squeeze her," he said more briskly. "She has certainly her share of the jewels young Biers had of you, if they can be found. She got into me for something handsome, Mr. Macorde. If we can find the stuff, and if any of it was delivered to young Biers on approval ——"

"Several valuable pieces were so delivered, m'sieur. The young man took them on agreement to pay or return the goods within a time. Naturally, I debited him for the purchase price when I did not hear from him, but had I not an election?"

"You certainly had—have, for that matter. It was up to you to say whether he took title or not. If we dig up the stuff it would be sweet to play our hand so that you grabbed the stuff first and made her pay for it, and then I would grab it for what she owed me. Let me mull your affair over."

"I am glad," said Macorde, rising. "I shall be for three weeks, perhaps a month, hardly more, in New York. It is not because of this matter that I came, m'sieur—not entirely. My yacht lies here in Brooklyn since the declaration of war. I have had it put in commission, to sell it; there are desirable offers. Too, there is a small commission for the French Government."

"Where are you stopping?" asked Little Amby, shaking hands. "I'll look you up some evening and we'll [illegible] around. Here's a flash. Why don't you send your grip over to the Almirante, where the Faynes are putting up? You might see your goods for yourself. The ladies are pretty well fixed now; but you know the kind, and they're not yet in the class of Silvestre Macorde. Right now, a blind beggar would be wise to pick up his pennies if he saw them coming."

"Espionage," said Macorde, "is not grateful to me. Yet I do not say I shall not. By Jove, it would have its amusing element, eh? To [illegible] done a good stroke would be a yarn to [illegible]-swap, do you say?—with the *blagueurs* of the boulevard. But I must watch the step-

(Continued on Page 66)

Two Homes

The modern woman regards her motor car as a home on wheels. It plays so great a part in her social life that it must accurately reflect her fixed standards of living.

That's why so many closed cars are upholstered in Ca-Vel, the same soft, lustrous velvets that glorify furniture and interior draperies.

And there is a practical reason, too. The beauty of Ca-Vel will outlast the car itself. That, perhaps, will explain why there are more yards of Ca-Vel sold for closed car upholstery than any other velvets made.

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211 Different Kinds of Industries

St. Louis has factories in 211 different kinds of business. Almost every line of manufacture is represented. Only eight per cent of the city's industrial force is employed in its largest branch of industry.

This wide diversity of industries acts as a constant balance and makes St. Louis strong in times of business depression. It assures stability of labor and production.

The westward trend of industry by which modern business is moving toward the center of the country has resulted in ***196 new industries*** coming to St. Louis in the last six years. The central location of St. Louis makes it an economical distribution point. ***Your*** factory in St. Louis would have an advantage over competitors not so favorably located.

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ST. LOUIS
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 64)

eh? Aha—the soul of discretion. *C'est égal!* I shall attempt it. You are then my lawyer in this. Is there perhaps something to sign?"

"A retainer?" said Little Amby dryly. "It's good of you, but I'm taking cases on a *quantum meruit* today. My fee shall be nothing or what you please, and you may confirm that in writing."

IV

LITTLE AMBY called up Silvestre Macorde at the Almirante, calling from his office on Centre Street, and said, "You've met our friends, I understand. Have you noticed anything?"

"Not yet, m'sieur, I regret. The keynote at present is simplicity and—do you say homeliness? Ah, no, I would say domesticity. Miss Fayne, I learn, is a little convent girl, educated by the good sisters at Chatillon-sur-Seine, wherefore her French is excusably excellent."

"You think the beautiful Heloise would make a very nice wife for a certain wealthy merchant of Paris, do you?"

"You thrill me, m'sieur. There is such a conception, but I have not the honor of inventing it, if modesty permits. None the less, it floats in the air; I breathe it; it intoxicates me—when I take myself to task, and tell myself that there is already a Madame Macorde, and that it is strange that I, who have in other days fished in the headwaters of the Seine where they come down from the hills of Chatillon, hear now for the first time of this convent."

"You'll do. Tell me, Mr. Macorde, is that yacht of yours working?"

"It is in commission, m'sieur."

"How would you like to take the ladies for a little trip—for a run along the coast to Florida and back, say?"

"Ah, the time is precious, m'sieur."

"You can keep in touch by wireless. In fact, I want you to. Stop along the coast, if necessary, so that I may get you quickly. I'm putting together an idea, and it requires that the ladies absent themselves from New York for a few days. Drop down here and talk it over, will you? All right, I'll expect you."

Two days later Little Amby called Cohen into the private room. "Cohen, I'm wondering if there isn't an advantage in the fact that Miss Fayne and her mother are both named Heloise."

"Sure there is," said the managing clerk. "They found it."

"You're getting witty, Cohen," said Little Amby. "Here are the bones of the idea: The girl certainly has her share of Macorde's jewelry, though she's not sporting it in New York, and won't while our judgment is hanging over her; dollars to doughnuts, it's in her mother's safe-deposit box at the Tyler Trust Company. Why can't we get a peep inside that box?"

"On an execution against the daughter?" demurred Cohen. "Nothing doing."

"On an execution against Heloise Fayne," said Little Amby. "Heloise Fayne has left the United States for parts unknown without paying our judgment for fifty thousand dollars. Well, we mistook the daughter for the mother once before. Who's going to stop us?"

"The trust company," said Cohen. "It'll set up a howl and the sheriff will refuse to levy."

"We can get far enough along to look at the stuff, can't we?" said Little Amby forcibly. "The sheriff will be warned off and will refuse to levy on the contents of the box. All right! If Macorde's stuff is there—if any considerable jewelry is there—we'll attach it until the ownership is decided; and let me see them pry that attachment off Get up the papers. Don't give the trust company notice of motion, because then we'll be arguing the question of identity in court. Take out your order in Part II and slap it on them, and plunge ahead until you're stopped.

"And by the way," he continued, "don't overlook the ladies' baggage at the Almirante. Have the sheriff levy on that too. You're not going to find anything of value there, but we'll play for the trick."

"The hotel will spike us there," said Cohen. "They won't give up that baggage. They have a lien on it."

"Pay the bill," growled Little Amby. "Cohen, you'd be a pretty good lawyer if you didn't know so much law. I want action on this, understand?"

The procedure of Little Amby in seeking to enforce his judgment against Heloise Fayne was unethical and unprofessional, to put it mildly, and caused his name to be submitted to the Appellate Division, First Department, by the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association; had he not had hold of the moral end of the issue between himself and Miss Fayne, he might have lost his certificate. Under the circumstances the Appellate Division gave him once again the benefit of the doubt.

It should be needless to say that, in recounting in fictional guise these episodes in the astonishing career of a rascal, there is no wish to make trickery other than mean and ugly, no desire to find in mere picturesqueness an extenuating circumstance. Little Amby, so long a menace to the peace and order of New York, for so long a pillar of the underworld and a rallying post, has since met his just deserts. His successes, in the light of his eventual failure and eclipse, point a moral. For an analogy, one who reads the story of a notorious bandit, printed *in extenso* in all the newspapers of the day that saw him pass through the little door in Sing Sing, rises from a sermon as compelling if not as pleasant as that contained in the shining life of a saint. And, too, it is respectfully submitted, the good of the inexperienced is not served by telling them that Vice's face is all a dreadful black; they recognize the creature with less facility for their well-meant instruction.

Cohen entered the private room several days later. "We're stopped, boss," he said. "The trust company told the sheriff that their depositor was not the judgment debtor and warned him off. He won't levy."

"What was in the box?"

"Not so much as a kid's cut-coral pinky ring. Stocks, bonds, certificates of deposit, mortgages—the bulk of the estate of old El Biers."

"Tough luck," said Little Amby, drumming on his desk. "What about the baggage in the hotel?"

"I had to pay the bill to grab it, and there was nothing in it but clothes and a lot of litter. No letters or papers. . . . Well, there was two shares of the Luray Holding Company."

"What's that?"

"Shares of the Luray Holding Company, made out to Heloise Fayne. They're only waste paper. You know that fellow Luray that goes around touching rich men who don't want any advertising in Luray's scandal sheet. Did you hear that he took Cass Desales, the Wall Street man, for five grand? Luray put a paragraph in his weekly, telling about a wild party Desales had pulled, calling him Cash Sales; and then Luray walked in on Desales in his office and borrowed the five thousand on an unsecured note. Desales can frame that note and throw snowballs at it. You certainly have to give Luray credit for having his ear to the ground. Wonder where he gets his stuff?"

"People sell it to him—servants, friends that need a little dirty money, private detectives. I wonder what Mrs. Fayne paid for her two shares in the Luray Holding Company."

"Something nice," chuckled Cohen.

"And I wonder," said Little Amby in a stronger voice, "why she paid it!"

"We'll never find out."

"No? Suppose we sold that stock under the execution and bought it in? We'll get our fifty thousand or we'll get the stock."

"It will belong to the mother, of course."

"Not now it doesn't," cried Little Amby. "We can grab it before she gets back. And Luray won't know who our judgment debtor is. He's attending to his own racket."

"What does he care if we grab the stock or not? It's worth nothing."

"Oh, isn't it? It's worth nothing in the hands of the person he sold it to, because he knows darned well they would never let go of it. But how about in our hands? How about in the hands of any one of the many influential citizens who'd like to send Luray up the river? How about in the hands of the district attorney? That stock will give us entry into the books of the Luray Holding Company!"

"I get it," exclaimed Cohen. "We'll have the sheriff levy. If he wants a bond ——"

"In any sum!" gritted Little Amby fiercely.

He was a bitter little fellow. He could smother resentment under a bland exterior, but in no one did it smolder longer, from no one did it leap at last with more implacable flame. A trickster of prestige, he had been made a fool of; a fop and lady killer, he had had dainty fingers snapped under his nose. He could smile and smile.

■

LITTLE AMBY called up the district attorney. "This is Ambrose Hinkle, across the street," he said. "Do you happen to know a gentleman named Sanford T. Luray?"

"Not as well as I'd like to, Amby," said the district attorney. "Do you represent him? What's he been up to now?"

"I represent myself this time," said Little Amby, "and so far I have had a fool for a client. Would you be interested in buying two shares of the Luray Holding Company, the corporation that publishes Luray's Weekly?"

"Hello—what was that? Have you shares in the Luray publication to sell?"

"Only under an execution. I've levied on two shares belonging to a judgment debtor, and they're going to be sold. If you'd be interested in picking them up at a good stiff figure, or if you know anybody who would, they're going on the block today at half-past two at Abe Miller's."

"I'll be represented. How much are they going to cost?"

"Never mind that. The people who want these shares are able to pay for their fancy. Tell them that Luray will be bidding against them, and that will make them keen."

He hung up. The instrument buzzed again almost at once; the switchboard girl outside said, "Mr. Luray on the wire."

"Mr. Luray," said Little Amby, "I called you up about two shares of Luray Holding Company stock that will be for sale. Would you be interested?"

"No stock in the Luray Holding Company is for sale or will be, sir," said the professional blackmailer loftily. "You are under a misunderstanding, Mr. Hinkle. Much obliged, just the same."

(Continued on Page 68)

A Snowshoe Trail Near Burlington, Vermont

I take my tobacco seriously

MY JIMMY-PIPE is as much a part of my daily existence as the food I eat or the clothes I wear. Nothing could ruin my day more completely than an indifferent tobacco. So I smoke Prince Albert . . . that and nothing else. It satisfies my smoke-taste right down to the ground.

The day I discovered the tidy red tin was a red-letter day for me. I knew then and there that I had been missing the *complete* joy my pipe could bring me. But I'm making up for lost time now. I load up with P. A. right after breakfast and stay with it till "lights out."

That first cool, consoling puff tells you that no other tobacco is like Prince Albert—or *can* be. You *expect* a wonderful smoke the instant you throw back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin and breathe that rich fragrance of real tobacco. P. A. is equally fragrant as you smoke it in your pipe.

You'll like the mildness of Prince Albert . . . its friendliness to tongue and throat. Mild, yet with a body that satisfies completely. You may think you're all set on the matter of smokes. Never mind. Buy a tidy red tin of P. A. today. I'll guarantee it will be a revelation.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal glass humidors with sponge moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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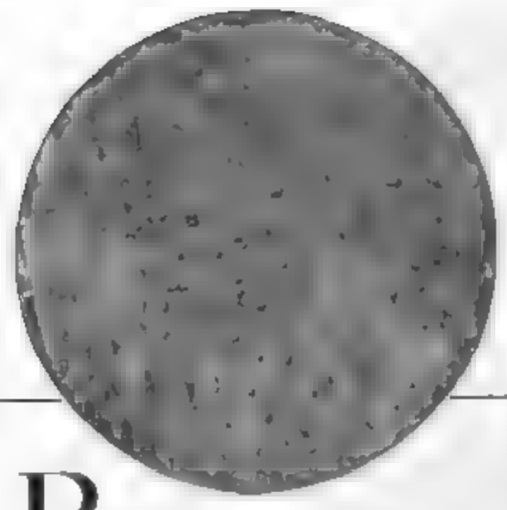

BEFORE *shaving . .*

Actual microscopic view. Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

AT LEAST one day is required for the skin to heal from the effects of shaving.

. . . After shaving . . . How the face smarts. Burns. (Torn open pores! Nicks! Hair spikes!)

More than a 24-hour healing process is necessary *for tender skins.*

Men . . . that's why we made this new shaving cream. Daily mutilation of tender skins demanded this: Ingram's Shaving Cream. *A cream that cools and soothes* . . . as you shave.

A brand new principle makes this possible. No hot towels—lotion—fancy time-wasters necessary. Complete in itself.

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

7 Shaves FREE

Ingram's Shaving Cream has been tried—by thousands of men with tender skin. *It's proved itself. But note this:* Don't buy this cream yet. *Accept it*—at our expense. Be sure of it.

Write me today for your 7 free cool soothing shaves. See for yourself.

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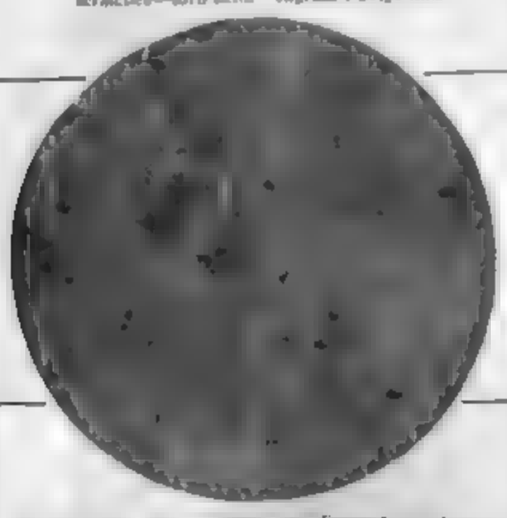
AFTER *shaving . .*

Tender skin—mutilated. Note the white scratches—torn skin. Ingram's helps this.



FREE: Today (at Free—Don't buy yet. Want to) them—[illegible] supply proves itself. Write for yours . . today!

Ingram's Shaving [illegible] only in a [illegible] the name INGRAM [illegible] upon the [illegible] the shelf for 4 months having [illegible]

If your druggist can't supply you 7 FREE [illegible] write your name in the margin of [illegible] and send it to us. We want you to try the cream.

(Continued from Page 66)

"Do you know Heloise Fayne, Mr. Luray?"

"I don't recall the name, sir."

"You issued two shares of stock to the lady not long ago, and I've levied on them under a judgment against her. Don't let me press you to buy them in if you don't want them."

"Well, now, Mr. Hinkle—that is to say, as a matter of routine—you understand quite, I am sure, my dear fellow, that shares in the Luray Holding Company are quite unremunerative. Quite valueless, I assure you. In fact we lose money on the weekly. Still, I am obliged to you for the tip, and if a hundred or so on account of your judgment would be of use to you ——"

"Oh, I have a better offer than that," said Little Amby, smiling into the instrument.

"From whom, may I ask?"

"From the district attorney of New York County"

"See here, Hinkle, what are you trying to do? This looks to me very much like blackmail."

"Expert testimony," said Little Amby. "Want to buy me off?"

"I'll be down to see you at once."

"Oh, no, you won't. I was just asking to make you feel good. Don't call me up, and don't come down, because I won't talk to you before half-past two at Abe Miller's, the place where they sell the collateral. The sheriff expects a full house, so he's going to sell your stock there. Bring your biggest fountain pen, Luray, because you're going to write a big check or have your books opened in a minority stockholders' action. You might improve your time until then by refreshing your memory on Heloise Fayne. Until half-past two, Luray."

At a few minutes before 2:30 P.M. of that day Little Amby entered the premises of Mr. Abraham Miller, where securities given as collateral and forfeited were commonly sold.

There was present the usual scattering of bargain hunters, men wise in Curb stocks and willing to bet their money on any sure thing.

Mr. Sanford T. Luray picked out the little lawyer from Centre Street and bore down on him with haste. Haste was commonly foreign to Mr. Luray; he valued suspense much more, anxiety, long and terrified cogitation; he imposed these on his victims. He was a dignified and decorous scoundrel, tall and elegant, of sonorous voice, wearing the drab but impeccable garb and the stately side whiskers of an old-style banker. His voice was strained, but still sweet in the ear, when he said to Little Amby, "Hinkle, this cannot go on. I'll give you two thousand dollars for the stock. Come, it is of no value to anyone but me."

"Difference of opinion, Luray," said Little Amby. "There's the ring up there. Go bet your money."

"I'll make it three thousand—not another blessed cent."

"My good fellow," said Little Amby amiably, "don't you know that I can't sell you that stock? It's not mine. It has to go under the hammer. Look, there it goes now!"

"Two shares of Luray Holding Company stock!" called the auctioneer, picking up the document in its turn. "Sheriff's sale. What's bid?"

"Three thousand dollars," said Mr. Luray.

"Four thousand," called promptly a stout gentleman directly under the stand, and the stout gentleman turned and looked pleasantly at Mr. Luray.

"Four thousand dollars," announced the auctioneer. "Four thousand dollars—going once—going twice ——"

"Five thousand," said Mr. Luray.

"Five thousand dollars!" shouted the auctioneer.

"Ten thousand," said the stout gentleman, and he bowed to Mr. Luray with the nicest smile. The smile was sincere; he was enjoying himself; the small indiscretion that had compelled him to lend money to Mr. Luray was aired and forgotten.

"Ten thousand dollars!" bawled the auctioneer, working for his increasing commission. "Come on, you gamblers back there! Get in on this. Ten thousand once, ten thousand twice—are you all done?"

"Ten-five," said Mr. Luray hoarsely.

"Ten thousand five hundred from the handsome gentleman in back," cried the auctioneer. "Once—twice—for the third and last time ——"

"Fifteen thousand dollars," said the stout gentleman, and he laughed aloud, as if Mr. Luray's efforts to recover the stock made it ever a better buy.

"Hinkle," whispered Mr. Luray, the sweat of terror beading his broad forehead, "I'm all through. I can't pay more. Can you stop it? What do you want?"

"The dope on Heloise Fayne," said Little Amby. "Speak quick! You have something on her."

"Proof of the murder of young Elbert Biers," quivered Luray.

"Do I get it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes!"

The auctioneer had awaited the result of the sibilant conference in the back of the room. He was raising his hammer to go back to work when Little Amby spoke up, saying, "Withdraw that lot, Mr. Auctioneer."

"Withdraw nothing!" shouted the stout gentleman, seeing his revenge escaping him. "It can't be withdrawn! The stock is up for auction now and has to be knocked down. Go on with the sale. I'm bidding. I'll pay twenty-five thousand for it—thirty thousand—go ahead!"

"Sorry, Mr. Yellan," said Little Amby, recognizing the prominent clothier. "I know how you feel, but it can't be done. The judgment is satisfied and the execution is necessarily vacated. The fees on the amount of the last bid will be paid. The sheriff will hold the stock for the present."

Little Amby and Sanford T. Luray left the place together. They entered the lawyer's waiting car.

"So you did know Heloise Fayne, Luray," said Little Amby.

"I have done business with her before, but never at the receiving end," said the blackmailer. "She was an excellent news gatherer."

"Turn about is fair play," agreed Little Amby. "What have you got?"

"There's a pistol silencer that fits the gun that did the murder," said Luray, putting the sinister object in the attorney's hand. "And there are two letters."

Little Amby read the first, which had been pasted by the corners to a stiff sheet of cardboard:

April 1, 1915.

Dear Mother Fayne: Heloise and I are overjoyed to hear that you are coming to visit with us, but I cannot wait until then to give you the great news. Heloise has promised to be my wife. I am the happiest man in the world. She is already my wife in the sight of God, and I long for the day when I can call her so before all men. When I think of the sacrifices she made! At my request, she broke off her engagement to one of the richest ——

The letter ended there. "Who wrote this?" asked Little Amby.

"Young Biers himself."

"Is this his handwriting?"

"Yes. He wrote it."

"This substantiates the women's story."

"Except," said Luray in a flatted voice, "that it was never sent. It was never folded, and that's proof enough, I suppose. Look at the other one."

The second letter had been carefully torn to shreds; and just as carefully, but with infinitely more labor, had been set together again:

Dear Weezy: I am worrying a lot about you these days, and I do hope you are doing the best for us both. It would be a terrible injustice if we never touched anything of all that money, after his father and me being such long and dear friends. If he wouldn't marry me, I would insist on it or plant something on him. In my time I would put a bullet in a man like that, sure as I'm sitting here. He has got to marry you, Weezy. You say he wants to cast you off now after him and you going around like that together! I will talk to him myself. You get him to invite me to his house in New York and we will see what we can do to him. He will marry you or there will be big trouble.

MOTHER

P.S. Burn this up right away.

"Sound advice, though not followed," mused Little Amby. "But I don't quite get this first letter. Where did that come from?"

"It was found on the floor of the room within thirty seconds of the murder," said Luray. "There's no question but that young Biers was writing that letter at the point of the pistol behind that silencer."

"And balked?"

"And balked. Miss Fayne's maid picked it up. She was upstairs in the dining room on some errand of her own, when she heard a struggle and a cry for help downstairs. Almost at once she saw the Faynes run upstairs to their rooms. She spoke to them, but they evidently didn't hear her, and she went downstairs to see what the matter was. While she was down there, gaping at the dead man and trying to scream, she heard the two shots upstairs. And then she bolted out into the street."

"The two shots upstairs established the alibi," commented Little Amby with professional respect.

"Exactly. I've tried to get evidence about the firing of those covering shots, but none was to be had. But the thing speaks for itself. The women managed to remove the silencer from the gun and fired the shots to wake the house."

"Practically an eyewitness," commented Little Amby. "Who gave you all this—the maid?"

"A man named Barron."

The car had stopped before the red-stone sphinxes that guard the steps to the Criminal Courts Building.

"Can you get Barron?"

"Yes. He was in the kitchen that night, and he saw the girl steal in from the street. He got after her quietly and sweated the story out of her. Then she, knowing something of her mistress' dealings with me, suggested that he let me handle his interests. I've split fairly."

"Come up and give his address to the district attorney."

"Just a moment," parleyed Luray. "What about the stock?"

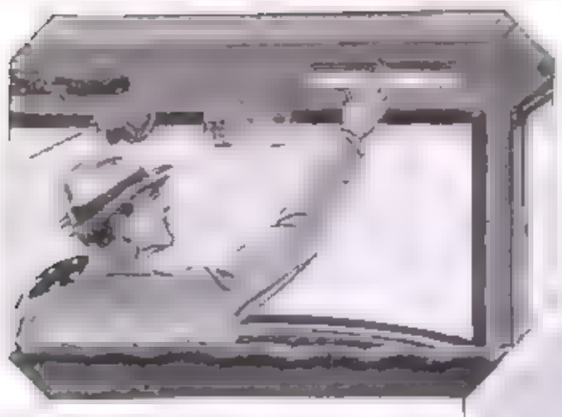
"Don't fret about the stock," said Little Amby, jumping out. "It belonged to the mother, didn't it? Well, my judgment is against the daughter of the same name. The sale didn't amount to a hill of beans. I've got the evidence, so come upstairs or I'll have you brought."

Mr. Silvestre Macorde of Paris was paid eighty-three thousand dollars and accrued interest by a family of ranchers in Wyoming. They had received from Counselor Ambrose Hinkle, of Centre Street, the pleasing news that they had fallen in for a fortune of approximately two million dollars. They were highly skeptical at first, but upon the fare being remitted, they came to get the money.

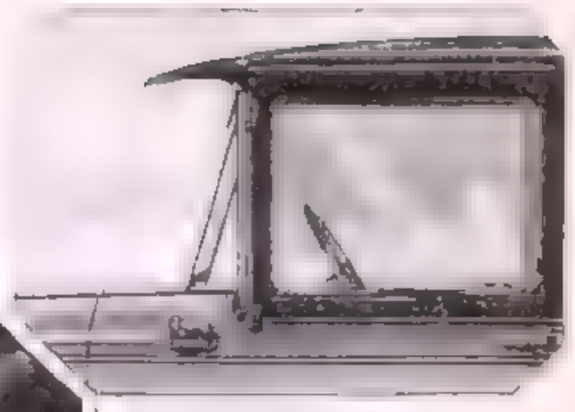
Miss Heloise Fayne and her mother were tried for murder in the Criminal Term of the Supreme Court, New York County, in October, 1916. The jury disagreed and was discharged. They were tried again in December of that year, and after the jury had been out for twenty hours, a verdict of guilty was brought in.

It is said that Mr. Ambrose Hinkle, of Centre Street, refused an offer of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to defend them.

NOTE. The women were released on a certificate of reasonable doubt, pending their appeal. The Appellate Division denied the appeal, automatically voiding the certificate, and confirmed the judgment in the court of first instance. The women, however, had fled the country in the meantime. It is believed that they entered the espionage service of one of the Allied powers then at war, under a promise of protection, and that their present whereabouts, if they survive, are unknown to the American authorities. No record has been found of an attempt to extradite them. AUTHOR.



Under the visor—easily regulated ventilators—let the fresh air in but keep out the rain and storm.

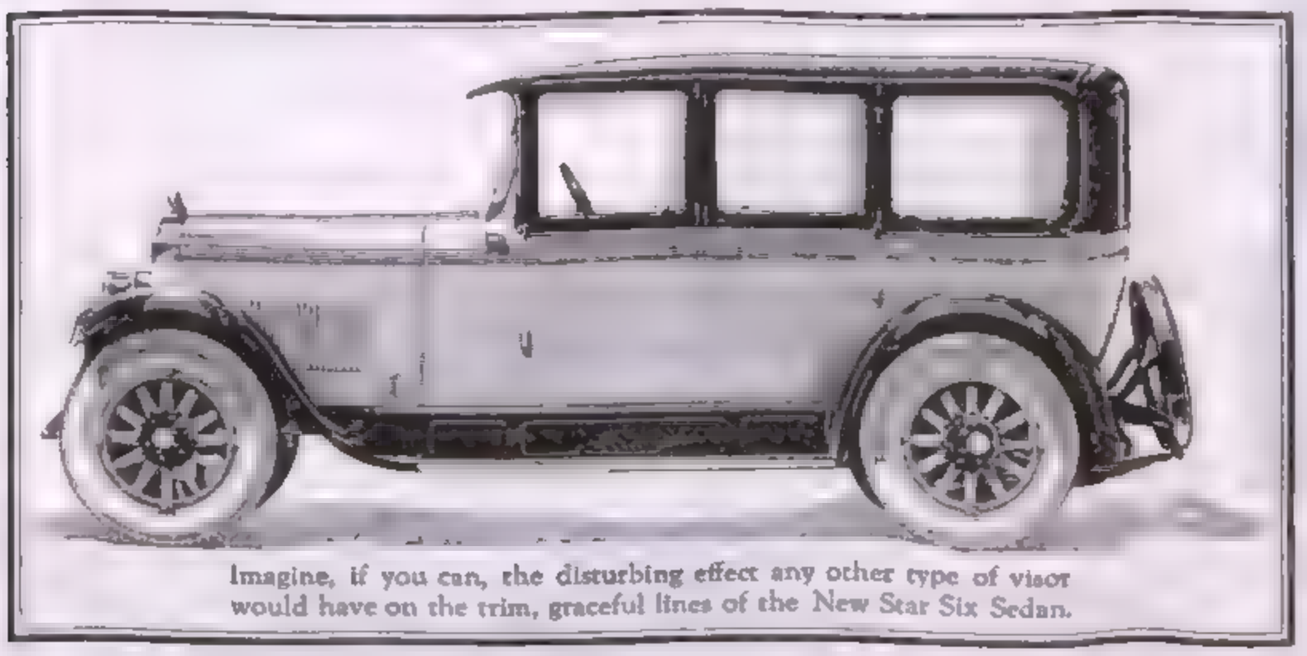


Compare the graceful lines of this new visor (the Hayes-Hunt type) with the old 'lean-to' style, now passe!

VISORS

CLEAN-CUT STYLE, TRIM AND GRACEFUL

"PERFECTION in detail makes a perfect whole" said the craftsman; "Continuity and harmony of line make for superior beauty" said the designer; and thus a blending of the practical and the artistic produced the Hayes-Hunt streamline visor, making a part of a perfect whole what, in many cases, is a rather unsightly and none too practical appendage.



Imagine, if you can, the disturbing effect any other type of visor would have on the trim, graceful lines of the New Star Six Sedan.

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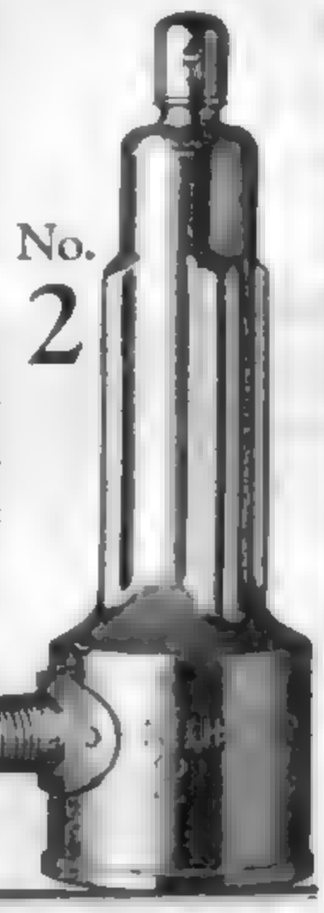
MAKE a test on the radiator that has been the hardest to heat. Change the venting valve to a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve. Notice how quickly this radiator heats. Hours after fires are banked at night, observe that it is still warm. Then consider what would happen if every radiator was fitted with a Hoffman Vacuum Valve. Your neighborhood heating and plumbing shop can supply you with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves.

Sign the coupon below for a book that explains clearly not only how Hoffman Vacuum Valves give greater comfort by keeping out air but why they also permit such a marked saving in fuel.



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PILSUDSKI

(Continued from Page 4)

which again brought Pilsudski to the fore, Poland was the prey of political partisanship. Two evils, not uncommon to countries suddenly endowed with self-determined powers, speedily developed. One was the aid and comfort that the constitution gave to the obstruction of needful national business. This instrument was patterned more after the French than the American model. It made the legislative wing a supreme organ of authority. As a result, the familiar European parliamentary policy of delay which well-nigh wrecked Italy and Spain, and later brought France to her fiscal confusion, worked overtime.

The second was the plague of parties. At high tide there were exactly thirty different political groups. The Poles have a natural passion for politics and they gave it full play. So great was the turmoil that many aliens believed that Bismarck's cynical observation—"Give the Poles ten years of freedom and they will destroy themselves"—would be confirmed before the time he allowed them.

The Peasants' Party, headed by Witos, a small farmer, has been one of the strongest all along. Witos, who dresses the part, for he wears heavy boots and a collar devoid of necktie, served two terms as premier, and remains a personage to be reckoned with. There are three other parties comprising the so-called big four.

Too Late for Legal Action

A tendency to the Left now developed. Meanwhile, Narutowicz, the first president of Poland, was assassinated by a fanatic—it was typical of the tension that prevailed—and Wojciechowski, Pilsudski's old comrade in exile, succeeded him. Polish presidents are elected by the National Assembly.

The country demanded fiscal reform, but on account of the welter of parties and the inevitable bloc system which blocked all constructive legislative procedure, no progress was possible. The time and effort that should have been devoted to the nation's business were consumed by amateur debaters in windjamming or other obstructive tactics. The Poles scrapped the mark and substituted a new currency called the zloty, with a par value of 19.3 cents. It got no support and naturally depreciated in value. Unemployment grew, trade balances fell, and economic depression developed. It was precisely the same situation, economically and politically, that brought Mussolini to the fore in Italy.

But there were other handicaps. Corruption in parliament became a commonplace. With it was linked the ineptitude and inefficiency that usually follow in its wake. A well-meaning cabinet, headed by Count Skrzynski, did its best to stem the tide of bicker and disintegration, but to no avail.

On May tenth, Skrzynski's government fell and Witos again became premier. He not only faced political turmoil and serious economic complication but inherited two problems that were soon to precipitate his downfall. The first was a suggestion to reduce the top-heavy personnel on the railways, which the socialists opposed because it would increase the unemployment. The other was the movement, which the radicals espoused, to cut down the army. The socialists maintained that they had been ignored by the new régime.

There was also considerable talk of a Fascist coup to put down the growing radical wave. I am merely giving a summary of the outstanding events, because we must push on to the crowded hour when Pilsudski intervened.

Through all this confusion which, let me add, aggravated the already serious economic situation, the old warhorse remained in ostensible retirement at his country place, but he had his eye on the main chance. To people who visited him in his retreat he expressed his irritation over the parliamentary procedure, or rather the lack of it. He intimated that the legislative wing of the government was stifling the executive, and that what Poland needed more than anything else was a strong régime that would at the same time be constitutional.

On the day that the Witos cabinet came into being Pilsudski raised strong objection to it. The next morning he gave an interview to the Kurjer Porenny—Morning Courier—one of the leading Warsaw journals, in which he attacked the Witos government as weak and corrupt. The whole issue of the newspaper was promptly confiscated by the government. That night, so the story goes, troops were sent out to Pilsudski's place to arrest him, but he escaped. The anti-Pilsudski group maintain that this attempt at arrest was a frame-up to give the marshal a provocation to assert himself.

Whether this was true or not, it was soon evident that Pilsudski was in action again. Propaganda literature extolling him and excoriating the Witos cabinet, was distributed by motor cars all over Warsaw. In the leading cafés his name was cheered. Those who refused to join were roughly handled. That night three cavalry regiments headed by officers who had served with Pilsudski in the Polish Legion concentrated across the Vistula. They prevailed upon their old leader to join them—he did not need much urging—and the revolt was born. The first idea was to march on Warsaw and force the Witos government to resign. But they did not reckon with the character of the president. As soon as Wojciechowski got wind of what was going on he took measures to protect the capital. He also ordered the insurgent troops to return to their barracks, which they refused to do. Under Pilsudski they occupied Praga, a suburb of Warsaw, on the right bank of the Vistula.

At the start neither side apparently wanted to shed blood. A conference between the president and Pilsudski was arranged. The men who had endured so much to establish Polish freedom now met on the Poniatowski Bridge in a critical hour of that freedom. Behind each was an armed and determined force ready for eventualities.

The president called upon Pilsudski to respect the constitution, which would have meant a peaceful solution. The marshal's reply was, "It is too late for legal action."

"Then we have nothing further to discuss," said the president.

To the Victor

He went back to Warsaw and gave orders to the minister of war to defend the city. Pilsudski returned to his command, which was soon reënforced by two infantry regiments which had been ordered to the support of the government. Before midnight the revolutionists moved into the capital and occupied all the strategic points in the center of the city, except the Belvedere Palace, where the president lived.

Now ensued two days of violent fighting in which 400 persons, including many civilians, were killed and 1000 wounded. Both sides erected barricades and bloody battle raged. Eventually the government troops became outnumbered by reason of defections to the insurgents; their ammunition ran out, and a retreat was ordered to Wilanow five miles from Warsaw. The seventy-year-old president walked the whole way at the head of his troops. At Wilanow he and his cabinet resigned. Rataj, speaker of the Diet—the lower house—became president pro tem., according to the constitution.

On May fifteenth, exactly four days after the revolt began, Pilsudski established himself at the Belvedere as dictator of Poland, thus becoming a full-fledged member of that small but exclusive hard-hitting club of which Mussolini is chairman. I might add that not long afterward one of its shining lights, General Pangalos, who had bossed Greece, lost his membership.

After a conference with the marshal, a temporary cabinet was named, with K. Bartel, former minister of railways, as premier. Now that the machinery of government was under way again, the all-absorbing question arose: Will Pilsudski accept the presidency? That the post was his for the asking nobody doubted. When the matter was suggested to him, he declared that he would not accept the office until the constitution was amended so as to give the chief executive of the nation and the cabinet the right to dissolve parliament and have absolute powers while parliament was in recess.

Despite this condition Pilsudski was elected president when the National Assembly convened on May thirty-first. He refused to accept, but suggested that his friend, Dr. Ignace Moscicki, a widely known chemical engineer, be chosen. On the following day Moscicki, who was without party affiliation and who had previously taken no part in political life, became the third president of the eight-year-old republic.

Since his man was in office Pilsudski had all the power of the presidency without any of its annoyances and responsibilities. Upon the formation of a permanent cabinet, Bartel retained the premiership and also became minister of railways. Pilsudski named himself minister of war. From this comparatively modest position he began to pull the wires.

Everything Constitutional

It is worth stating in this connection that more than half of the new ministers were drawn from the so-called intellectual class and had not been identified with politics. This shows that the marshal was aiming at the evil that had impeded natural progress so long. From the outset Pilsudski showed that he was to be boss. The Belvedere Palace is the usual residence of Polish presidents. The old marshal, however, settled himself there and directed Moscicki to live at the Mazek, the palace of the old Polish kings and later the abode of the Russian governors of Warsaw. It is slightly moth-eaten and lacks both the comfort and location of the Belvedere.

Once in the saddle, Pilsudski lost no time in putting his announced reforms into effect. In one respect his procedure differed from that of Mussolini. In Italy the dictator seized the power and then had the king name him premier and dissolve parliament. Pilsudski kept more to the constitution, but he bent that instrument to his will.

The most important step that he fostered was an amendment to the constitution enabling the president and the cabinet to govern by decree during a dissolution of parliament. All that these decrees need, to have the full force of the law, are the signatures of the executive and his ministers. This invests the executive branch of the government with special legislative powers and also the right to dissolve the national assembly. It provides a whip hand over congress. A stroke of the pen will put an obstreperous body out of commission, and the decree mill can then grind out what is necessary to the boss business. All the while there is no usurpation of any kind, because everything is beautifully constitutional.

With the clearing of the political air came a correaponding improvement in business. Here you have a parallel with Italy as soon as Mussolini came to the fore. The zloty hardened, trade balances became favorable, unemployment decreased, and a general feeling of confidence developed.

(Continued on Page 73)

Long years of service positively assured by

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By J. E. FIELDS

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That means that each Chrysler model carries a great reserve of performance, of endurance, of durability—due to the Chrysler Plan of Standardized Quality.

J. E. Fields

Chrysler's enduring performance is the spectacular, interesting thing about these cars.

But underlying this enduring performance is the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality—a fixed and inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and the Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Thus "purchaser's risk" is eliminated. The purchaser knows that every Chrysler from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced is supreme value in its class. That the value of each is unquestionable.

It is this Standardized Quality, and the certainty of it, that gives to the Chrysler owner the supreme and implicit confidence in his car, even though he demands the seemingly impossible in performance.

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

CHRYSLER

"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

(Continued from Page 70)

One post-coup performance, with a distinct concern for us, was typical of the new state of economic affairs. For nearly a year negotiations have been pending between the Anaconda-Harriman interests and the Polish Government for the purchase of extensive zinc, coal and smelter properties in Upper Silesia. They were part of the immense Giesche holdings and represented an investment of $10,000,000 in good Yankee money. Three successive cabinets had dallied with the deal, and the New Yorkers, with their patience exhausted, were about to quit and go home. Along came the Pilsudski régime, and the business was successfully concluded without delay. The whole story of this transaction, which represents by far the largest American interest in Poland, will be told in a subsequent article. I refer to it here because it shows the attitude of the present government toward practical matters. Pilsudski is no temporizer and he demands action from those who obey his behest.

We can now see how he sizes up at close range. The Pilsudski government had been in power exactly three months when I reached Warsaw in August. Although the smoke had cleared, so to speak, the dictator was not only the man of the hour in Poland but the object of solicitude in various capitals, especially Berlin and Moscow. Though my mission, as usual, was more economic than political, it was important to get a first-hand impression of the individual who had dominated the news of the world while he was staging his comeback.

It is far more difficult to see Pilsudski than Mussolini. The Pole is a soldier, which means that he is not long on talk, as all people discover who have a go at him. He loves power, but likes to project it from behind a camouflage. Furthermore, he resents cross-examination, as this episode shows: Shortly after the revolution he received the foreign correspondents who had flocked to Warsaw the minute trouble started. He answered their first questions with a blunt yes or no. When one of the interrogators persisted in a certain query, the marshal turned abruptly on his heel and left the crowd cold. There was no interview that day or any day after.

Before the presidency matter was settled, a delegation of socialists waited on him at the Belvedere to state their wants. "I'll give you exactly ten minutes," said the great man. When that time expired he snapped, "You cannot have what you want," and the audience was over.

Pilsudski, therefore, is not particularly accessible. He usually receives visitors and delegations on Thursdays, between one and three o'clock. The fact that official missions gravitate to him instead of to the president is only one of many evidences that he is the real head of the government.

The Polish Napoleon

I had started the machinery for an appointment before I reached Poland. Much to my delight, I was notified almost immediately after my arrival that I would be received by the marshal on the following day, which happened to be a Thursday. The hour was set for 1.30.

Pilsudski's office is in the Ministry of War, a huge white building that was once a Russian barracks, and looks like one. Troops in steel helmets are on guard at all the entrances. My first attempt was at the wrong door, and after vainly assailing the guard in every language that I knew, and some that I did not know, I managed to find the main portal. Once inside, I had to get a pass to advance farther. Armed with a document that bore many signatures, I mounted the broad stairway to the second floor. Here I was met by a dapper and agreeable artillery officer, Major Keminski by name, who was one of the aides-de-camp of the marshal, and who spoke excellent German. He led me to a large reception salon, where I found not less than twenty persons assembled

"Are all these people waiting to see the marshal?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then keep me for the last," I enjoined him. He said he would do his best, and left. I also asked him what language I was to use with the marshal, whereupon I was informed that I could use either French or German. I suggested that in the interests of accuracy it might be well to have someone with me who spoke English.

I had ample time to familiarize myself with that reception room. Dominating one wall was a spirited painting of a review of Polish Uhlans before the Grossfürst Constanti in 1815.

Two objects had peculiar significance. They were bronze busts of Pilsudski and Napoleon, and faced each other from marble mantelpieces that stood at either end of the salon.

As I sat there the memory of two comparatively recent experiences was stirred. One was of the last field marshal I had interviewed. It was old Hindenburg in Berlin. The other related to the talk I had with Mussolini at Rome. Pilsudski was more after the Duce model, and I was eager to make a comparison.

A Soldier With Mouthpieces

At two o'clock my friend, the little major, came in, clicked his heels, and read what seemed to be the roll call of visitors. My companions in waiting included a brace of generals ablaze with medals, half a dozen lesser soldier fry, the Polish minister to Finland, and delegations representing social and military organizations, with invitations to the marshal to attend meetings, fairs and celebrations. As each man's name was called he rose, bowed and said what appeared to be the Polish equivalent of "Present." I was relieved to find that my name came last. The major had made good. However long I might have to wait, I would have no person fuming to get me out. As it happened, I had more time with Pilsudski than anyone else.

In less than forty minutes Pilsudski polished off exactly twenty people. The way he disposed of his visitors showed that he was not only a fast worker but had the ability to choke off unnecessary speech, and at the same time make every caller feel that he had received special attention. Despite his gruffness, the marshal is something of a salesman.

At 2:40 o'clock the major, figuratively, gave the all-clear signal, and I went into an adjoining antechamber, where I met Capt. Count Grocholski, who was to interpret in case I needed it. We chatted a few moments until a buzzer sounded and I was ushered into the next room. As the door opened I had my first sight of Pilsudski.

He sat at a flat-topped desk in the corner of a small office that was almost bare of adornment. Behind him hung a life-size portrait of Gen. Ritz Smygley, one of his fighting comrades in the war against the Bolsheviki. There were no other pictures.

Pilsudski was hunched over the desk. At my entrance he straightened up, extended his hand, and said in French, "I am very glad to meet you." He beckoned to the chair opposite and we settled ourselves for a talk. All the while Count Grocholski stood rigidly at attention near the door.

First a close-up of the man. Pilsudski is a far from impressive figure. He is spare, wiry, with stooped shoulders. Toughness and tenacity are evident in his frame. He lacks the smartly turned out appearance of Haig and Foch. Hindenburg is better groomed. He wore a blue-gray uniform that had seen considerable service. Indicating his rank were the two crossed batons on the collar of his tunic. Although he has a chest of decorations, he wore only one. It was the Virtuti Militaire—Military Virtue—Poland's Victoria Cross, and is bestowed only for valor.

Although unprepossessing, there is an arresting quality about the man. His face, which has a Mongolian cast, is seamed and lined. Those years of exile, prison and flirting with death have written their ineffable record there. His eyes have a quick gleam suggesting the swift swoop of the eagle.

His thatch of grayish hair stands up almost straight, and his mustache is heavy and drooping.

With Pilsudski I had a new experience in that I was subjected to no rigorous cross-examination. Men like Mussolini interview their interviewers, especially when they knock about the world. They are always athirst for information. Not so with the Marshal of Poland. He merely asked how long I had been in Warsaw and got on the job without delay.

At the outset I asked if I could speak German, since I functioned in it more fluently than in French. "Yes, yes," he answered. Then he said, "As a boy I learned both English and French, but I later forgot most of it. When the war began and I fought in the Austrian army against the Russians, most of the German came back, and also the French."

"What did you speak when you were in exile in England?" I queried.

With this he gave a growl, his nearest approach so far to a laugh, and replied, "I did not speak much of anything. As a matter of fact, I could never master English, although I read it. Somehow I cannot get English words out of my throat."

The moment I began to ask him questions, he said:

"I do not like to be interviewed, although I will do the best I can for you. I am a soldier, and a soldier's business is not to engage in much conversation."

Let me interpolate here that Pilsudski's almost chronic refusal to talk for publication stands him in good stead. After the revolution he said to an old associate, "Why should I commit myself on national and international questions when I have a whole cabinet of ministers to do the talking?"

Knowing how well America stood in Poland—it was a relief to come at last to a country that did not bristle with resentment at our prosperity, or had a grouch about the war debt—I first asked for a message of some kind to the United States. I felt that this would loosen the talk waves, and it did.

No Imperialistic Aims

Pilsudski said, "Poland's message to America needs no formal utterance. America is our friend, and she has proved it on many occasions, never more so than in the dark days that beset us after the Armistice. The free and independent Poland is inseparably linked with our gratitude to America for her help in establishing it. What we want almost more than anything else is a growing economic relationship with her."

Having established the conversational entente, I now proceeded to ask him for an expression on the future of Poland. The marshal's retort was:

"That is a difficult question to answer, and one which requires much thought. It is my firm belief that we have achieved political stabilization at home. We are still beset by enemies outside the republic. One thing is certain, however: Poland is now united. As a coördinated nation with a common ideal of patriotism, she will go forward to realize her economic destiny. Economic revival must follow political order."

Up to this time we had talked both in French and in German. In view of the more or less ticklish nature of the questions I proposed to propound, I thought it advisable to call in the count, who still stood at attention. I, therefore, said to Pilsudski in my best German, "Suppose we call in the *Herr Capitain*." Every title in German is prefixed by the word "*Herr*."

At this the marshal burst into a real laugh. "*Herr Capitain*," he repeated with almost a chuckle. "No one would recognize him on parade if he were addressed in that way. Our friend here should be called *Herr Rittmeister*."

Then I looked down at his boots, and saw that he wore spurs. The reason for the marshal's mirth was evident. The count was a cavalry officer, and in German a cavalry captain is called *Herr Rittmeister*. All other captains are *Herr Hauptmann*.

In this little episode, which put the old fellow in good humor, I saw one reason why Pilsudski's men adore him and follow blindly at his call; this, too, despite the fact that, so the story goes, he does not hesitate to box their ears when they irritate him. The count now came up with a broad smile on his face, and the interview was resumed.

"What about all this alleged Polish imperialism?" I now asked. The European press had been full of reports of impending Polish aggression in Lithuania and elsewhere, and it was a live subject. Pilsudski responded in this wise:

"I have said 'no' to this question so often that I should think that by this time the world realized that Poland has no imperialistic aims. Poland covets no new territory. She stands unalterably by the Treaty of Versailles. Our task, and it is a big one, is to develop what has come to us as the heritage of the World War, and for which we fought."

Lead Pills to Cure War

Since Pilsudski's army effectively prevented a Bolshevization of Poland, and therefore prevented a Red invasion of Germany and Central Europe in 1920, I next put this query: "What is the future of Soviet Russia?"

There was no hesitancy in the marshal's reply. With more emphasis, perhaps, than he had used at any other time during the talk, he declared:

"Bolshevism has reached its peak. The Soviet Government has made so many promises of great things and failed to realize them, that the world has now come to the conclusion that, economically and politically, the Bolshevik system is a failure. It is doomed to inevitable destruction, and I doubt very much if it will spread outside of Russia. Always remember that prosperity is the strongest enemy of Bolshevism. The world seems to be coming into a new era of progress, and Sovietism cannot flourish amid progress."

My final question was: "What is the formula for European peace?" To this Pilsudski made the following reply:

"This is one of the most difficult of all questions to answer. The reason is that you must combat the age-old tendency of the human race to quarrel and fight. Had the League of Nations functioned as was expected, it might have built up a vast and effective machine for world peace. But so far it has failed of its purpose.

"Thus it is left to the nations to do what the League has not done. My idea is that the nations who sincerely want peace should unite against those who want war. If the war element wants fight, let them have it until they are cured. In this way war can be outlawed. The United States, with its immense resources and prestige, could be a great agency to this end."

I saw that it was three o'clock. Knowing that the marshal invariably left his office for lunch at that hour, I produced the photograph of him which is used in this article and asked him to sign it. This he did most graciously. He then told me that he was glad I had come to Poland to find out at first hand just what was going on. With this he shook my hand warmly and I went my way.

A contrast between Pilsudski and Mussolini is inevitable, and for obvious reasons. For one thing, they are the outstanding figures in Europe today. No others approach them in vividness of interest or personality. Secondly, they are bound to affect and shape the course of international events during the next six months.

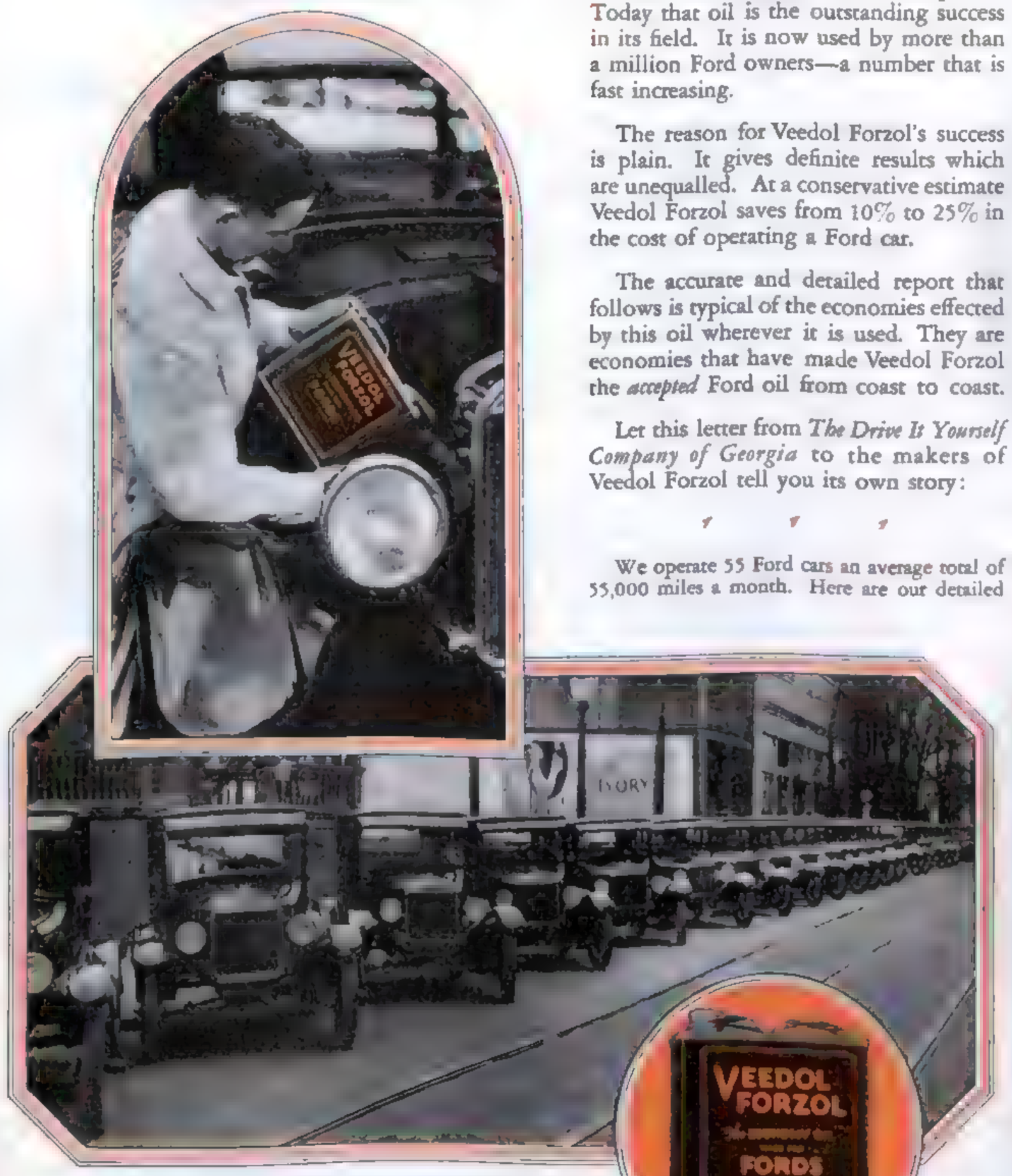
Let us first see what they have in common. Both are fighting socialists, but they have not hesitated to use reactionary

Continued on Page 77

This OIL saves the owner of 55 FORDS nearly $4,000 a year

M B Henderson, *Pres., The Drive It Yourself Company of Georgia*

Because of "8 definite operating economies" The Drive It Yourself Company of Georgia uses Veedol Forzol exclusively.



THE *fleet of 55 Fords of The Drive It Yourself Company of Georgia. Veedol Forzol reduced operating costs of these cars an* average *of almost $70 per car, a year.*

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LESS than 5 years ago Veedol Forzol, an oil created exclusively to lubricate the Ford car, was first offered to the public. Today that oil is the outstanding success in its field. It is now used by more than a million Ford owners—a number that is fast increasing.

The reason for Veedol Forzol's success is plain. It gives definite results which are unequalled. At a conservative estimate Veedol Forzol saves from 10% to 25% in the cost of operating a Ford car.

The accurate and detailed report that follows is typical of the economies effected by this oil wherever it is used. They are economies that have made Veedol Forzol the *accepted* Ford oil from coast to coast.

Let this letter from *The Drive It Yourself Company of Georgia* to the makers of Veedol Forzol tell you its own story:

* * *

We operate 55 Ford cars an average total of 55,000 miles a month. Here are our detailed operating costs per month before we used Veedol Forzol and after we adopted it:

Before using Veedol Forzol

Cheap oil, cost	$137.00
Replacing 44 sets of transmission bands at $5.00 a set, cost	220.00
Gasoline, 3055 gallons at 21 cents a gallon, cost	641.55
Total cost per month	$998.55

After adopting Veedol Forzol

Veedol Forzol, through greater oil mileage, only cost	$ 83.05 (a 40% saving)
Replacing 4 sets of transmission bands at $5.00 a set, cost	20.00 (a 91% saving)
Gasoline, 2749 gallons at 21 cents a gallon, cost	577.29 (a 10% saving)
Total cost per month	$680.34 (a 32% saving)
Total saving per month	$318.21

That is a total saving of $3818.52 per year on our operating expenses, effected by using Veedol Forzol Motor Oil. An average yearly saving of almost $70 a car.

An interesting thing that our records disclose is that had Veedol Forzol cost us $3.65 per gallon, it would have been as economical as the cheap oil we were using at 50 cents per gallon.

We want to express our appreciation of the splendid service your oil is giving us and the very material saving it has effected in our operating overhead.

(Signed) M. B. Henderson, *President*

* * *

THERE is nothing unusual about *The Drive It Yourself Company's* experience with Veedol Forzol. Any Ford owner can obtain definite economies by using this oil. These savings are made in eight ways, "The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol":—10 to 25% gasoline saving; elimination of costly chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% saving in carbon; resistance to heat and friction; resistance to fuel dilution; increased ability to coast; reduction of repair bills.

Today, stop at the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have the dealer drain your crank-case and refill with this economy oil made exclusively for Fords.

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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE
America's foremost character actress

"... this car should find favor with anyone possessing a sense of the unusually desirable and beautiful."

MR. LEE DEFOREST
Leading engineering authority

"I know of no engine other than the sleeve-valve Knight which actually improves with use."

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
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"Next to my favorite saddle-horse, give me this spirited Willys-Knight Great Six."

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JUST nineteen months ago, transpired one of the most significant events in 10 years of motor-car progress . . . a new and brilliant chapter was written into the record of the American-built automobile.

A new-type car—different in its conception, different in its engineering, different in design from anything that had ever preceded it—was first presented for American consideration . . .

The first modern Knight-engined motor-car . . . the Willys-Knight Great Six . . . in which the most advanced engineering accomplishments of Europe and greatly improved American performance standards were merged into one.

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An extremely powerful car, very fast, exceedingly active . . . powered with the exclusive Knight sleeve-valve engine, protected by patent, which other manufacturers would pay millions to get.

A motor which years of tests have proven the most efficient automobile motor built . . . the same type of power-plant used in the French Panhard and Voisin, the Belgian Minerva, the British Daimler-Knight . . .

A car whose marked beauty is conspicuous even among the most beautifully-designed cars . . . whose fittings and appointments rank in richness, in luxury, in comfort, with the utmost the world's finest cars afford . . .

It was inevitable that the Willys-Knight Great Six should step quickly into a preferred place in public favor . . . a position it has so improved that today it is second to none in sales among luxury automobiles.

No carbon troubles—no valve grinding —up-keep cost cut to half

Two items alone—grinding valves and removing carbon—account for at least one-half the upkeep cost of the ordinary automobile . . . Every owner knows that . . . With the Willys-Knight Great Six there is no such expense . . . There are no valves to grind—no carbon to remove.

WILLYS-KNI

"WITH AN ENGINE YO

y to congratulate you on the
succeeded in turning out."
der of King Alfonso of Spain.

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t remarkable tribute any motor car

GHT *Great* SIX
'LL NEVER WEAR OUT"

Every owner of a poppet-valve car knows, too, that he has more lay-ups and more annoyance because of carbon cleaning than for any other reason . . . For this, he pays. Not only in money. But in loss of the service of his car.

Carbon cannot harm the engine of the Willys-Knight Great Six. Hence, carbon troubles, and the expense and inconvenience of remedying them, never enter into its owner's calculation . . .

In fact, the presence of carbon in the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine only serves to seal compression, to prevent waste of power . . . It is a desirable agent. Instead of hampering or harming, *it actually helps this engine to perform.*

It follows, naturally, that no automobile, regardless of its cost—if equipped with the poppet-valve type of engine—can escape a *loss* in power, a *loss* in efficiency, from the first day its engine starts to run . . .

With the Willys-Knight Great Six, the exact reverse is true . . . It *gains* in power. It *gains* in engine-efficiency. It *gains* in smooth and silent running. It *improves* with use . . .The patented Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine is the only motor-mechanism known that, to a limit never yet reached, grows better with every mile!

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Willys-Knight Great Six Touring $1750; Roadster $1850; 4-passenger Coupe $2195; 5-passenger Sedan $2295; 7-passenger Sedan $2495.

New "70" Willys-Knight Six, a car of 113¼-inch wheelbase—companion car to the Willys-Knight Great Six—Touring $1295; Roadster $1525; 2-passenger Coupe $1395; Standard Sedan $1395; De Luxe Sedan $1495; f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

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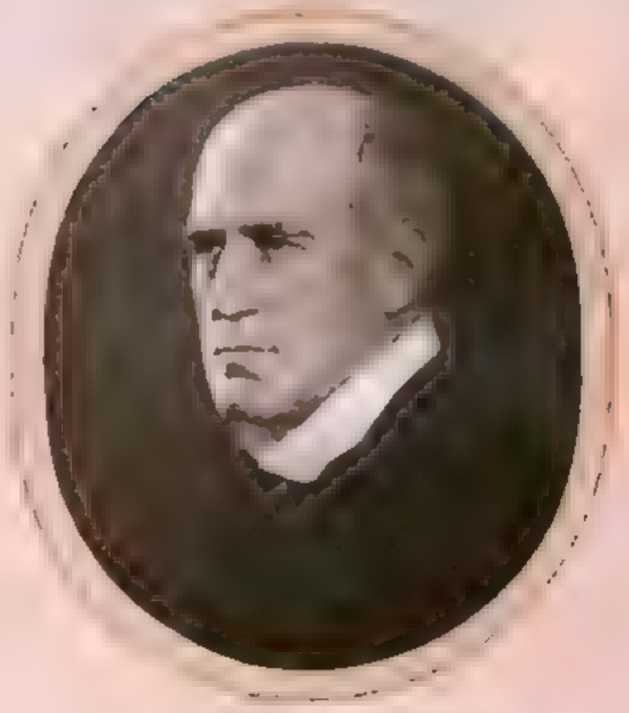

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MISS ELSIE DEWOLFE
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"Someone with a true sense of the fitness of things conceived the appointments of this motor-car."

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Correct wiring takes careful planning

YOU can tell a house in which the wiring has been planned—not just "let" to the man who handed in the lowest bid. There's a light just where you want it over your mirror. There's an outlet in the hall for your vacuum cleaner. There's provision for every electrical convenience! Comfortable living centers around good lighting and electrical convenience. But good wiring must be *planned!*

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

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The G-E Wiring System is planned wiring—carefully developed by engineers and architects, so that it is adaptable to any home. Adding but a tiny fraction to the cost of a house, it assures you enough lights—plenty of outlets and switches—wise arrangement. More—it gives you a sense of security to know that all the wiring materials that are sealed into your walls are made and guaranteed by General Electric.

Call in a reliable contractor—and specify a G-E Wiring System.

G-E WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 72)

means. In fact, each is a combination of radical and imperialist. Every agency is grist to the play of their ambitions. When he was chief of state Pilsudski said:

"Although the whole past drives me toward government with the Left, there is something above the Left. That something is Poland. If I do not find the necessary and competent help on the Left, I look elsewhere."

This means that throughout his strenuous career Pilsudski has invariably put Poland above party. He regards his country as a child over which he must exercise supervision. If that child is naughty he chastises it. When it is menaced he rallies to its aid.

Mussolini has something of the same attitude toward Italy. Both are animated by a flaming sense of patriotism that is almost fanaticism. Incidentally, and regardless of whatever view you may have of their methods, they are not only incorruptible but poor men. Pilsudski's salary as minister of war is not more than the equivalent of $2500 a year. He refused to accept his pension as marshal. Here the parallel ends. Mussolini has real qualities of vision and statesmanship; Pilsudski is merely a blunt fighting man, and is more like Gen. Primo de Rivera in Spain. Mussolini has wrought economic marvels; Pilsudski cleared the ground for fiscal and other reconstruction.

In personality these two remarkable men are far apart. Mussolini, at forty-three—he is sixteen years younger than Pilsudski—is the dynamic incarnation of masterfulness. In technic he is a super Roosevelt, adoring the spotlight, and dramatizing himself in everything he says and does. He has the fluency of the professional reformer. Nothing from dress reform to imperialism has escaped his criticism and suggestion. He is perhaps the world's greatest showman.

Pilsudski, on the other hand, although bluff and arrogant, fights shy of the press agent. As I have already pointed out, though he loves power, he prefers to exercise it from behind some façade. Yet he shows an occasional flash of vanity that is in sharp contrast with his avowed reticence and reserve. Here is an example:

Shortly after the installation of the president, there was a gala night at the opera in Warsaw. The new president, who is a shy and modest soul, appeared quietly and got only a faint round of applause. There was not much cheering after the national anthem had been played. After the first act was over, Pilsudski arrived with his entire staff, which distributed itself throughout the house. The moment the marshal showed himself in his box there was a wild tumult, and he got a tremendous ovation. In the phraseology of the stage, he had made a good entrance. Of course it had been carefully planned. This episode is strongly reminiscent of Mussolini methods.

A Publisher's Subsidy

Where Mussolini gets his diversion by racing a motor car like mad, Pilsudski goes in for quieter things. His great hobbies are agriculture and the planting of apple trees. His secondary interest is in beekeeping. It is difficult to imagine the dictator of Italy engaging in such a truly rural and Arcadian performance.

To round out this narrative it is necessary to visualize briefly the story of Pilsudski's life up to the time when he again assumed the chief rôle at Warsaw in May. I doubt if any living person has endured so much and survived.

For nearly forty years he has dodged death in some form. A past master of plot and Putsch, his title of the Great Conspirator is well bestowed.

Born at Vilna five years after the last organized Polish revolt against Russia, he imbibed hatred of czarist rule at his mother's breast. She, by the way, was the model for the heroine in Sienkiewicz's famous novel, The Deluge. His family for decades had been revolutionists. When his eldest brother was sent to Siberia for complicity in the attempt on the life of Alexander III, Josef, then only sixteen, dedicated himself to vengeance. In this he had a kinship with Lenin, who became the avowed enemy of czarism on the day his brother was executed at the behest of a military tribunal

Before he was twenty Pilsudski had allied himself with the Polish Socialist party. It was largely through the efforts of the groups of revolutionaries whom he soon dominated that Poland developed into Russia's Ireland. Pilsudski became editor of a revolutionary paper that was printed in a Vilna cellar. The place was raided by Cossacks, and he was packed off to Siberia for five years. Upon his return he turned again to his revolutionary tactics. One of the first steps was to resume the publication of the journal which had been suppressed while he was in exile. When he needed money for it he raided the office of the imperial tax collector. With a sense of humor that has stood him in good stead in many a tight corner, he invariably left a receipt.

Now began a series of brilliant and daring exploits. One will illustrate the type of adventure that he indulged in. Ten of his Polish corevolutionists were condemned to death in the Warsaw citadel. In some way Pilsudski obtained a blank order signed by the military governor for the release of ten prisoners, and calling for their delivery to a lieutenant who would carry them off in a police van. The future Marshal of Poland recruited six of his most trusted colleagues. Then he obtained six gendarme uniforms and an army lieutenant's rig for himself. In these uniforms, and under his command, the party appeared at the citadel, effected the release of the prisoners, and got them across the frontier with fake passports.

The Cloak of Insanity

Pilsudski's activities had made him a marked man. The office of his revolutionary sheet was raided again, and he was once more apprehended. This time he was sentenced to death in the Warsaw citadel. He cheated the hangman in characteristic fashion.

By this time Pilsudski had built up a powerful underground organization, and it rallied to him. With the aid of the prison doctor, who was a friend of Pilsudski's father, a scheme was framed up that the prisoner should feign insanity. This he did in such realistic fashion that he was deemed a dangerous lunatic. It was the rule not to execute insane persons, so Pilsudski got a lease on life while the second phase of the program was hatched. All queer prisoners were sent to the grim old Fortress of Peter and Paul at the then St. Petersburg, and he was shipped there. Meanwhile, the underground organization planted one of its members—a well-known alienist—in the medical staff of the fortress. It was his job to observe the "mad Pole," as he was called. Pilsudski cleverly kept up the deception until one night the doctor brought him an orderly's uniform in which he escaped. A week after he was in Vienna.

During the next few years, Pilsudski, now a nomad and in league with revolutionists abroad, kept up his campaign against Russia. When the Russo-Japanese War broke, he saw a heaven-born chance to harass his enemy. Conceiving a scheme to organize a Polish regiment to fight with the Japanese, he went out to Tokio and put the proposition up to the Nipponese Government. The plan was rejected, and he established himself in England, where he worked with the same Wojciechowski whom, as you will recall, he turned out of the presidency last May.

Returning in disguise to Poland, he collected some of his old colleagues and interfered with Russia's war preparations by destroying munition plants and operating against the mobilization of Polish soldiers for service in Manchuria. He also started the organization of series of rifle clubs composed of boys in their teens. These clubs later became the nucleus of his fighting army. Likewise, he laid the foundation of his famous Polska Organizacja Woyanna—Polish Military Society—which became known throughout the country as the P. O. W.

The outbreak of the World War gave Pilsudski his great opportunity, although for a time the outlook was dark. He saw two of the ancient oppressors of his people—that is, Germany and Austria—arrayed against the third despoiler Russia. Obviously, from the patriotic standpoint, he could not fight with any of them, nor was it possible for him to align himself on the side of the Allies. He made the best of a bad bargain.

In 1914 he organized his Polish Legion and joined the Austrians, who made him a brigadier general. His force made many successful sorties into Russia. With the unification of the armies of the Central Empires after the great Russian retreat, Pilsudski now found himself under German command. Next to the Russians he hated the Germans most.

Always a conspirator, he turned against the Germans. He felt that their cause was doomed, and that the time would come when his country would be free to assert herself as an independent nation. He took up anew the expansion of his P. O. W. By day he was an officer in the Austrian army, but at night he was enrolling his old revolutionary comrades and the now grown-up members of his rifle clubs against the day that they would fight under the white eagle of Poland. Soon he came under suspicion. It so happened that the Polish Legion was in the army corps commanded by General Bernhardi, the rabid militarist, who was perhaps the most active press agent of the Hohenzollern idea of world conquest. His well-known book forecast the World War and was food and drink to the old army ring at Berlin.

A German Prisoner

Bernhardi saw an easy way of getting rid of Pilsudski and his troublesome Legion. He ordered them into a suicide sector. In two days' fighting they lost one-third of their personnel. Ordered in again, Pilsudski promptly refused, was arrested for mutiny, tried and sentenced to death. One hour before the dawn of the day set for his execution, he was reprieved at the request of the Austrian High Command, and confined in prison at Magdeburg. This was in 1917.

When the German Empire collapsed, Pilsudski was released from prison by the new republican government. Upon his reappearance at Warsaw he received a great and tumultuous welcome. His name was magic. Around him gathered the forces that were now to make a desperate struggle to build up the nation thrown up amid the wreck of war. I have already shown how he became chief of state; how he cleared the country of the Bolshevik invaders and fought the Ukrainians. He was literally the rock upon which the republic was reared. It was largely due to his strong hand that a permanent government was organized and that some degree of peace and reconstruction came to the long-embroiled land.

When Pilsudski retired to his estate in 1923, it was with the belief that Poland could carry on. Inaction probably irked him. Be that as it may, the welter of political confusion and corruption, and likewise a growing tendency toward radicalism, gave him the provocation for reëntry upon the national stage. Perhaps he also sensed the menace of a fourth partition of his beloved Poland. Like a twentieth-century Cincinnatus, he literally turned, not from the plow but from the pruning knife, to organize the coup that brought a new deal.

Such is the romance of Pilsudski's life. It has been a continuous serial of national service. No wonder he is called the Soul of Poland.

America's Part

One final question: Will Pilsudski, or rather the régime that he dominates, last? Upon his tenure of power hinge fateful events. Obviously any government of which he is a part—and such is the case, for he is minister of war—seems safe. He is the watchdog of the republic, and is apparently appeased now that he has had his way. Because of the amendment to the constitution which he engineered from behind the scenes, his agent in the presidency can govern by decree, and can also dissolve parliament. Thus, if the legislative wing is not to his liking, he can have it choked off. So far as it is humanly possible to make a forecast about a country as politically emotional as Poland, the immediate future appears secure.

The situation differs from that in Italy. All the Italian eggs are in one basket, because Mussolini is the head, front and center of everything governmental. Should ill befall him, there is no one big enough to step into his shoes. Pilsudski's passing would be a serious loss to Poland, but it would probably not precipitate the confusion, or worse, that the death of the Duce would inevitably bring about. He has able lieutenants.

Moreover, Poland now realizes that it is up to her to go in for a drastic economic housecleaning. Pilsudski has cleaned the grafters out. The way is clear. On the whole there is a sincere desire to go ahead. In this advance American money and technical skill are likely to play a large part. The Anaconda-Harriman deal marks the beginning of a big Yankee penetration. Two-thirds of the outstanding Polish Government obligations are in the United States. We are building $12,000,000 worth of public utilities. An American is national financial adviser, much to the irritation of the Germans, and to a lesser degree, the British. All this, however, is a later story.

It is on the external political side where the real danger lurks. Germany has succeeded Russia as Poland's pet aversion. Now that she is in the League of Nations she is certain to make an issue out of her racial minority. Her penetration and propaganda are prodding the Poles hard. There is always the hazard of conflict over the lost part of Silesia. German-encouraged resentment in Lithuania is brewing further friction. All the while Russia looks askance from the east. Poland may be the new spark to set Europe ablaze.

Hence the importance of having Pilsudski on the job at Warsaw. His presence there means a big army fit for the fray. In this preparedness may lie a guaranty of peace. Whatever happens, Poland and her marshal remain a vital center of world interest.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel Chassis construction. Superb cabinets. All sets can be run from house current with Freed-Eisemann power units.

SPEED WINGS

(Continued from Page 11)

Incidentally, the Curtiss Company was building two racing planes for the Army at the same time, and these two machines were being constructed in another building, entrance to which was permitted only as a great favor. I was too busy learning something about my own plane to worry about any of my competitors' entries at this particular stage, and I used to spend hours sitting in my plane while it was on the factory floor, accommodating myself to the cockpit appointments. Experience has since proved to me that this is most important in order that the pilot may automatically locate the throttle, the carburetor-mixture adjustment, and get the feel of the rudder and the elevator and aileron controls, without spending valuable time feeling about for them while in the air, and incidentally becoming accustomed to looking over the side of the plane for judging distance from the ground—a most necessary feature for landing and taking off. We all rightly knew, at this point in our inexperience, that in landing and taking off we would encounter our greatest hazards and dangers.

My plane was finally rolled outside the factory door for its motor ground test and I took my place in the cockpit and the motor was started. Before a plane is permitted to take the air, chocks are placed in front of the wheels and the motor is started and run wide open at varying speeds, to insure that it will function properly in the air. This is called the ground test. After thoroughly warming up the engine and checking the water and oil temperatures, the oil pressure, and the gas pressure, I opened the motor wide. What a roar! That was the greatest horse power and noise that I had ever sat behind. The plane was taken over to Mitchel Field, Army Air Service, and serviced with gas, oil and water, and we waited for favorable flying conditions.

The next day was bright and clear, and the air conditions were everything a pilot could ask for. Mind you, none of us knew anything about flying this type of ship, and the only man who had made a success of flying this particular one was Bert Acosta, a crackajack civilian pilot. I could have benefited greatly by chatting with him and taking advantage of his experience, and would have learned some very important points about its peculiarities, but he was nowhere about. While the engine was being tuned up, I remember sitting on the ground a short distance away, calmly smoking a cigarette in an attitude of carefully assumed composure. Then and there did I get a real clear shot right through the middle of human nature. The average human is a master fake, hiding and concealing his emotions and thoughts, and expending great energy and effort in pretense.

An Authority on Fear

There I was, thoroughly scared, sitting calmly by, smoking, and my only consolation was the satisfaction I achieved from serenely flicking the ash from my cigarette and realizing that not one of the hundreds of folks looking on knew or even guessed how thoroughly scared I was. I have never hesitated to speak openly and freely about fear and my experience with it, to the apparent surprise of nonflyers. If experience means anything at all I am an expert in discussing the subject, for, as a matter of fact, I have been scared so darn often and so thoroughly and in so many different ways in the air that I don't hesitate one moment in claiming the status. Perhaps my frank confession is based on an effort to prove something else, and you can guess what it is yourself when you learn that it has always been my claim that the man without fear is the man without brains. Be that as it may, we all know the sensation and might just as well confess to it calmly and without shame. The next few minutes were mighty potent for me, as I alone knew how much they might hold.

The mechanics idled the motor and signaled that everything was running beautifully, and I climbed in and strapped on the belt which was to hold me in the plane, and quietly registered a hope that things would continue to stay beautiful while the plane was turned around and taxied out onto the field, heading into the wind. Taking final stock of the business in hand, I jammed the throttle wide open, and away we went in a cloud of dust and noise; and for the next few minutes I was very busy looking around and trying to find out what was going on and what it was all about.

I stuck my head out to see what was happening and I thought my head was coming off. My goggles were blown clear off the plane and my eyes were so bothered by the wind that I could hardly see. I climbed up a couple of thousand feet and dug out my spare set of goggles and took charge of this aerial bronco. After sailing around at a reduced speed up there for a while, I gradually found out that this plane could be handled and that it was very pleasant to fly and that I was in command of an airplane possessed of wonderful possibilities for turning, twisting, climbing and straightaway speed.

Landing an Express Train

I forgot to tell you that at this time, in aviation racing, we had neglected to put air speed indicators in our speedsters, so I didn't know how fast I was going, and didn't care particularly, since it was fast enough for me. About this time I decided that in as much as I had never landed this dancing ship it might be good business to attempt the operation while my motor was performing properly, and an air speed indicator would have been of great assistance here in aiding me readily to reduce my unaccustomed speed to a safe minimum. A pilot should always make one or more landings when he is flying a strange ship, just as soon as he has tried out his controls and mastered the general handling and the stalling speed—flying at the lowest speed at which his plane will remain in control—of his ship, because while the motor is still functioning properly it is always possible for him to rely upon it and correct for a bad landing or overshooting his field by going around and trying another approach. So down I went for my first landing in a racing airplane at seventy-five miles an hour. Not less!

I slipped over the hangar roofs and tried to bring the plane close to the ground at a low rate of speed, but by the time I had lost my speed I had also lost my aerodrome by overshooting it. Around I went again, maneuvering for the position I thought proper, cut the gun and repeated the operation. By gliding too fast I overshot the field again and was forced to keep on going around. By this time I could see that the people on the ground were getting worried, but I knew I was safe as long as my motor kept running.

I think it was on the fifth attempt that I decided a safe landing might be completed, and on my way around the field at about 500 feet the odor of burning rubber attacked my nostrils. This will chill any pilot to the bone. Now, by gosh, we'd land, and right away too. Smoke started to come up from the engine cowling—hood—to be shortly followed by a tiny red flame, and to have let panic take charge now would have ended things in a mess. The plane seemed to glide and glide forever, and was still going too fast to put the wheels down. Meantime a million thoughts were running through my mind—that burning-rubber odor meant that some of the rubber on the ignition wires had broken and allowed a spark to ignite the insulation and some leaking gasoline. At last the wheels touched the ground with a thud and the plane rolled to within about twenty feet of a

(Continued on Page 80

STEINWAY

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ditch at the end of the field, and I hopped out.

This was my first landing in a racing plane at a landing speed of seventy-five miles an hour. The plane was not equipped with fire extinguishers and I had nothing to check the fire with. The flames were leaping up through the hole in the cowling which was designed to admit air to the carburetor, so I climbed back into the plane and took the thin seat cushion I had been sitting on and stuffed it into the opening, and so prevented the flames from spreading too quickly. I tried to lift the tail around into the wind and let the breeze keep the flames from spreading to the rest of the ship. Here was my precious entry for that greatest of all aviation events—the Pulitzer Race; my dream and ambition—going up in smoke. About this time automobiles and side cars arrived from all sides and I found people wringing my hands—people who had been talking quietly to me only a short time before.

We finally subdued the fire without serious damage and went on with our flights next day, after installing an air speed indicator and a few hand fire extinguishers. At this point I vowed never to take my place in a racing plane without first requesting that the field fire engine be started and kept running until I had completed my flight.

Many men who have since heard me make this request have smiled at it and joked about it, but one whiff of burning material in a ship which lands at greater than express-train speed will wash out any smile and still any joke.

The Texas Wildcat

After the first flight and all this excitement, I started in to ascertain just how much speed my ship would make. The Curtiss people had estimated its maximum rate at 185 miles an hour, but the best I could get out of it was only 182–183 miles an hour. Many changes were made and different propellers were installed and still no increase in speed was noted.

By this time Lieutenant Brow's ship was about completed; it certainly looked much cleaner in point of streamlining than mine, and I started to worry. He tested his ship over a timed course and it achieved the great speed of 198 to 199 miles an hour. That finished me. I was beaten before the race.

I tried to coax the Curtiss people into installing wing radiators similar to Brow's. Nothing doing. They did not have time, neither had they a contract or money from the Navy to do this; so I hurried to Washington, and after being turned down half a dozen times I reached Admiral Moffett's ear, and he authorized the Curtiss people by telephone to make the change if they could do so in time. Here was another rub—could they do it in time? No! They didn't think they could, and so on. Well, to make a long story short, they made the change to get rid of me, for by this time my nagging was driving them crazy.

When this had been straightened out and the Curtiss officials and myself had started saying good morning to each other as of yore, my search for more speed had brought to light the fact that there was a ship in one of the outlying sheds which had never been flown wide open and which had untold possibilities.

It seems that this ship had been flown in the Omaha event in 1921 and had remained at about 1000 feet all through the race, and that the pilot had claimed that it was a crazy craft and would kill someone. I stoutly urged that the plane be wheeled out and made ready for flight. I remembered afterward how the Curtiss people had looked when they granted my request. Someone had said that the ship should not be flown. Oh, what did that matter! I could and would fly it, and wide open too. I had to eat those words later. The crazy craft was known as the Texas Wildcat, and its name signified something too. There was only one glimmering of reason in my determination to try this plane—I must have more speed—much more—or I would be facing defeat a long time before the race even started.

They finally put the plane on the field and told me to tear along. The pilot seat was almost on the tail, and the middle wing shut off the pilot's vision for landing and taking off. If you ever see a pilot sitting that close to the tail of a machine, you can just possess yourself of the idea that every raising and depressing, however slight, of the nose and tail of that plane will alternately tend to throw him through the bottom or pitch him clear of the plane. Away we went, this Wildcat and myself, and it required a very long ground run before it finally lurched into the air; and then things began to happen.

It could not be held in level flight and I felt as if I were flying like Mother Goose—away out on the end of a broom. First I was pressed down into the seat, then straining against the belt which anchored me to the plane, then over against one side, then against the other, and all these things over and over again. The plane answered instantly to the controls; it was supersensitive and bounded all over the heavens. By dint of hard work I finally got it on an even keel and headed for the time course, where observers had been stationed to record my speed.

A racing plane must be flown in level flight for at least three miles before it can attain its maximum speed; it takes a run as long as that to get fully under way. I flew around to a point about three miles from the measured course and opened her wide. At first things were fair enough; the plane danced, dived and reared, but maintained an approximately even 500-foot altitude until the airspeed hand reached about 185 miles an hour. At this point we were crossing the western end of the speed course, when lo and behold, the nose went down slowly but definitely, and the plane started on a long parabola toward the ground. I drew back on the stick, but still we tore toward the ground. That was one point in my aviation life where the plane had the best of me. My controls brought no response, and while still diving straight toward the ground and a terrible mess, I cut the gun, and just about when I had given up hope the plane suddenly reared on its haunches and charged up into the air 1000 feet or more.

Aerial Blindness

On my way to almost instant death, I had concluded that the tail surfaces had carried away when the machine failed to respond to the controls, but when I reached a safe altitude I looked around and found that the control surfaces were intact, and the plane was flying fairly well. Then it struck me all at once that there must be something wrong in the angles at which the wings and the tail stabilizers were set, and this might have caused the queer stunt, though only at very high speeds. So I opened up the motor once more—at 2000 feet this time, so we'd have lots of room—and sure enough when the air speed indicator hand roamed up to about 185 miles an hour, off we went in another mad dash to the ground. I cut the motor, and when the speed dropped below 180 miles an hour the plane reared its nose and again charged heavenward. There was the whole story. Then I understood and appreciated why that savvy pilot a year ago had remained pretty high all through the race, and had not traveled wide open. We learn as we go, I hope, and I have learned from this and other experiences not to charge in where smart men have feared to tread. So back we went, my aerial rabbit and myself, and landed on the home field. The propeller was changed and the angles I have mentioned were altered to a proper relation and I flew the ship several times and it behaved very well. This instance presents one of the fascinating features about aviation today. The game is new and has not yet reached the stage where every operation has been covered by some definite teaching or by some well-checked rule. We are all experimenting, pioneering, and to the pilot who veritably eats, sleeps and drinks aviation, aeronautics presents a lure to be found nowhere else in the world.

Consider, for instance, the problems of turning high-speed planes at sharp angles and the effects upon the pilot. The first time I ever snapped a racing plane—old No. 6080—into a sharp turn, everything went black before my eyes. I simply could not see until I had completed the turn, and for an appreciable length of time thereafter. After this first experience of strange blindness I hesitated a long while before telling anyone of it, for fear that it might have been occasioned by some personal physical defect, and if this were so, then I'd lose my chance to enter the race. But after reasoning the whole thing out and trying the experiment several times at a safe altitude, I decided that it was merely a normal reaction. However, when I told people who had not flown in high-speed planes, I was greeted with a smile, and someone promptly said "bunk" or something of a similar import. The difficulty of those who ridiculed the idea was that none of them had attempted to snap one of these high-speed planes into a ninety-degree turn wide open, neither had they experienced the panicky feeling of sailing along at 180 miles an hour or better, unable to see.

The Way to Fly

Up to this time it had been possible to bring about a partial blindness by diving a plane for a great distance and then leveling out sharply into horizontal flight, but never had we had ships which could go fast enough in level flight to bring this blinding result about by turning sharply.

A few days later, Lieut. Russell Maughan, Army Air Service, one of the greatest pilots I have ever seen, verified the blinding effect of turning a high-speed plane at a sharp angle, and as Homer quaintly tells us—when King Tyndareus, the father of Helen of Troy, questioned his queen as to the unearthly beauty of their daughter, his queen readily attributed her dazzling pulchritude to Jupiter, and the story goes on—"and this satisfied everyone, and the king——" With Lieutenant Maughan's corroboration, therefore, everyone believed.

Centrifugal force is the name of the force which holds the water in the bucket while it is being swung overhead, and it is this same force which presses a pilot down in his seat while the airplane is in a turn. The faster the machine flies and the sharper the change of direction, the stronger will this force become. While in such a turn, or in fact any perfect turn, the pilot finds that he is held in his normal sitting position, with no tendency to fall toward the low wing. And when we come to realize that this centrifugal force necessarily applies to the pilot as well as to the plane, we find that it tends to strip the blood from his head, producing what the medical profession calls anæmia of the brain, with a resulting temporary blindness. It seems logical to believe that at some tremendous rate of speed, say 500 or 600 miles an hour, a sharp turn might well so disturb and interrupt the action of the heart as to effect instant death.

It is all very plain now, but it must be remembered that some years ago we knew much less than we do now, and the first human to do anything new is confronted with the handicap of lacking a precedent. Remember also that when this disturbing reaction was first reported it was incredulously received by the best flying ability of that time.

This brings us to a discussion of the actual flying of an airplane. There are many ways of flying, over and above the strictly right way and the wrong way. I have always gone on the theory that unless I run the plane it will run me, and the surest way in the world to become really familiar with and thoroughly master of a

(Continued on Page 83)

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(Continued from Page 80)

high-speed racing plane is to take it up to a safe altitude and proceed to twist it, turn it, stall it and keep it on anything but an even keel, in order to learn all its peculiarities, so that in time of emergency, when a quick, decisive maneuver is necessary, the pilot will know just how far he can go, and won't hesitate to go the limit.

I have studied closely some pilots for whom I have great admiration, such as Jimmie Doolittle, Russell Maughan, Hoey Barksdale and Sandy Sanderson, Steve Calloway, Dave Rittenhouse and many others, and their methods of attacking such problems, and they all follow the same general plan: First studying the plane, taking it off the ground in the best-known orthodox manner and, when a safe altitude has been reached, putting the craft through its paces. The idea is excellent, and they gain real command of their planes much sooner than the pilot who simply takes his plane into the air and sails around on an even keel and depends upon mere passage of time in operating the craft to become possessed of most necessary knowledge which may be needed right away.

The Art of Scaling

In language stripped of all things technical, and speaking by way of analogy, the basic principle which makes it possible to keep an airplane in the air is the same principle which permitted us as boys to scale a clamshell or any flat surface for a much longer distance than we could throw a round or square stone. The clamshell tended to remain floating as long as it traveled at a certain speed, and as soon as it lost its speed it dropped to the earth in a glide. We all recall seeing some of these same shells scaled up to a height and then on the downward flight come sailing back to the thrower, while the stone, as we remember, merely described a parabola and landed when its propelling force had been spent. An aircraft is merely the clamshell greatly enlarged and equipped with devices—that is, motor and propellers—which are a continuation of the thrower's arm, and which keep the scaling device going at the necessary speed. As soon as this device—the motor—ceases to function the scaling plane loses its forward speed and starts, in what we call a glide, to the ground.

According to the length and breadth of the wings of an airplane and the weight which must be carried, there is a definite minimum speed at which the plane must travel to remain controllable and stay in the air. This minimum speed is called the stalling speed, and when the attempt is made to hold a plane in level flight traveling below this stalling speed, then something happens. The nose will drop down sharply and the plane will dive straight down if the controls are held in the neutral position; or if they are held so as to give the plane a tendency to assume circular motion, then we find the plane progressing toward the earth in a tail spin or a spinning nose dive. The normal plane is so designed that a neutralization of the controls will stop the spin and place the plane in a glide which may be regulated within certain limits by the pilot. Flying is therefore merely the finely developed art of scaling, and this picture becomes mighty interesting when we conceive of such aircraft as we see flying today, weighing from 700 to 30,000 or 40,000 pounds, and realize that they are merely scaling through the air.

When a pilot's motor stops he must push the nose of his plane down to permit gravity so to act on his machine as to maintain a certain safe minimum speed. When this happens he is not permitted to loiter around and remain suspended in the air in order to pick out a landing space—a potential necessity which must be always kept in mind. In landing he must always make contact with the ground headed into the wind, in order to touch his wheels at the lowest possible rate of speed. There you have a simple picture of what is known as a forced landing, and any pilot who can fly cross country for any long period of time and meet all motor-stoppage emergencies, always landing in well-chosen spots and always judging his distance and his terrain with precision and courage, is both lucky and clever. You may notice luck obtains first place, considering all other things equal, such as the pilot's ability to think quickly and clearly, his training and experience, and the care he took to see that his plane was ready before he started.

Another interesting occurrence which took place in the testing of No. 6080—the Curtiss Navy racer of 1922—was an attempt I was forced to make at landing cross wind at seventy-five miles an hour. In order to appreciate just what landing at this speed means, try to recall your ideas as you stood close by and watched an express train whiz along, if you live in a section of the country where they have express trains. Add ten or fifteen miles an hour to that and rearrange your picture accordingly, and keep these ideas in mind so you can appreciate what is coming. For just as the ordinary service plane must be landed pointing directly into the wind, so is it necessary that a pilot be more than careful in following this precept when landing a racer.

This particular day, after I had taken off, the wind switched from up and down the long run of the field to directly across the field, coming from over the hangars. Too bad, it is true, but, nevertheless, I had to land sometime, regardless of the wind direction. So I sailed around for five or ten minutes trying to figure a way out or, rather, into my hangar. And here is the way it worked. Down I went and placed my wheels close to the hangars and on a heading parallel thereto. The landing was fine, and nothing happened until I had lost a lot of my speed after rolling a good long way, but was still skipping along at about forty-five or fifty miles an hour, when the wind took charge and whirled my plane around, heading into it. The whirl about took place with such suddenness and such force that instead of just turning ninety degrees the plane swung about in its own length, stuck the left wing into the ground and narrowly missed going over on its back. The wing tip was broken and the tires were torn off and the landing gear was strained and cracked. This was getting away very cheaply, but I had come close to wrecking the entire plane.

An Army Victory

We all had learned something very important from this incident. When a plane is standing on the ground the only parts which touch the ground are the two wheels up toward the front of the plane and the tail skid—the spring affair projecting from the tail in the form of a shaft of strong wood or spring metal which rubs on the ground while the plane is moving. You can see that this stick, or tail skid, in its drag over the ground would tend to slow the plane down materially after a landing and guide it somewhat on a straight ground run. The tail skid on my plane was flat on the bottom and therefore did not tend to hold the machine on any given course; so we replaced the flat skid with a knife-edge surface, and this did actually keep the plane running straight, and we had no trouble thereafter in landing cross wind. All our racing planes have been equipped with this knife-edge tail skid since that time; such is the story of progress—wreck or near wreck, alteration, correction, refinement in design, and that much nearer perfection.

Shortly after this the new, secretly constructed Army planes made their appearance, and oh, my, what they did have in speed! Two hundred and ten or twelve miles an hour. Everyone was amazed.

The Pulitzer Race came along in due course of time and the Army won it hands down. Lieut. Russell Maughan, U. S. A., finished first at 206 miles an hour, and Lieutenant Maitland, U. S. A., won second place at 202 miles an hour, and Lieut. Hal Brow, U. S. N., third at 193 miles an hour, and myself at 188 miles an hour in fourth place. You can readily appreciate how my wing radiators helped my speed along, but nothing like enough to worry the planes which finished first, second and third.

It is interesting to note that these wing radiators were placed on my plane the day before the race and I tested my ship the afternoon of that day. That Pulitzer Race was a nightmare to me. In such an event the planes are started separately and run against time. If such an event were run like a horse race there would undoubtedly be collisions, and the winner would be the lucky one who lived through the mad mêlée.

The race was staged that year at Selfridge Field, just outside of Detroit, Michigan, and the course was triangular and laid out over Lake St. Clair. Away we went at the appointed time, one after the other. My race was intensely interesting, even though the result was mighty discouraging to a young racing pilot.

No Time for Joy-Riding

The first grief came when my helmet blew up, or, rather, was torn to pieces by the wind, and the ends flapped so violently as to raise welts on my face. Then the fire extinguisher hopped out of its holder. It bounced all around among the controls, and I was afraid that it might have become jammed in such a way as to put my plane out of control, so I reached down and grabbed it and tucked it under my arm. There I was, trying to keep my torn helmet out of my eyes and to hold the fire extinguisher under my unengaged arm, and trying to fly the plane with my other hand. Then the fire extinguisher started to leak and run down my left side; and let me assure you that any fire-extinguishing fluid will cause considerable burning sensation when held close to the body by clothing that is fairly dripping with it.

All this time I had to keep on the course and get the most out of my ship, and I was as busy as a group of bootleggers dividing the profits after a big haul. Oh, yes, it was a great race for me. It was my first attempt, and defeat taught me more than I could have learned by winning.

I carefully noted certain points for future reference, and you will soon see that these experiences had a direct bearing on my winning the following year's Pulitzer Race at St. Louis. For this event I inspected all types of goggles and purchased two pairs of those best suited for my work. I designed my own helmet and took my plan to a harness maker in St. Louis a week before the race, and he made it up, and I used the helmet in the Pulitzer Race and for every occasion since then which has required special equipment. I learned that a racing pilot must know every foot of the race course, and that this involves a tremendous lot of work. The race course is laid out in triangular form, and the pylons, or markers, are more than ten miles apart, making a circuit of more than thirty-one miles in length, around which the entries make four runs for a total distance of 124.27 miles.

There are no marks placed on the ground between the pylons, or turning points, so a pilot must go over the course with a fine-tooth comb and pick out identification points all along the route. Sometimes the marker is a house of peculiar color, or a queer dent in the horizon made by the contour of some distant hills against the sky, or a railroad track, or some similar object—anything, in fact, that will identify the course in the pilot's mind and enable him to fly it with extreme precision. To become familiar with every detail of such a course requires that a pilot fly over it again and again. In fact, even though I had traversed the St. Louis course twenty-five or thirty times, I could not afford to let my gaze wander for an instant during the race.

The St. Louis event in 1923 marked great improvement in planes and motors. We had looked on the 1922 Army planes as the last word in airplane design and were taken entirely by surprise when we looked at what the Curtiss Company had built for

—straight talk

There's more to weaving fine woolens than meets the casual eye. Climate, for instance. Climate made Bradford, England, the recognized fabric center of the world.

Here in the Willamette Valley, climatic conditions are very much the same as at Bradford. Just enough moisture in the air to produce a mild, mellow atmosphere that keeps the wool soft and pliable. Air that is too dry hardens the fibre, making it brittle and difficult to handle.

Then, there's the water. Every pound of virgin wool that comes to our mills is scoured in the pure soft water from melted mountain snows. It cleans the wool to snowy whiteness without the aid of injurious chemicals. All of the original virtues of virgin wool are retained.

I tell you these things so that you can get a definite picture of the quality of Jacobs Oregon City virgin wool suits and overcoats . . . because these garments are designed and tailored in our own shop, from woolens fresh from our looms.

Virgin wool is wool right from the sheep's back. It has life—luster—vitality. Don't confuse Jacobs Oregon City virgin wool suits and overcoats with ordinary "all-wool" varieties of clothing. There's a big difference.

Virgin wool garments wear longer—that means added value. They hold their shape, too. As to style, tailoring and fit, Bond Street, Piccadilly and Fifth Avenue have nothing on Oregon City!

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A. R. Jacobs

P. S. If you're fond of fishing I shall be glad to send you a little folder telling about those 30 and 40-pound Royal Chinook salmon we land right below the Falls, not 100 yards from the mills. Address me personally, A. R. Jacobs, President—

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I'll be in it all the time!"

IT happens every day: A woman chooses the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair for the living room—because it harmonizes so perfectly with her other furniture, because it makes such an ideal "occasional" chair. And then the "man of the house" sits in it once—up goes the "Reserved" sign—it's *his* chair after that!

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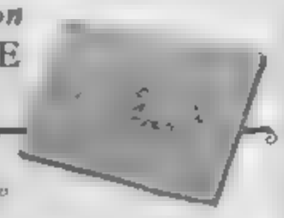

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the Navy for this 1923 race. The new planes were much harder to land and take off, due to the upper wing being placed on top of the fuselage, thus cutting off the pilot's view; but our experience of the year before permitted us to meet this new difficulty without much trouble. The ship had been beautifully streamlined and all the rough spots eliminated, and most important of all, these ships were equipped with metal propellers. Up to this time metal propellers were known to be much more efficient than the wooden propellers in point of speed, but had been used only on low-speed planes and engines. The wings were built along lines hitherto unknown, and in general the entire ship looked cleaner and stronger.

Lieutenant Brow and I were assigned to fly the Curtiss Navy entries, and Lieutenants Calloway and Sanderson were nominated to drive two planes which were being built by the Wright Aeronautical Company. Lieutenant Brow's ship was ready first and he tested it in a masterly fashion and achieved the phenomenal speed of 248 or 249 miles an hour in straightaway flight. My ship was ready soon afterward and, as they were sister ships, reached the same high speed of 248 or 249 miles an hour. At this time our entire attention was focused on finding the most efficient method for turning these ships. That question had not been settled by the previous year's race, because some experts claimed that a sharp turn was best and others that a long gradual turn would bring the best results; but at any rate we all agreed that the pilot who should first learn which was the better way would be in possession of a big handicap.

The Shenandoah

When you begin turning planes traveling at such speeds, a turn that is too sharp will cause you to lose twenty to thirty miles an hour on your air speed indicator and a drop of from 100 to 200 engine revolutions a minute, and since it takes time to regain speed and the full revolutions again, that type of turn must needs be eliminated; while on the other hand, a turn which is too wide might keep your air speed meter and your revolution tachometer reading constant, and you might be forced to cover too much territory to complete the turn and thereby lose many precious seconds.

To make a long story short, I found out ten days before the race that there is a compromise point between the two extremes, and that this point is reached in the sharpest turn when the air speed meter and the tachometer readings will remain constant; and speaking for those among you who have flown airplanes, only to that point in a bank and turn where the rudder and flippers are about to interchange functions, and only to that point where the rudder is used solely for the purpose of turning the plane and not to keep the nose of the craft from tilting up. I kept this bit of news to myself, as it was too important to be broadcast.

A few days before the race we received word that the ZR-1, later christened the Shenandoah, the first American-built rigid airship, was on its way to St. Louis. The huge air liner was making what proved to be a flight of great experimental importance. She had left her hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and was proceeding directly to St. Louis. It was a great bit of news and all airmen were intensely interested in keeping track of her progress.

This type of aircraft alone enjoys the distinction of rightly deserving the name aerial liner. She had left her home to journey about 1000 miles without stopping, and with no concern about flying cross country at night without the aid of elaborately lighted airways. She was a real air liner and was taking up the task of continuing on past the definitely marked limitations of the airplane. An airship may lose all her forward progress, and hover about, and still remain under control and perfectly safe, but not so with the airplane. Where the function of one ends the other begins, and that is why the Navy is pioneering in this extremely important field.

In time of war a suitably built and equipped airship may be sent 1000 miles or more off our coasts to take her post as sentry, and remain there a week or ten days. Her scouting value will be beyond measure, and her radio communications as to the composition and disposition of the hostile fleet will permit us to prepare for the defense of such points as will be indicated by the very nature of the information furnished. All the officers of the Navy racing team were standing officer-of-the-day duty in turn at the little camp we had established, and one officer remained in camp while the rest went into town each morning. I was lucky enough to have the duty when she arrived.

Our camp was on the alert at three A.M. and we were straining our eyes and ears to pick her up. Just at dawn she hove into sight, and presented a beautiful picture. The first rays of the sun were gleaming along her sleek silver sides, and as she turned to circle the field the light played along her entire length. She shone resplendently in the dim early morning, like some visitor from another world, as she majestically executed her maneuvers preparatory to landing, and our good old flag never looked so beautiful as it did at that moment, fluttering from her halyards.

It is pretty hard to awaken warm enthusiasm among humans at that early hour; but for some reason unknown to us all, everyone, from the officer of the day down to the cook, gave voice to a rousing cheer, as if we had won a great victory, and then each turned to look at the other in self-conscious confusion at the spontaneous outburst. We fueled the big airship and replenished her larders, and assisted her to make ready for her return trip. A few hours later Admiral Moffett embarked, her lines were cast off, and she made off into the distance.

This is just a little glance at what happens to be a rare picture now, but which will be commonplace in the not distant future. A few days later Admiral Moffett returned by airplane in time to witness the race.

The day before the race I thought of a little psychological stunt which might not aid and assist my opponents. After the manner of one who is making a great fuss to hide his intention, I tipped off a few people to the fact that I was going around the race course once with my racing ship wide open, and asked them to use a stop watch and check my time.

Applied Psychology

Brow and I knew that our ships were capable of traveling within a mile an hour of each other, but we did not know what the Wright Company's entries would do. We had 510-horse-power motors and their planes were equipped with motors which were reputed to develop close to 800 horse power. Everyone watched everyone else during those days. I started around the course and came to the first pylon, ten miles from the starting point, turned there and headed toward the next pylon, and when I had come to within a few miles of it I left the course and hurried by a short cut back to the home pylon, and flashed past the finishing line and landed.

The amateur timers were stumped. I had made the thirty—as they thought—miles at the rate of 248 miles an hour, and as a plane's time around a closed course is always five or six miles less than its straightaway speed, due to turning losses, everyone believed that I had done something to my ship, or had found a way to eliminate the turning losses. At any rate everyone but myself went home that night feeling blue; they could not get that 248 miles an hour out of their heads, and it suited my purposes beautifully.

Another point which I was soon to see had been left untouched was the manner in which the different pilots intended to start the race. The home pylon was right in front of the judges' stand, and the starting and finishing line was at right angles to the home stretch. The instructions we had received were interpreted at first glance to mean that we would each come down the home stretch wide open, cross the starting line and turn at the same time, and then away for four times around. I have already pointed out that turning this type of plane always means some loss in speed, and here was a turn right as we went over the starting line. After studying the rules I found that the instructions might also be interpreted so as to permit me to eliminate the first turn and come across the starting line at such a slight angle that I could speed on the first leg of the course without turning. This scheme was mine and I kept my own counsel.

I had a hunch that while this plan was perfectly legal, it might take the judges by surprise and possibly elicit a ruling against me; and oh, what a lucky thing it was for me that I journeyed over to the judges' stand before the race and explained what I wanted to do! They listened to me, but they were so busy arranging their electrical timing devices that they merely O. K.'d the idea, and I went back and made ready for the race. I found out afterward that the judge who saved me from being disqualified was Mr. Otis Porter, and he reminded the others, when they mentioned disqualifying me, that they had just heard my plan and had agreed to its legitimacy. They were tremendously surprised, however, when I came down from behind them in a terrific, roaring dive from about 3500 feet and crossed the starting line without turning. The diving start and the elimination of this first turn practically won the race for me.

Checking the Course

After flashing by the starting line my immediate task was to get my ship on the race course and keep it there at all times. If it were possible to fly such a race at 500 or 1000 feet altitude, there would be very little difficulty on this score, but from a height of 200 feet the pilot's range of vision is greatly restricted by a close-up horizon. It must be remembered also that a racing pilot, traveling wide open, can see only dead ahead, or straight over the nose of his machine, and then only by looking through the two little glass inserts which are six inches long by three inches high. Necessarily there is no such thing as looking over the side, since the wings are directly in the line of vision, and anyhow it is impossible to project one's head out into the terrific wind stream.

But, getting back to the story of the race again: I had just passed the starting line, and my course brought me about 100 feet to the right of a tall tree at the end of the field. Having passed that, then directly over a group of red farm buildings with white trimmings. There it was. Now for a windmill, which had to be passed about 100 yards to the left. That checked perfectly, and now the course was straight ahead; then for the right bank of the Missouri River; the distinguishing mark here was a sharp rise in the river bank. As soon as I reached the river I dropped down between the banks in order to take advantage of their shelter from the strong cross wind. All these points had to be picked up and checked instantly, or I would have passed them and been off the course, and then disaster would have ensued.

The next mark was a mud flat in the river, and when that had swept by I started looking for a white patch on the far bank of the Mississippi River. I headed straight for it, and after a few seconds of flying an old railroad station came into view. Half a mile this side of it I knew I must start on my first turn. Around I swept, and I could clearly see the pylon and the observers on top of it. There was a railroad track which paralleled this new leg of the course and I had to fly about a hundred yards to the right of it. Where were those high-tension

(Continued on Page 86)

Ten Years *from your* Life
$ 30,000 *in fines*

Disease vs. Health

Defendant ignored symptoms, refused to put in a defense. When apprehended at his office he was found guilty and brought before the court for sentence.

Judge: You are hereby sentenced to lose ten years from your life and to pay fines of thirty thousand dollars in lowered ability during the time left you.

Defendant: But . . . my family . . . my whole life . . . I'm in my prime . . . I can't afford . . .

Judge: Next case.

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ALIKE to men and women who ignore constipation and to those who await each attack before applying a remedy there comes a day of X-ray pictures or a physician's diagnosis. It may be ulcers, appendicitis, tumors, diseases of kidney, liver or heart. Life is shortened. Earning ability cut in half. No more play. Pain and poverty till the end.

More body-knowledge needed

Learn about the inner workings of the body and possess a 4-day trial of a famous, drugless, dietless, nature-given preventive of all constipation. This requires merely the sending of the coupon below. Thousands thank this offer for renewed health and safety from disease. You—no one—should neglect it.

Constipation — internal poisoning — is often hidden. Its victims are numbered in millions, yet nine-tenths do not know their ill.

In the bends and folds of the five-foot-long intestine particles of food-waste lodge. These are breeding places for parasitical germs that manufacture poison. The blood-stream is polluted. First symptoms are headaches, jumpy nerves, insomnia, listlessness, debility; eventual results are serious diseases.

The new nature-given health

Now thousands have found new health and freedom from all this hidden constipation. They have discarded harmful drugs and cathartics. They observe the simple rules for healthful living. Night and morning, as regularly as they brush their teeth, they take a swallow of the nut-tasting Nujol, to correct any tendency toward faulty elimination.

This taking of Nujol is with perfect safety to all the rest of the body. Nujol is non-medicinal and is not absorbed by any part of the body. It removes poisonous waste, restores physical vigor, soothes fretted nerves.

Nujol has the marvelous power to work on the food debris alone, to soften masses in the intestines, and to keep all moving outward, regularly, thoroughly. It never interferes with digestion, and can be safely taken even in sickness or convalescence. Nujol is, in fact, recommended by physicians for expectant and nursing mothers, for youngest babies and for elderly people as well as for men and women in athletic prime.

Your difference in feelings even after using only the 4-day trial bottle of Nujol (that offered in the coupon) will tell you how much you have suffered in the past from hidden constipation. Though your internal poisoning may have been very slight, beginning to get safely rid of every trace of it is a thousand times worth the trouble of sending this coupon.

If you go straightway to your druggist and obtain a full sized Nujol to start taking it tonight, you should still send the coupon for the book, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." This comes in handy many times for self and family. No money necessary for book. And while Nujol is at all druggists' everywhere, this book and trial offer are given only occasionally.

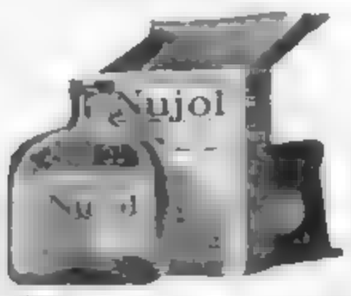
Don't trifle with symptoms

Taking pills, cathartics, purges or any drugs *may* stop for a *short time* the ill-feelings, the symptoms of constipation. BUT THEY DO NOT STOP CONSTIPATION. Destroying warning signals doesn't prevent accidents—nor sickness and disease. Better to be always SAFE and never have either symptoms or constipation. That means taking Nujol—the pleasant tasting, thorough-going remedy derived from Nature. At all druggists'—in convenient-sized bottles for family or self. Start Nujol today.

Nujol

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation



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Accept This TRIAL Offer

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Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Defeating the Enemy of Health." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

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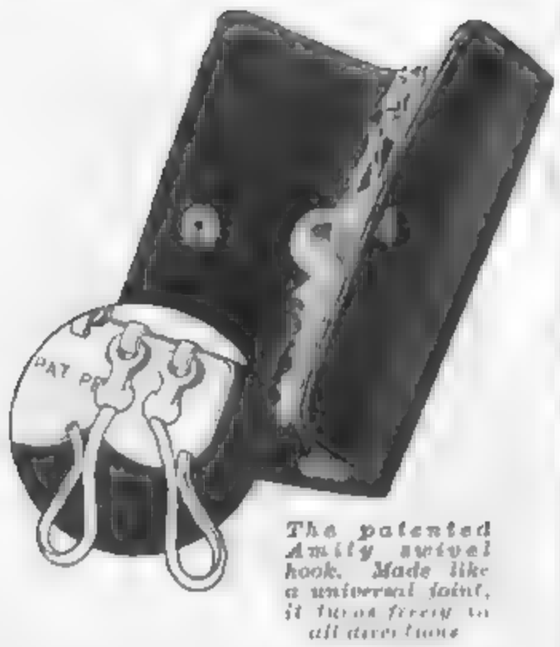


The patented Amity swivel hook. Made like a universal joint, it turns freely in all directions

50 cents for this cowhide Amity Key Kaddy

You need pay only 50 cents for this splendid Key Kaddy, made of genuine cowhide with strong metal assembly. The patented features found in all Amity Key Kaddies include the swivel hook. This hook swivels freely in all directions without jamming. You can turn the key any way you wish without turning the Key Kaddy itself. Keys automatically lie flat when closed. The Key Kaddy is *safe*, because the hooks will neither catch nor break. Made in four, six and eight hook sizes, in all popular leathers, to match Amity wallets. The well-dressed man now has his wallet and Key Kaddy match. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis.

If Stamped

AMITY

It's Leather

Amity Goatskin Key Kaddy, with laced edges and hand tooled emboss design. Six hooks $1.50. Others from 25c to $12.00.

(Continued from Page 84)

wire towers which cut the course here? They should have been right ahead. They were not there! Seconds flitted by. Still no wires! It became necessary to nose the plane down a little to increase the range of visibility. That cost time, but the dip revealed the towers. I was still on the course and the dip was repaid! Dips were for extreme emergencies only. Time was precious! Next, a red granary swept by and then two placid little ponds appeared, one on each side of the railroad track, which warned me that the second leg was almost completed and that there was a pylon a short distance ahead and that another turn had to be started just as a pile of rocks flitted by.

The Home Stretch

The turn was over and I was now on the last leg, headed for the home pylon and timers' stands. This was a difficult leg. There were no places to drop into in case of motor trouble, except the Missouri River, which lay about four miles ahead. A forced landing on such terrain would have shattered the ship like an eggshell, and there were no outstanding landmarks by which to identify the course. It was necessary to drop to about fifty feet over the trees and head for a patch of fir trees. There they went, and now it was necessary to bear a bit to the right to cross that little island in the river at the proper point. There it was, and not such a bad shot at that. Now for the ridge which hid the home field. My course was marked by a great dead tree, which stood stark against the sky. That had to be passed close by, but it was sensible to jump up to about 200 feet here to clear this marker with safety. Not too high, however, because that would have cost precious seconds. A flash and it was gone! And now there was plenty of room ahead. The hangars were a white blur; the huge crowd was just a black mark. There was the big white starting line, then a turn, and then off to run the course again! Three more times the course had to be traversed in this manner, and then the home stretch and the finishing line. During all this time I had to keep the keenest kind of watch over my instrument board. There was the tachometer, which had to be watched for the slightest variation. This meant power, and it had to be held at the maximum. There was the water gauge, and if that started to climb I was going to have trouble—and maybe too soon to permit me to reach the home field. The gasoline-pressure gauge recording the pressure at which the fuel was being supplied to the engine had to be watched, because if this pressure dropped, the hand pump had to be operated immediately or the engine would stop. Also I had to watch the oil-pressure and oil-temperature gauges most closely. If the oil started to rise in temperature there would be excessive friction and abnormal heat would be developed somewhere, and the oil pressure would drop; or perhaps the oil-pressure pump might have failed, which would have been recorded instantly on the gauge. And as a normal oil-temperature and oil-pressure reading meant that all the whirling, whipping, moving parts of the engine were being lubricated properly, it was extremely necessary constantly to keep this gauge in view.

My ears told me if my motor skipped a beat, and my sense of feeling instantly apprised me of any unusual vibration. Every once in a while my gaze went back to the air speed meter to be sure that the ship was still making about 247 or 248 miles an hour. At all times I was subconsciously and mechanically checking the actual operating of the plane's controls, keeping the ship at the required altitude and on a sufficiently even keel. While all these demands were being made and satisfied, I always had to have some definite plan in mind to meet a possible engine failure and the consequent forced landing. And if this grief had cropped up I had to be able instantly to decide upon which direction to turn and how far I was from an emergency landing field. A great part of this business may be attended to, it is true, long before the race, and when the industrious, painstaking pilot has worked out all these details he can tuck them away in the back of his head and carry on with the rest of his work.

At last I found myself coming down the home stretch, and breathed a sigh of relief that my motor had continued to roar steadily and smoothly. I had not seen a single airplane and wondered what the judges had clocked my speed at. By consulting the chronometer on the instrument board I knew that I had completed each lap in a little more than seven minutes, and the whole race—124.27 miles—in a little more than thirty minutes.

How great that fraction was, I knew, would be of extreme importance to me, and in my haste to get out of the air and find out, I neglected a good safe rule, and used up the entire field while making my landing. Ordinarily, before attempting to land, a cautious pilot will always circle his home field a few times at the low speed of a hundred miles an hour or so, after flying for any length of time at excessive speeds, in order to become accustomed to handling his controls at the reduced speed, and to accommodate his eyes to the change. My sole excuse was my anxiety and haste to find out what that fraction over thirty minutes flat amounted to. I called to the first mech who came within hailing distance, and he yelled "233 miles an hour," and I well remember snapping back, "Oh, hell, it's over 240."

Then someone called, "243.67 miles an hour," and I knew, not that I had won but that I was well up in the running.

As I had started before Brow I naturally had finished and landed before he completed his last lap, and until the news of the time he had made on this last lap had been announced, I did not know that I had won a Pulitzer Race and was proud possessor of my greatest ambition.

Then the commotion started. Admiral Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, was first to reach me. He shook hands heartily and seemed very much pleased. I then had to find my coat and cap and necktie. And the admiral, in high spirits at the Navy victory, passed me his cap and urged me to wear it. You can't really appreciate this unless you know that an admiral's service cap is fairly drenched with glittering gold and a lieutenant's cap has only one small gold band on it. The admiral could well afford to be pleased, in as much as it was directly due to his initiative and farsightedness and energy that the Navy had built these ships to win.

Precious Seconds

Then followed a multitude of handshakes, and I was hustled over in my smoky clothes to meet the governor of Missouri and Mr. Orville Wright and his sister, Miss Catherine Wright, and almost everyone in the world. On my way through the surging crowd I received a real tribute from a real person. I felt someone tugging at my smoky shirt sleeve, and upon turning to see who was seeking to attract my attention I found that the tugger was a small freckle-faced boy who boastingly called to his friends, "I touched him." That was a compliment worth remembering.

My first lap was at the rate of 245 miles an hour. It was my fastest lap and the fastest time made in the whole race. I finished first at 243.67 miles an hour, and Lieutenant Brow finished second at more than 241 miles an hour. The two Wright racers finished third and fourth at 230.6 and 230.5 miles an hour, and the Army entries finished fifth and sixth, as they were piloting planes which were a couple of years old.

The difference between first and second places amounted to only eight and a fraction seconds for the total distance traveled—124.27 miles. Seconds may be lost without thought, but they are very precious, and though eight seconds seems like a mighty short time viewed as time only, their translation into linear distance runs into quite amazing figures at the speeds at which we were traveling. In this case, had we been running the race plane against plane instead of the plane against time, I would have finished more than 2800 feet ahead of the second plane, even though there was only eight seconds difference in time.

Lieutenant Brow flew just the kind of race we all had expected of him, urging his ship and motor for every mile he could get out of them, and if his motor had performed perfectly the result might have been different. He is typical of what we call a real pilot, clear-headed, courageous and possessed of a quiet determination which generally accomplishes what it starts out to do.

A Game Landing

You can readily see that though we are slashing speed marks and destroying the comparative conceptions of units smaller than the mile, we are still using the minute and second units of time and are steadily driving timers of such events to the calculations of tenths of seconds.

Another most interesting point about the race is a comparison of the times of the planes which finished third and fourth. The difference amounts to about one-half a second. This is simply marvelous when we consider that two racing airplanes can be so uniformly built and so skillfully flown for a distance of 124.27 miles with only a half second difference in point of time. The planes would have finished separated by about 175 feet had the event been run like a horse race, and the achievement will stand for a long time to the credit of Lieutenant Sanderson of the Marine Corps and Lieutenant Stephen Calloway of the U. S. Navy as proof of their consummate piloting skill and airmanship.

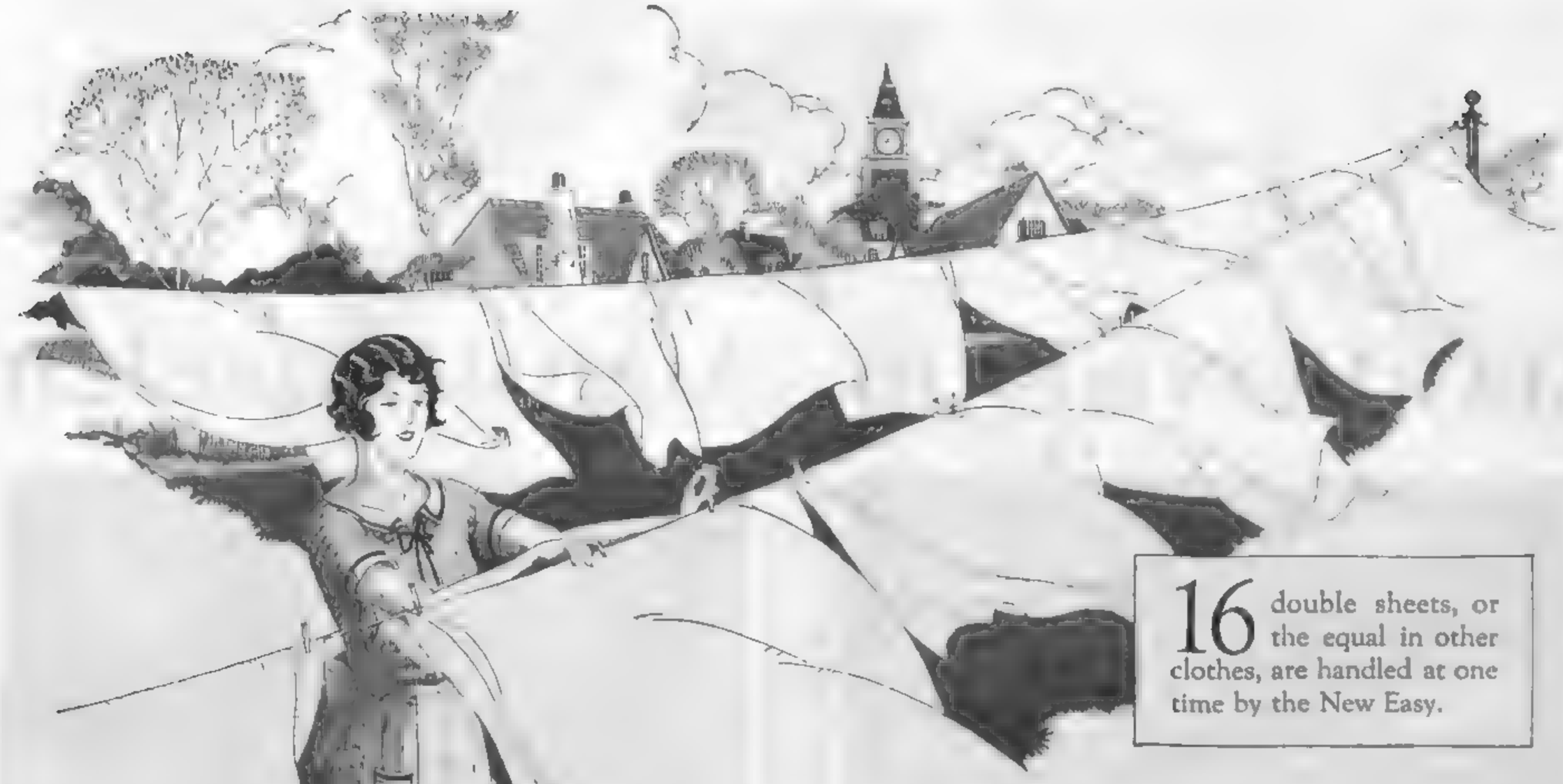
One incident of this race will always remain with me. The Wright racers had started before Brow and myself, and had finished their race before we took off, and as Sanderson came over the finishing line he pulled his ship up to about 2500 feet and circled the field.

All at once we saw that he was in trouble. His motor had quit, and the landing of a racing plane with a dead motor is always ticklish work.

Sandy was within easy gliding distance of the field, but if he had attempted to land toward the crowd with a dead motor he might easily have overshot the field and run amuck into the closely packed throng. Realizing this, Sandy gamely tried to land in an adjoining field. We all saw him go down, and when he must have touched the earth behind a small rise of ground we saw a cloud of dust slowly come up from the point of contact. We were certain he had been killed, and when a motorcycle came rushing up to my plane with a race official on board calling out that Sandy was safe, and only slightly injured, I was certain that this was not true, but that they had given us this news to keep our spirits high. I left the ground at the start of that race fully believing that my old friend Sanderson had been killed. But happily I found out afterward that my guess was not true and that Sandy had had a miraculous escape and had only been chipped up a bit. Sandy has always seemed to enjoy a charmed life anyway.

I have spent quite some time describing the Pulitzer Race of 1923, not because I happened to be lucky enough to win it but because it is generally conceded to have been the most interesting and most hotly contested race of its type that has been held so far. The difference between first and second places in every other Pulitzer Race, in point of miles an hour, has never been so small as it was in this race. In this event it was less than two miles an hour, whereas in the 1925 Pulitzer, when we expected the closest kind of competition, the winner finished about eight miles an hour ahead of the entry which finished second.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Lieutenant Williams. The next will appear in an early issue.



16 double sheets, or the equal in other clothes, are handled at one time by the New Easy.

Here's *SPEED* of a new kind in washing clothes

By washing and drying together, the New Easy cuts time in half. Yet the clothes aren't rushed, and you aren't hurried.

When you see the New Easy speed the clothes from basket to line, you'll say you never really knew what it meant to do a quick washing before.

The New Easy takes no harmful short-cut to cleanness. It gains its swiftness by doing two things at once—washing and drying. Eight double sheets, or the equal in other clothes, are dried at one time, while eight more sheets are being washed. Two things are done at once—a double quantity of clothes handled at one time.

That is how the New Easy does a complete washing in half the time, without wearing out the clothes or tiring you. If you used your own careful hands and took hours of time, you couldn't wash the clothes as gently as the Easy's famous Vacuum Cups, or dry them as gently as the Easy's marvelous new dryer.

The Easy's dryer never breaks buttons or tears them off. It never puts wrinkles in clothes—ironing is far easier.

Water handled for you

A marvelous new water-circulating system takes the suds, the rinse water, and the blue water as each in turn is spun from the clothes in the dryer, and returns them to the proper tub. When you're through washing, this water-circulating system empties the washer for you into sink or drain. Doesn't that sound wonderful?

We will lend you an Easy FREE

FREE—We want you to see all these wonders of the New Easy for yourself. If you will just call up the nearest Easy dealer or write us, a New Easy will be delivered to your door for your week's washing. There is no cost and no obligation. If you wish to keep the Easy, you can leave a small deposit and pay the balance in small monthly amounts.

Model M. At the right is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece metal wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall continue to make it with the same fine workmanship and materials.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

The EASY WASHER

MARMON *in* 1906 MARMON *in* 1926

Prest-O-Lite still serving Marmon

THE Marmon of 1906 was a great automobile -⁞- the Marmon of 1926 is a great automobile -⁞- twenty years have brought many changes — but Marmon's belief in Prest-O-Lite has not changed -⁞- the steady advance of Marmon has been most noteworthy -⁞- today, it stands high in the company of truly fine motor-cars -⁞- and Prest-O-Lite's satisfaction in having been able to meet the ever exacting requirements of Marmon is not slight -⁞- Prest-O-Lite is proud of the long association, and -⁞- so is Marmon.

Prest-O-Lite

PREST-O-LITE STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTOR-CARS AND RADIO

THE TREES SAID TO THE BRAMBLE, "COME REIGN OVER US"

(Continued from Page 34)

Fitzjerald had been through the town. There was no newspaper, because, first, the editors were all in jail, and because, second, a mob had wrecked the plant. Feeling ran very high against Wobblies, Lothians, even leaguers. The mob that wrecked the newspaper plant had earlier assaulted the jail, meaning to lynch Semicorn. It had entered, in fact, and got its hands on him. The sheriff was a man of strength. He saved his prisoner, but in the struggle Semicorn was wounded, no one knew how badly.

"Angus," said Jael, "I've been thinking of what you said to Capuchin on his responsibility—that he did everything but pull the trigger—not meaning to do so of course, and yet, in fact, by words, by suggestion, by flinging about combustible materials of thought, inciting another type of mentality to commit an insane act. Does that not apply to me also?"

He answered, "Jael, you are too rational."

"Don't evade me, please."

"A terrible responsibility does rest upon the intellectual radicals," he said. "If you press me, I am obliged to say I think so. They talk revolution philosophically, meaning change, if they know what they do mean. On a plane beneath philosophical distinctions other people talk revolution, using the same words, and they are literal. The intellectuals' processes are abstract. They say revolution and see nothing. These others say revolution and see it taking place in the historical manner, as a brutal physical drama, and it seems to me these others are right. That is what revolution does mean. And if the intellectuals don't mean revolution in this historical figure, they ought to find some other word for what they are talking about.

"I recall a conversation with the editors of a radical German newspaper in Frankfort, years ago. We were at lunch, talking politics. They kept speaking of the revolution. I said, 'What do you mean when you say revolution?' First, they stared at me, and then they said, 'You don't suppose we mean killings in the street and blood in the gutters? That cannot happen in Germany.' I said I only wished to be sure. Thousands of people who read that paper and repeated its very phrases exactly did mean killings in the street and blood in the gutters.

And when this did actually happen those editors were of course horrified. That was not what they meant at all. The same words, the same language, the same images, philosophical on one plane, literally understood on the other. It is as if—well!"

There were sounds of crashing glass, then a thud on the floor below—once—twice—a third time. In the intervals could be heard an ominous buzzing outside. Someone came running up to say there was a mob in front of the house. Jael immediately went down. Fitzjerald followed, not to restrain her but to stand by. She opened the door just as a rock fell on the threshold, short of its mark. Fitzjerald stood behind her, not clearly in view.

The house was twenty feet back from the street and there was a fence. The crowd, not quite a mob, was on both sides of the fence, egging itself on. Jael's appearance produced a hush. She went to the edge of the porch, and said, "I am at home. If you want to see me you may come in. But please do not break my windows."

That was all. She stood there half a minute, waiting. Some unintelligible remarks were shouted at her from the sidewalk, but those who were inside the fence began to ooze out again, and nothing more occurred. She went inside and closed the door, not at all gently.

XXII

AT THE coroner's inquest Semicorn, his head in bandages, doggedly repeated his first statement. As to the revolver, he refused to answer. Did he kill Plaino? He refused to answer. Did he know at whose hands the deceased had met his death? . . . Yes. . . . Whose?

"The people killed him," he answered.

Not another word, no variation of these words, could be got from him then or ever.

But there was no doubt about the revolver. It was his. Seven or eight persons testified positively on this point. In fact everybody in the editorial department knew it was his weapon. Not this time but at other times he was seen to take it from the drawer and slip it into his pocket on going out, always putting it back in its place on returning. Moreover, he had bought it in the town a year before, and this was proved. The next day he was indicted for murder.

Jael went to the prison to see him. Many difficulties were raised about it, and when these were overcome he declined to receive her. He declined also to have the aid of legal counsel. Nevertheless, she brought two eminent lawyers from New York to prepare his defense. This everyone knew. Secretly, she brought detectives to work on the case, thinking it was possible to prove his innocence.

Her motives were not rational, nor did she seek to rationalize them to herself or to anyone else. From this time forward her conduct was purely emotional.

There was, to begin with, her feeling of responsibility. Even that was not rational. It did not interest her to argue it and she would not discuss it, more than to say, "My conscience tells me so."

She included him with her Lothians, to whom she was intensely loyal. Lately, with the unfolding of her emotional nature, there had been added to her sense of loyalty a deeper feeling. She began to think of them as children. Here again was the mother hunger, disguised and projected. But now a new and more definite experience. Never before had this hunger possessed a tragic and helpless object upon which to fix itself. Semicorn became that object, and it turned extravagantly to him.

Her conviction of his innocence was contained in that same emotion. It was not a reasoned conviction. Perhaps no passionate conviction is ever reasoned. Never for a moment did she doubt it. She had no theory of the crime or of Semicorn's behavior under the charge of having committed it. Purposely she avoided formulating theories. Simply, he was not guilty. To that she held. In the development of this attitude she was undoubtedly preparing beforehand the moral justification for extralegal measures, with the premonition they would be necessary to save him.

Her detectives found nothing whatever to her use. They were convinced of Semicorn's guilt. Her lawyers told her the defense would be hopeless if he persisted in his categorical, incriminating answers, saying he knew who killed Plaino and then refusing to tell, or saying absurdly it was the people killed him, which was the same as refusing to tell. He admitted knowledge of the deed and to withhold it made him accessory to the crime. They supposed he would continue to make these answers. They could not be sure, because he obstinately refused to converse with them. They strongly urged her to adopt the plea of insanity as a defense. There were two difficulties. He would probably repudiate that plea. It might be managed in spite of him. The other difficulty was final. It was that Jael herself would not consent. She positively forbade the lawyers to take that line. It was not consistent with her conviction of his innocence.

XXIII

MEANWHILE, the Semicorn case had become the most celebrated of its kind. It was one of a notorious kind.

In the mentality of those who define themselves as class-conscious proletarians, coming as such to inherit the world, there is a morbid passion to exploit, experience and contemplate martyrdom. This passion, forever strange, is very old. The wonder and mystery of it haunt the ruins of Rome to this day.

Any I. W. W., any communist, anarchist, rebel or radical, who or what, brought to trial on a criminal charge, be the crime homicide, arson, sedition or treason, is thereby recommended for sainthood. A weird litany begins in the radical press, and the formula is:

First, the crime was an act of class warfare, therefore not a crime.

Second, the man is innocent; the crime was not committed.

Third, the charge was invented by the Neros of capitalism and their satraps.

Fourth, the object is to terrorize the proletariat; a victim is wanted; justice has been corrupted beforehand.

Lastly, if he is convicted and hanged, the obit and post-obit songs and the enrollment of another martyr.

But if he is found not guilty, justice acquires no merit. Only, Nero was that time afraid. The proletariat has won a victory.

The organization that had learned how to exploit this emotional asset most effectively was the one to which Semicorn belonged, namely, the I. W. W. It had found the cry of persecution to be much better for all purposes of propaganda than its old free-speech fighting. It usually had one candidate for martyrdom, sometimes two or three, on the way to the scaffold, besides twenty or thirty minor martyrs in jail, not for anything they had done, whether they had done it or not, but for what they believed—for their faith.

Now the Semicorn case went to the top. It was inevitable, they said, that the bosses on returning to power in New Freedom would demand a victim. Semicorn was marked as a sacrifice to their lust for revenge. The evidence, all circumstantial, had been framed against him. The revolver had been planted in his drawer and wretches had been bought to swear it was his; or, if it was really his, then it had been fired by someone else, perhaps, into the body of Plaino, and then returned to his drawer.

Revolutionary organs chanted these sayings, the liberal weeklies, like the People's Witness, edited by Grinling, repeated them, not as their own, not with direct sanction, but to show what the masses were thinking and feeling and how low and discouraged was their opinion of justice. It behooved the state, they said, to be aware of this, and, besides, with reactionary feeling such as it was in New Freedom, it was impossible that a man in Semicorn's case could get a fair trial.

XXIV

THE trial came on in March. Jael attended. On Semicorn's side were five lawyers—Jael's two, then two hired by the I. W. W. with funds raised from popular subscription, and a fifth appointed by the court as a formality, after Semicorn had refused to have anything to do with the other four. On the side of the state was the prosecuting attorney alone. Having put in all the circumstantial evidence, he asked Semicorn to take the stand. Over the protest of his five lawyers, he did so. The prosecuting attorney asked him again the well-known questions and in a clear voice he made the well-known answers.

The case was hopeless, as Jael's lawyers had said. The jury was out ten minutes and brought in a verdict of guilty in the first degree. He was sentenced to be hanged.

Without his sanction, the case was appealed; the higher court confirmed the verdict unanimously. It was appealed again, and with the same result. The day for his execution was set.

Jael had not waited. She was already acting upon a secret design. Her weapon was money, and in her use of it she was reckless and extravagant. The justification, if she needed any, was her conviction of Semicorn's guiltlessness.

What she now proposed to do could not be worked through lawyers, or through detectives, or through anyone whose like she had ever known. Certainly not through friends, for it was dangerous. She required someone who was already persuaded, a zealot caring nothing for the consequences, and yet one who should be subtle, cautious and cool-minded in all that was of means to a desperate end. And she found this ideal agent in the person of an I. W. W. who was the only one of Semicorn's friends at large, going about freely, accepted by everyone. This was owing to his personality. It was very droll. Nobody could be serious about him. His figure was ludicrous. His pockets were always so bulging that his arms were spread, and he carried a thick, twisted cane, like a fifth member. One eye was slightly cocked. He had a twitching smile. This was a nervous affliction, increasing with mental excitement, so that if he became very earnest or vehement, all the more he seemed to be laughing at himself, or kidding the part. He made others laugh.

He had the wit to shape these personal oddities into a perfect disguise, beneath which he concealed a nature almost as violent as Semicorn's, and it was never suspected. His name was Leaveout. Besides that he possessed extraordinary intelligence, he was daring, fertile and cunning.

Semicorn had been removed to the state penitentiary to await death. The penitentiary was a small institution on a lonely hill twenty miles beyond Lothian Farm. One of the guards had some secret radical sympathies, rooted in malicious envy; much more important was the fact that he was greedy.

The plot evolved between Jael and Leaveout was to deliver Semicorn into the hands of the International Workers of the World, who would undertake to hide him forever. With the corruptible guard a party to the conspiracy, two men, as Leaveout discovered, could easily effect the delivery. It was really quite simple. Nevertheless, it took time to perfect the plan. There was the escape after the delivery to be organized. At almost the last moment the guard doubled his price. Two weeks before the day set for the execution everything was ready. But then they had to wait ten days more for a dark night.

On the day preceding the night, the conspirators were gathered at Lothian Farm. They were, besides Jael herself, Leaveout and four men who might have passed for lumberjacks, riggers, sailors or farm laborers, as in fact they were at other times, interchangeably. True types of the Bedouin worker. Two were sauntering about separately, outdoors. Two were indoors, reading. All four had that solitary, musing air which in strong men on the way to a rash action overlays the coiled intention. They are never thinking about what they are going to do.

It was a warm afternoon. Jael was at her desk in the living hall, working with some papers, and Leaveout was with her, when Fitzjerald's voice came booming through the open door. Somewhat to Jael's surprise, Leaveout knew him and greeted him freely. She had not seen him for some time, though he had kept rooms at the hotel in Liberty ever since his first arrival on the night of the murder and was always somewhere around. She understood vaguely that he liked the country and was seeing a good deal of it. That accounted for frequent periods of absence, sometimes for a day or two, then again for a week or more.

His appearing unexpectedly at this time produced in her a variety of feelings. She was glad to see him, but the moment was awkward. Somehow, it weakened her. Not as to her purpose, for that was fixed, and, moreover, irrevocable. The last detail had been settled; all the money had passed.

(Continued on Page 93)

The 120,000 Members of Automobile Club of Invite You to the Great Southwest

5,000 miles of breath-taking scenic grandeur along perfect boulevards.

Ideal motoring in the land of eternal springtime, the thirteen southern counties of California—a vast playground as large as the States of Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont combined—where winter is but a name.

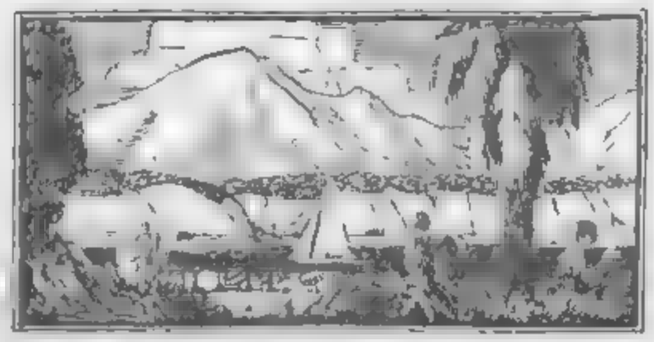
—Incomparable Yosemite in its winter garb, available by a new all-year, high-gear road, and the scintillating sunshine of glorious Santa Barbara but a few hours' drive apart.

—The gorgeous hills and vales of San Luis Obispo County and famous Pismo Beach.

Sequoia and General Grant National Parks in Tulare County, home of the giant redwoods, the oldest living things on earth.

—A coast line in excess of 400 miles in length, with numerous beaches where balmy winter bathing brings new vigor.

Kern County, thriving with its wealth of agricultural and petroleum products—and the magnificent Tehachapi Pass.



—San Diego County, the home of Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal Ramona, where hover the ghosts of Cabrillo and Portola.

—The chain of 21 quaint Franciscan Missions, founded before the American Revolution, that stretch between the bays of San Diego and San Francisco.

—The 101-mile drive along the Rim of the World in San Bernardino County's entrancing mountains and mile upon mile of sweet-scented orange orchards.

—Riverside County, with its famed Mt. Rubidoux, "the Sinai of America," and the desert spreading its opalescent carpet of millions of wild flowers, interspersed here and there with cacti, nodding a gentle greeting.

—The bustling industry and commerce of Los Angeles County, embracing the metropolis of the Far West, where the world's moving pictures are made, with its cultural, recreational and business advantages.

—Orange County, rich with citrus products and the mists of romantic memories, its highways bowered with lacy peppers and graceful eucalypti.

—The great Salton Sea, 250 feet below sea level, and the fruitful Imperial Valley, nestling in "the palm of the hand of God," ever to be preserved by Boulder Dam.

—Scores of lakes and streams so newly discovered they haven't yet been named, in the High Sierras of Inyo and Mono counties, and Death Valley, a region so desolate as to be sublimely beautiful.

—The model little cities of Ventura County and, close by, unspoiled by the march of progress, vast ranches reminiscent of the days of the Dons.

—And for the devotee of the "ancient and honorable" game, 70 golf clubs, dotted here and there, playable every day in the year.

ALL these wonderful scenic, romantic, historical and sporting attractions are connected by a web of broad, paved, modern highways, following the paths hallowed by Indian legends and the traditions of the early settlers, and inviting one to drive on and on and on in perfect safety and comfort.

Never before has motoring been so enjoyable in this captivating region. Never before has it been so easy for you to reach Southern California.

Maintaining a highly trained organization to serve its more than 120,000 members from its huge headquarters building in Los Angeles and its branch offices in 31 of the principal business centers of Southern California, and with the experience of 26 years of aiding motorists behind it, the Automobile Club of Southern California—*the friend to all motorists*—offers you its complete facilities absolutely free of charge while you are on your way to, and visiting in, the territory it serves. It tenders its good offices as evidence of the spirit of true California hospitality and as a demonstration of the benefits that accrue to the individual motorist from organization.

Its Touring Bureau will send you free maps and full and authentic information on road conditions between your home and Southern California.

Its Outing Bureau will tell you where the biggest fish are being caught, the finest game bagged and the best places to camp or to enjoy the recreation attractions of the region, are to be found.

Its Hotel and Garage Department will direct you to comfortable hostelries en route and in this territory, and should your car require mechanical attention, recommend reliable garages.

The Sign Posting Department has erected and maintains, at the sole expense and effort of the Club, 190,000 signs to guide you and guard you while you are here and on your journey. These signs extend from Kansas City, Omaha, Salt Lake City and El Paso, Texas, on the principal transcontinental highways.

Its Highway Patrol Service, rendering mechanical first aid and covering the chief highways in Southern California, will virtually be at your elbow to assist you in any difficulty you may experience on the road.

And if you prefer to ship your car to California, the Club's Forwarding Department will make all arrangements, with no charge to you except the actual freight,

Join a Motor Club!

THE Automobile Club of Southern California—by far the largest motoring club in America—seeks members from its own territory only. But there's a club providing similar services near you, wherever you may be in these United States. It deserves your support and co-operation, for only by organization can the interests of motorists be protected and advanced. Worthy automobile clubs throughout the land are fighting your battles every day. Are you doing your share by giving them your support? If not, hunt up your club and join it today.

Headquarters Building, Los Angeles

AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF SOUTHERN

"The Friend to All Motorists Since 1900"

Southern California

and at a considerable saving in this item.

It is sportland, indeed, is this thrice-blessed land—a revelation to the transient visitor; a source of unending joy to those who have chosen it as their home.

And when you have reveled to your heart's content in this magic country, turn your motor's nose northward to the attractions of Central and Northern California—Monterey and Carmel, the pioneer trails of the '49ers, San Francisco, and the cities beside the Golden Gate, the Redwood Highway and the wonderful Pacific Northwest.

The 120,000 members of the Automobile Club of Southern California—*the pioneer of all modern motor clubs*—extend the hand of comradeship and bid you come. The Club, with its efficient employees, courteous and trained to anticipate every requirement of the motorist, will make your journey an unforgettable one. Make your plans to come this winter and enjoy the ideal touring conditions of the season in Southern California. Fill in the attached coupon and the free services of the Automobile Club of Southern California—*the friendly club*—are at your command.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD

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I am interested in motoring to Southern California

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Please send me detailed map, booklet and other information that will help me plan a great vacation.

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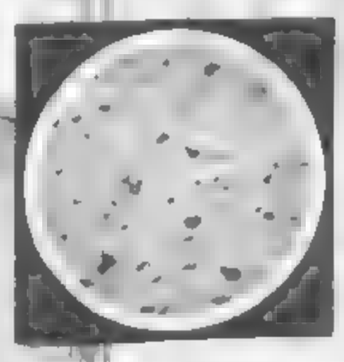
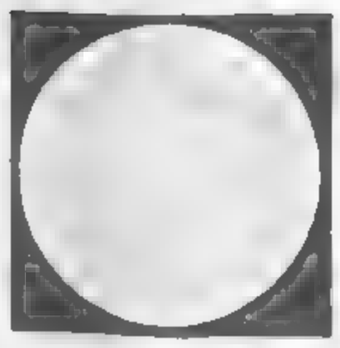
Housewives—painters—building managers—all agree on this handsome, enamel-like paint finish so easy to apply and to keep spotless.



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope shows why Barreled Sunlight can't hold dirt

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

Paint *as washable as Tile!*

with a handsome lustre that lasts for years...

"MAINTENANCE" is no problem when walls and woodwork are painted with Barreled Sunlight.

Occasional wiping with a damp cloth removes every smudge from this velvet-smooth finish. Nor will frequent washings injure it. The original deep lustre lasts for years.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than any enamel comparable to it in beauty. It has far greater hiding power—one coat covering as well as two coats of ordinary enamel. And it is extremely easy to apply.

Resists the "yellowing tendency," too. The Rice Process of manufacture enables us to *guarantee* that Barreled Sunlight *will remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under same conditions.*

Even such large paint-users as hotels, schools, hospitals, office buildings, and industrial plants find Barreled Sunlight an actual economy—through saving of labor in application and longer service without repainting.

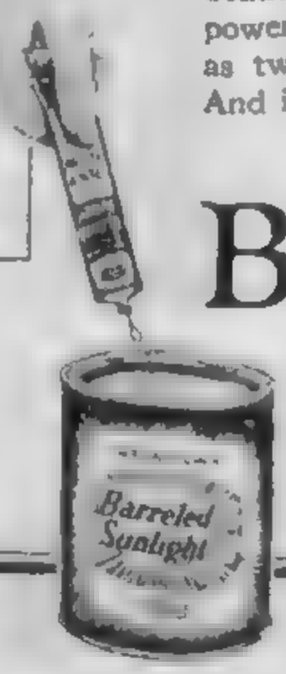
For use in places that do not require a full Gloss finish, Barreled Sunlight is also made in a washable, handsome Semi-Gloss and an attractive, uniform Flat finish.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in 30- and 55-gallon steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first. See coupon below.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
32-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
New York —350 Madison Avenue
Chicago —659 Washington Blvd
San Francisco—156 Eddy Street
Philadelphia —1218 Chestnut Street
Distributors in all principal cities
Retailed by over 7000 dealers

If you prefer a tint— here's an easy way

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint to order at the factory, without extra charge



Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO
32-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—
Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed also find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight, to be mailed postpaid

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 89)

But she had gone so far alone and conspiracy was so foreign to her nature that she was wretched at heart.

The sight of Fitzjerald reminded her of a part of her life that had been so tranquil in contrast with the latter part, and seemed now so remote that she could hardly suppose it had been all one piece of continuous reality. For an instant it stood otherwise. Everything this side of Jones Street was unreal; it would dissolve like an ugly dream. And she could have cast herself headlong upon Fitzjerald, standing there in the doorway, filling it and looking in, to ask him if this were not so, turning child herself.

"I want to take you for a ride," said Fitzjerald.

"Thanks," she said. "I'm not at all sociable, but I'll go."

As they were leaving, he said, "Would it matter if we got back late? I mean are you leaving anything in suspense?"

"No," she answered. "I'm all clear. The later the better."

They drove for an hour on a road Jael did not know—hardly more than a track on the buffalo grass.

Suddenly he turned around the shoulder of a small butte and stopped out of view of the road. They walked a short distance to a spring and sat there in the shade of a glacial bowlder.

"I know what you have been doing," he said. "I know what is to take place tonight."

Her first reaction was one of anxiety for the plot.

"How did you find it out?"

"By the exercise of my faculties," he said. "That's all irrelevant."

"But is it likely anyone else knows?"

"I think not," he said. "In that sense your enterprise is probably safe. That is not to say it could not have been discovered—only, that no one has had any suspicion. I knew you too well not to suspect you. That's where I started."

"But I couldn't tell you," she said.

"I understand that," he answered, "and though I have known it for some time I couldn't speak of it, either, for I realized how necessary it was for you to go through with it. You have gone through with it. Your part is accomplished. A very practical piece of work, if I permit myself to admire it. Now my part begins."

"Your part!"

"Mine. The part I take. First, I speak of consequences. You will be found out. It is certain. All your care has been to safeguard the end in view. As concerns yourself, you have been reckless. Have you thought of the personal consequences?"

"Don't, Angus. Don't—please."

"Now hear me, Jael. I possess this information. It is mine. I may do with it what I please. I am resolved to use it in one of two ways, and as we stand here you shall choose. Either you will bind yourself upon your word to put yourself entirely in my hands, go with me now from this spot, remain in my keeping until I release you—or I will go immediately to Liberty and prevent the delivery of Semicorn."

"Angus! What are you saying? You do not—you cannot—yes, but you do mean it, don't you? I know you. We do not begin now and here to play with words. Say it again, please. Say it carefully."

"If you say yes, we go on from here; on and on, wherever I see the way — "

"You as my jailer."

"I as your keeper."

"And if I say no?"

"If you say no, I shall go at once to Liberty and give information of your plot."

"And as to going—with you—to where?"

"Nowhere. To invisibility. We shall vanish away together."

"For how long?"

"Until I shall release you."

"I see," she said. "Until Semicorn is discovered. Until then, you think. I tell you I have put all my intelligence to this. The plan is perfect. He will never be found."

"Well," said Fitzjerald, "I tell you I have used such wits as I possess to a similar end. We shall never be found either."

She was quite still for several minutes.

"Angus, while we are still friends, as of old, let us speak our thoughts freely. We are not playing a game, are we? You apparently do not understand. This is an indignity to my person, to my personality, to the soul of me. You wish to save me. You are willing to sacrifice yourself to save me. The sentiment is noble. But to be saved at all is repugnant to me. To be saved in this manner is ignominious."

"I know all that," he said. "I admit it."

"And you will admit also that you have no right to put me to this choice."

"Admitted," he said.

"I am trying to keep it clear," she said. "You have the power to oblige me to say yes. That I admit. I cannot prevent you from defeating my project if I say no. This, you must see, is at bottom simply a question of physical strength. You are the stronger. I mean, if it were reversed you could prevent me from defeating you. You could detain me here by brute force."

"You shall choose," he said, looking at his watch.

"One more word, Angus. You can oblige me to say yes. You can. But if you do I shall never forgive you. It will be as a solid wall between us forever."

"Even so."

"I should be unable to help hating you."

"I'm sorry," he said.

She stood for a while looking into the spring, with her back to him.

"Are you ready to take my word?"

"I am listening for it," he said, "and I'm hoping it will be no."

"Yes," she said, turning to face him, with an expression he had never seen.

He held out his hand; she turned away.

"Then let's be starting," he said. "Take the back seat, please, and find the rug. We shall be driving all night."

This was Fitzjerald's one extravagant enterprise in the field of emotional action and need not be otherwise explained. It became fantastic. That would be supposed. From an overdeveloped life of the mind the descent to emotionalism, when it occurs, is steep. Being new, the taste in romantic behavior is rank, juvenile and uncritical. Its gratification is a wonderful debauch.

XXV

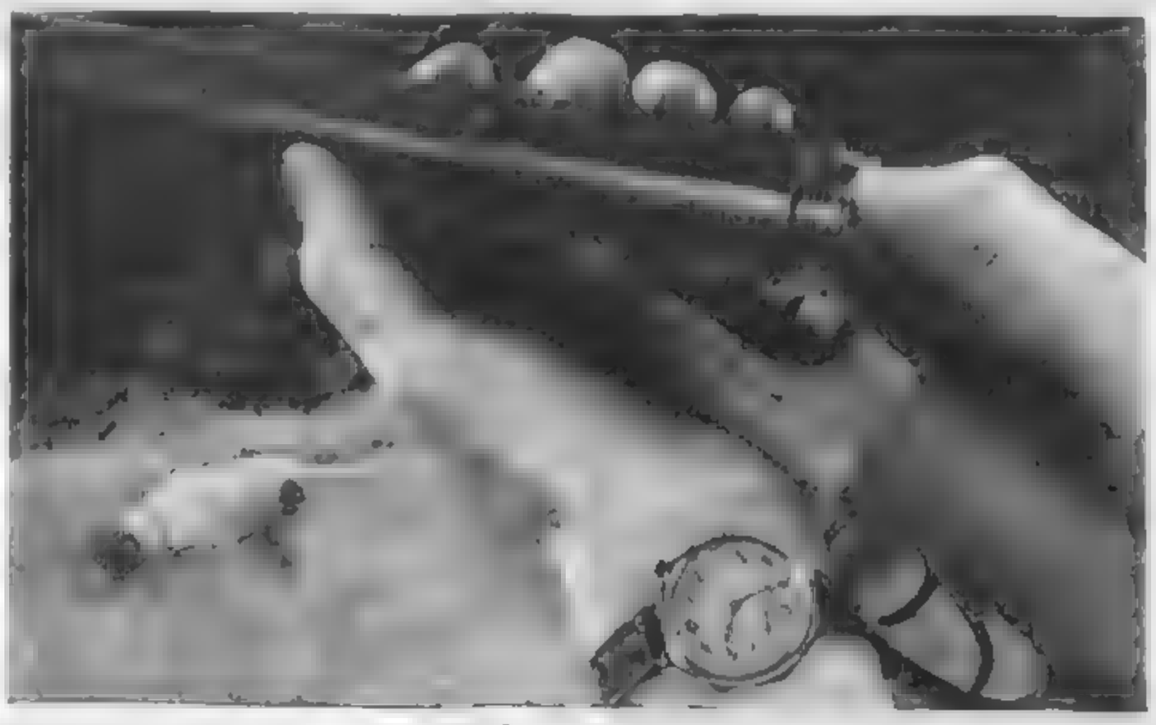
ON THE Mississippi River a little twenty-foot scow with a cabin on her and a long oar over the stern for either steering or lazy propulsion, nosing about in the flats, stuck on a sand bar, drifting with the current or tied up in the shade at sundown, a wisp of violet smoke curling out of her stovepipe funnel, a smell of bacon coming off on the breeze, will not be observed, remembered or missed, especially if she is unpainted and dingy. If her whole company consists of one man and one woman it is quite enough, and all that life's maritime regulations require. If the members of this company are not on speaking terms, that is unfortunately human. Proximity does it. Or if the woman were mostly invisible and the man, lazing aft, conducted an interminable monologue, you would understand.

But there was one such scow, more aimless seeming than the rule is, on which the man talked a high language, as if he were reading a book, though he was not; and if the other river people had listened they would have been suspicious, knowing something was wrong.

The woman inside never spoke; but she knew what a blessed relief it would be to break character, to scream, to quarrel, to fight, as the other river women were doing, beginning abruptly, ending suddenly, ending sometimes with a splash, the sound of it all coming swiftly across half a mile of still water, the staccato vibrations intensified.

This woman appeared when the meal was ready. The meal was eaten in silence. She washed up the things and set them away, as if that were a self-assigned task. Then sometimes she went forward and sat in a little sawbuck chair, slapping mosquitoes.

Now—here's a really fine wrist-watch for $3.50



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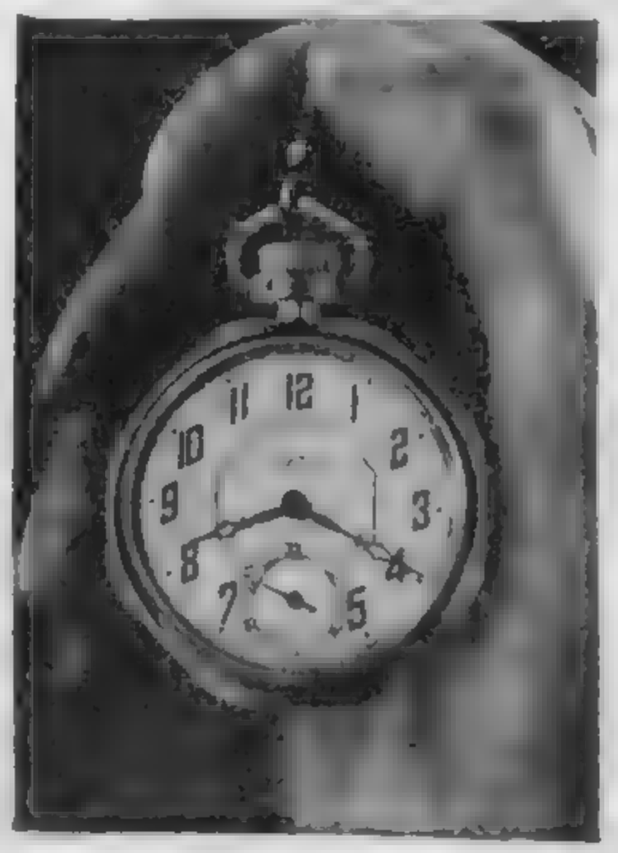
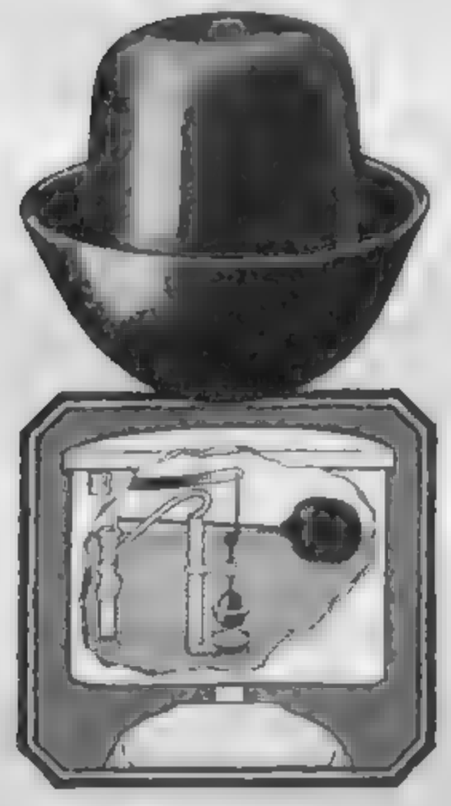


What a Racket!

PERHAPS it's not as loud as the riveter's hammer, but a more annoying, embarrassing and nerve-racking noise doesn't exist than a leaking water closet. Gurgle, gush, drip, gurgle! Day and night, without a moment's let-up. Why tolerate that infernal racket for another instant?



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The man reclined aft, smoking and rumbling He was undiscouraged, though the woman seemed never to be listening. The reader may not care to listen either. Nothing happens right away, and one who likes may skip.

Evenings, mornings, afternoons, the man rumbled, and his sayings were such as these:

"The people are not radical here. They are conservative. The soil is young, the hour is young, opportunity is young. Radicalism in this country is a pale ferocity; a personal attitude disguised as a social intention. If you are really radical there is something the matter with you. There was nothing the matter with the people of New Freedom. They were too young to have anything the matter with them. They had no impulse to destroy anything. What they did want and all they wanted was increased participation in the material benefits of the order that is; which is not radicalism. Now comes a man like Capuchin, bidding them rise as peasants against the castle. They are not peasants. They are proprietors of the land they work. And there is no castle. What stands for it is an invisible fact called capitalism. They discover that they themselves are capitalists, interested not in the destruction of capitalism but in the proper working of it. Which again is not radicalism. It is the despair of the radical cult. If these people had been radical, wishing to destroy the order, they could have understood a deed like Semicorn's. Instead, they reacted violently the other way. Hence that sudden revulsion of feeling in New Freedom. . . ."

Again: "The proletariat. This is an Old World word, imported here. So far as it is a fact it is an Old World fact, also imported here. When the proletariat becomes articulate, what does it say? It says, 'Life shall be level. The values of existence shall be horizontal. No one shall have more to eat or wear or enjoy than another.' That is to say, everyone shall be free, but to possess no more than another; everyone shall be free, but to be no greater or better than another. And the desire to be greater than another is universal. It is this desire that moves the proletariat itself, as a class.

"For what is it really saying? The meaning of what it says is this: 'We, the people, the slaves, the hewers and bringers, whom you have so long despised—we are greater than any other class, greater than all other classes. None shall possess more than we possess and pretend by that sign to a superiority of any kind. We shall inherit the earth.' What unites the proletarians is this thought of their collective greatness and a bitter hatred toward those who deny it in words, in acts, in manners, or by the implication of their possessions. But here is no permanent proletariat. It is always passing, dissolving. Why? Because here it is so easy to possess. . . ."

Again: "I close my eyes and see adopted children to the number of three or four thousand gathered in Washington Square. They have banners reading: Bloody Hands Off Russia, Empty the Jails, Release Our Class Prisoners, Deport Us to Russia if You Dare. They are all a little timorous and anxious to touch one another. Gradually order is established, four abreast, and out of the mass the head of a column appears, twenty or thirty leaders singing in very good voice, the others following. The song is the Internationale, and as the strain lifts and floats, all hats come off. This is significant. The procession gives one the curious impression of being weighted. It moves forward steadily and at the same time there is a hanging back.

"What moves these people? Why do they do this? They are all well dressed and well fed. They have come lately from Russia. They would not go back. Their banners are irrelevant altogether. What is taking place here? Why are they so wistful and earnest? This is what it means. These people are not wretched. They are happy. They are not falling. They are rising. They are stumbling up. Yesterday they were nobody in Russia. Here they are emerging. They are free to gratify publicly their desire for self-assertion.

"They are saying to themselves, addressing the imaginary people who live in the big houses all about: 'We are the proletariat. The earth belongs to us, not to you. We have only to reach forth our hands and take it. Therefore, we are superior to you, even though you do not believe it; even though we do not really believe it ourselves.' It is a kind of class daydream. It satisfies the bitter yearning to be as good as anybody This takes the place of religion. That is why the hats come off. They are all so naive and shy and crowd-conscious that they cannot be looked in the eye. There is no destructive intent in their minds. Everything they feel is large and vague But they will be as petulant as children if they are crossed. They will kick and scream and bite. But they are rising. That is the fact. They will disappear upward. . . ."

Again: "Some radicals say, 'We do not propose to abolish wealth. We say, abolish poverty.' The fact is you cannot abolish poverty without abolishing wealth. For wealth is relative. One can be sensible of it only in contrast with poverty. What is poverty? What is wealth? There is no absolute measure. Only contrast. In that hut over there the people seem wretchedly poor. That is because habitations have improved. Not long ago, historically speaking, the royal family would have lived in a hut like that. The king himself. The poor now have more than the rich had a few generations ago, more of everything to eat and wear and enjoy. They are none the less torn by envy because others have more. . . ."

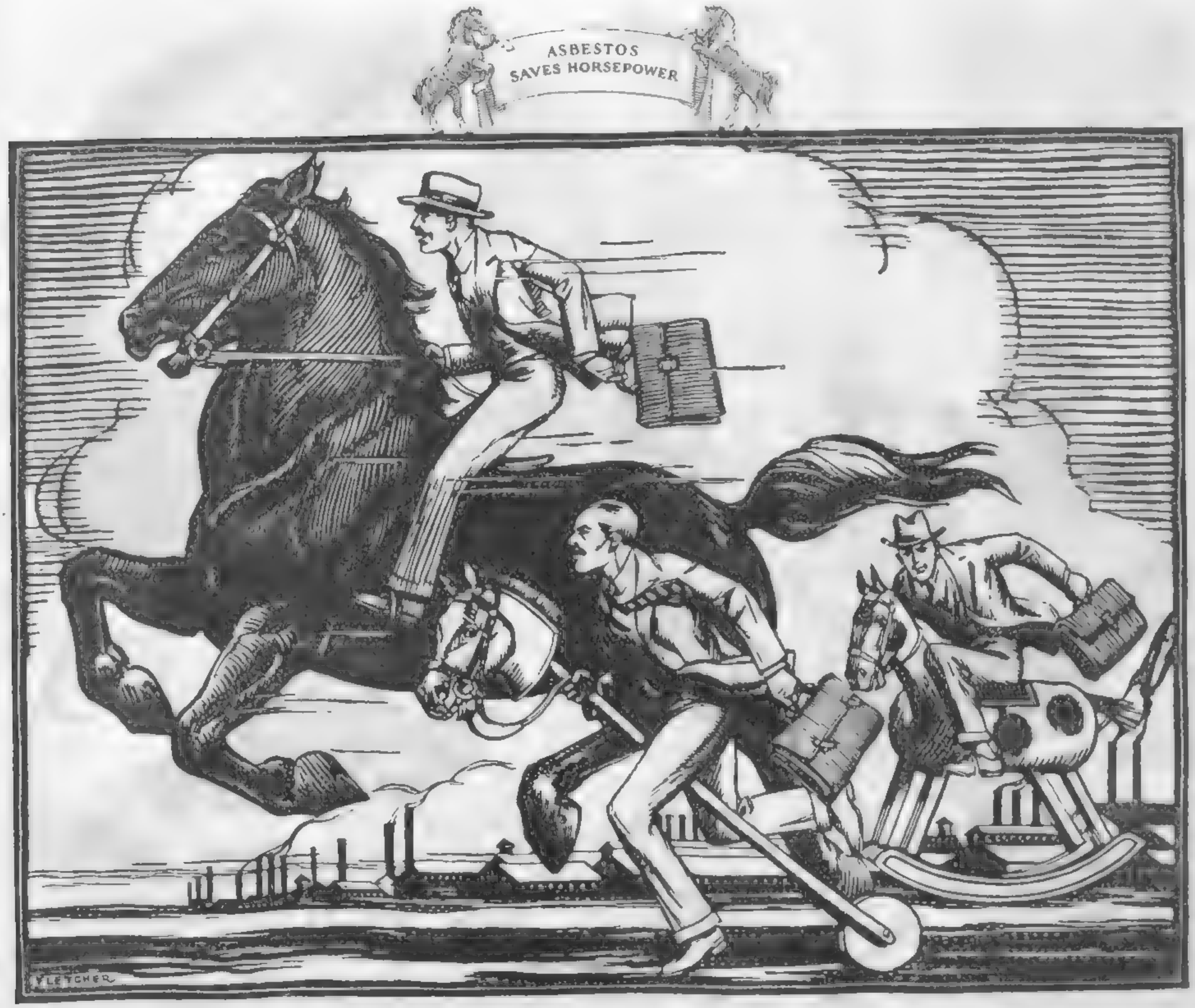
Or: "I come again to Kropotkin, the idealist, grieving for the botch of mankind, desperately sad at seeing how badly human nature works. He conceives a better way for it to behave. It should behave altruistically. Life should be on a plan of mutual aid. Help thy neighbor as much as thyself. It is not working that way. The facts are all otherwise—the visible facts. What does he do? Does he accept the facts we know about human nature? No, he rejects them. He re-creates the facts of history to prove how well it might work in this other way. There is the silly difficulty that when he has so re-created the facts of history to show human nature working as it should, the people fail him. Having found the perfect way, they depart from it. Thus, the league of free cities, founded on mutual aid, ate up the serfs and peasants. The craft guilds, formed on the same right principle, oppressed the minor crafts and the unskilled and the consumers, until they had to be overthrown. What is proved? That people unite to gain an advantage and, having gained it, abuse it? No. It only proved to Kropotkin that there is some principle of wickedness in the leadership; for see how beautiful the world would be if from the beginning those who united to make themselves free and equal and powerful had included everyone else in their freedom and power and equality. Absurd! The imagination may so easily re-create historical facts to prove that to be true which ought to be true! Man may do almost anything he likes with the facts. He is continually creating new facts. He cannot re-create the fact of himself. That is not to say he has ever tried. . . ."

And again: "You cannot tell people the truth. In the first place, they will not receive it. In the second place, you do not know what it is. . . ."

Headway by leeway, floating and drifting, sleeping and waking, the endless rumbling of Fitzjerald's serial soliloquy—this had been going on for nearly two months, down three hundred miles of river, and Jael was near mad. She had thought of saying to him: "I may not take back my word, but I am free to end my life." What restrained her was a sense of absurdity.

His physical nearness day and night became a horror. A thin partition divided the cabin. At night she could hear the slightest movement on his side. Sometimes he snored. It was much more comfortable

(Continued on Page 97)



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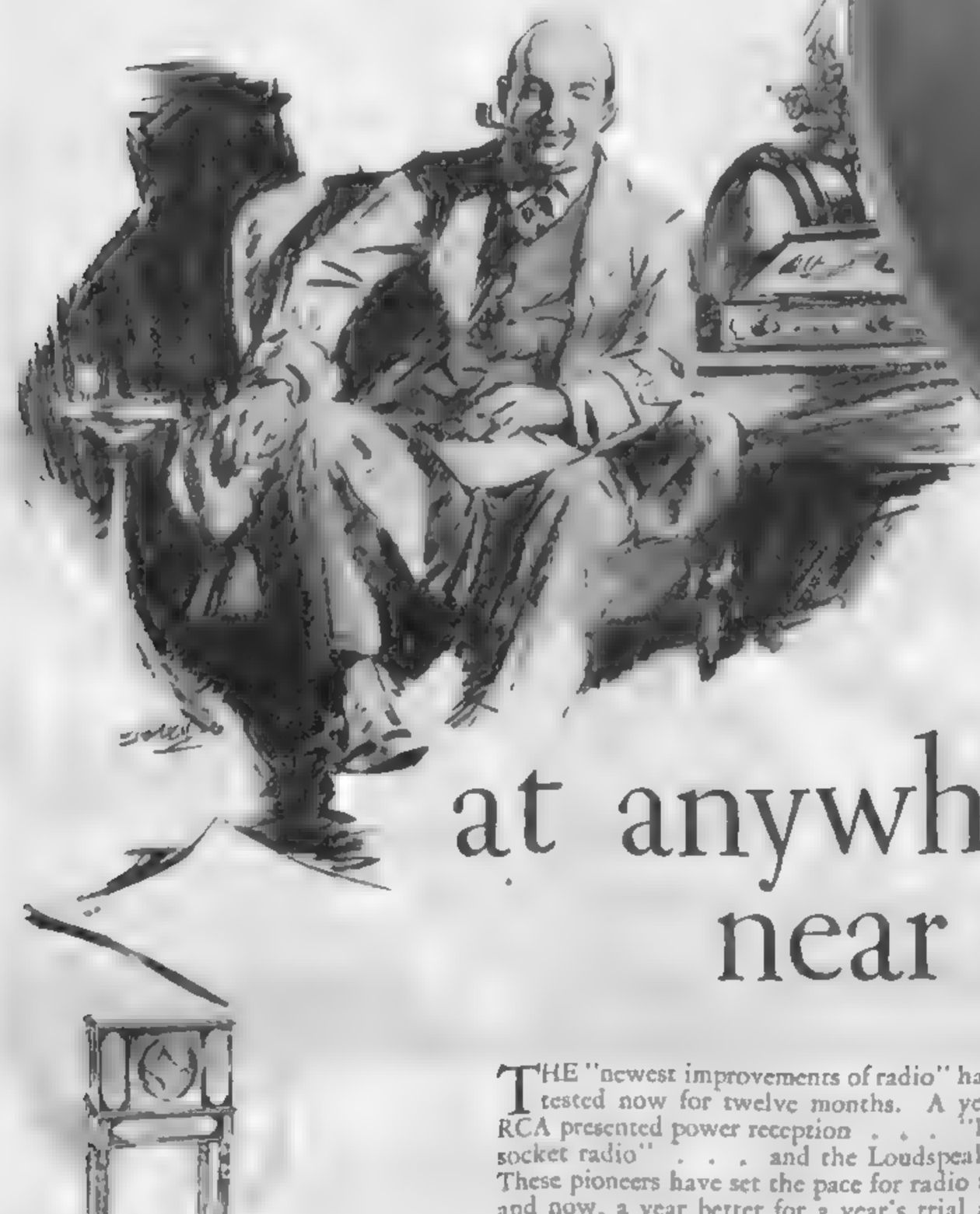

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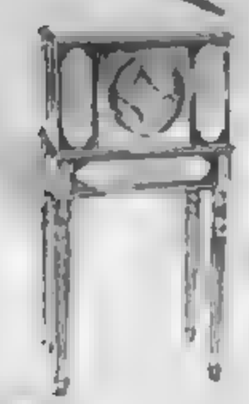

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(Continued from Page 94)

than she could have imagined, in the creature sense. Her little bunk was soft. He had been extremely thoughtful to provide personal necessaries, certain indispensable things a man could not be expected to remember, or think of, even intimate garments of fine texture to be worn under the coarse gingham dress he specified for appearances.

Yet each of these things was a separate outrage. They were details offensively touching her person, whereas she had conceded to him only the right to control her movements.

Right! What right had he to take charge of her life at all? The only right he could conceivably claim was one he did not assert. Her anger and disgust were so strong that the consequences she had been saved from, in contrast with what she had been saved for, grew dim. In this incredible situation she was not herself. She did not belong to herself; she did not belong to him. She, Jael Saint-Leon, reduced to melodrama!

His impersonal serenity in all circumstances, ignoring even the fact that she never spoke, compounded the torture. He had put off his beard. His face had turned a cherry-wood color from the sun. His forearms had become freckled, and the hair upon them, now lighter than his skin, was a revelation of shagginess.

She hated him, and her feeling of repugnance was often so strong that she could not eat. This worried him, whereupon she had moments, for which she despised herself, of feeling sorry. Then there was the ghastly uncertainty, the fact of its being an indeterminate affair. When should it end? Perhaps never, unless she broke out of his trap. When they should come sometime to the end of the river—then what?

But she was fair, analytical and self-seeing. It was first with her mind and spirit she hated him. That was not the whole of her.

She knew—having discovered it by a process of painful self-exploration—that his total unawareness of her as a woman was the unpardonable affront, a subtle, unmentionable injury.

Wondering if his attitude were real or only studied, she began to regard him from that point of curiosity. Apparently it was real. She could not be sure; and she never knew. But to the end of this preposterous interlude his indifference to her, as man to woman, was flawless. It taunted her. More than once she had the impulse to test it by some overt act.

She knew also that if for one instant it were different on his part, if he betrayed by so much as one little gesture the slightest sex interest in her, she would cast herself overboard or try to kill him.

With this humiliating and unexpected knowledge of herself she went back to the evening when he put her to the choice. What else could she have done? She could think of many things another kind of woman might have done. She was not that kind of woman. Probably he was not the type of man that the kind of woman she was not could have detained there by the spring or overcome by artifice. Nevertheless, when she came to this point, something seemed to be left out, or seemed to drop out—some further subtle explanation of her yes. So far as she knew at the time, she said yes to protect and save her plot, unable to see any alternative. Was it possible that an unacknowledged feeling for Fitzjerald, as a refuge of strength, as a lover, perhaps, had defeated her wits and influenced her decision?

She had the courage to face it at last and to prove it affirmatively, by putting to herself squarely the question: Suppose it had been another man. Suppose it had been Capuchin, for example. Then would she have said yes? Certainly not. What else she might have done she could not say. Yet, there was the fact. In no other case, with no other man, would she or could she have said yes.

These progressive discoveries of her inner self did not in the least soften her sense of indignation. On the contrary, they increased it most perversely. She hated him all the more.

Such was the case, and the breaking point of strain was near when one day the drifting scow came upon three men swimming the river. Two were in trouble, having spent themselves; the third, a powerful swimmer, was helping them, first one and then the other, telling them how to unhinge their joints and take it easy. Fitzjerald hauled them all aboard.

The two who were spent fell down in a wet heap. The third, who was tall, red-haired and purposeful, said to Fitzjerald, "Take us over t' the other side."

The river at that point was more than a mile wide. The other side was flat, alive with mosquitoes, and the scow had been avoiding it; besides, it was twice as far.

"Why that side?" Fitzjerald asked. "I don't want to go over there. This side is nearer."

"We got t' get over there," the man said. His tone was peremptory. He looked uneasily at the near side, then marked the course of the scow and glanced at the sculling oar, clearly with the thought of taking possession of the craft and putting her across himself.

"Then you had better go on swimming," said Fitzjerald. "This is not a ferryboat."

Just then, on the near bank, which was high, appeared a group of horsemen, all armed with rifles and shotguns. One of them, thinking himself a battleship commander, dropped a bullet in the water ahead of the scow; and all of them yelled.

"Put her off!" said the red-haired man, moving to take the oar.

"Stand still," said Fitzjerald quietly. "I'll not put you ashore until I find out what it's all about."

The man hesitated. Meanwhile the scow was working shoreward. One of the horsemen shouted, "Take them men to the other side! You bring them back here an' we'll hang them."

At that Fitzjerald put the scow off toward the other side, remembering how the river divided the states. The other side was another state. Evidently this was an affair of summary expulsion.

"It seems unanimous," he said to the red-haired man. "What's your name? And what's wrong with the three of you?"

"My name's Lovelace," he said. "That ain't my name but I like it. And there ain't nothing wrong with us. We belong to th' red-card union, that's all."

He leaned against the cabin, wet, contemptuous and disgusted, as one who knows trouble and may be easily bored with it.

"Wobblies, eh?" said Fitzjerald. "What have you been doing to make yourselves so unpopular?"

"You don't haf to do anything t' get unpopular, 'f you're a Wobbly," said Lovelace. "Y' just naturally are that way. Ain't no place good for you. 'F a wheat stack burns up 'r a pulley runs off th' shaft 'n' they know you tote a red card, that's you, 'n' they fan you out o' th' dam state. One o' my partners there now's got some lead in his leg. That's why he wasn't swimming so good."

"May we do something for him?" Jael asked. She had been listening, and now appeared in the cabin door with this question.

Lovelace regarded her for a moment casually and answered, "No, madam. We got him fixed up. Ain't so bad. They didn't go t' kill him. Just t' scare him. When they want one of us killed they get th' law to do it, like they done t' Semicorn."

"Semicorn?" she repeated. "Did you say Semicorn?"

"Yes, madam. He was one of us they wanted to kill, 'n' they murdered him by law."

"You are wrong," she said. "He was not executed. Are you sure?"

"Am I sure," he said. "You c'n read, can't you? . . . Here!"

He pulled from his pocket an oilskin wallet, opened it carefully and drew out the folded front page of an I. W. W. newspaper. The only news on it was the account of Semicorn's execution, treated as a class murder, in great block type. Jael only glanced at it.

"But I had heard he was to be—to be saved," she said.

"Where d'you get that?" he asked. His manner was rough and menacing and he regarded her with wonder-struck suspicion. Before she could answer, his expression changed. The wonder remained, apparently increasing, but the suspicion went away.

"I mean," she said, hesitating, "there was a rumor that he was to escape—that it had been arranged—and I had heard nothing since."

"Now I get you," he said, in a very different voice. "That was so too. What you didn't know ——"

"Lay off! Lay off that!" shouted one of the two men lying forward of the cabin.

"Shut up," said Lovelace. Then to Jael, "What you didn' know was he refused t' be saved. It was all ready for him. Like that!" snapping his fingers. "He wouldn' go. He said no."

At that moment the scow crawled up on the mud.

Jael looked at Fitzjerald.

"You hear?" she said. "I am released."

"Yes," he answered.

"Put the plank over, please."

"I'll go ashore and get directions," he said. "It may be miles to the nearest town."

Lovelace was already putting the plank over, with one ear cocked to what was passing between Jael and Fitzjerald.

"If you were not a profound idiot," she said to him, "you might see that I am at the limit of my self-control. I loathe myself. I loathe you. I will go alone. Do you understand? From this instant I will be alone. I wish to walk in the mud—alone!"

"It's coming dark," he said placidly. "It isn't safe."

At that, she laughed with wicked scorn, and there was the note of a hysterical scream in it.

"Safe!" she repeated. "It is from this safety I am delivering myself."

With that she walked down the plank and cut straight across the dried-mud flat. There was nothing ahead of her but this black bottom land as far as one could see. No habitation in sight.

Lovelace spoke a few words in a low tone to his companions and then set out after her. Fitzjerald followed. For a mile or more Lovelace made no effort to overtake her. Then he mended his pace.

"He's foll'in' you, madam," he said. "Him you heaved off back there."

"So are you," said Jael.

"That's different," he said. "You got nothing agin me 'n' I wanta talk to you."

"What about?" she asked, holding her way.

"You wouldn' know me, that's right," he said. "I've done myself over a bit since I was t'your place. I didn' know you first."

She stopped to look at him. There was first some vague, startling association; then suddenly full recognition.

"I do," she said. "You were one of those four who waited that day at Lothian Farm. You were ——"

"One o' them that went for Semicorn," he said.

"Why didn't you take him by force?" she demanded.

"No good," he replied. "He didn' want t'go. Where'd you keep a man like that agin his own will? I knowed him too well for that."

"You knew him? How long had you known him?"

"Long afore that was. From when he was a kid, you might say."

Here at last was one who knew something of Semicorn's history. For the rest of the way—and it was six miles to the nearest town—they walked together, Lovelace talking about Semicorn. Fitzjerald doggedly kept them in sight.

How a certain tragedy in Semicorn's childhood controlled the rest of his life was

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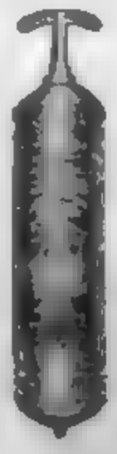

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easily understood. His father was a miner in Colorado, not a radical, not an agitator, a docile man, whose way in a labor dispute was merely to stand with his own. There came a very desperate strike when the boy was ten. The strikers and their families, evicted from the company houses, pitched camp in tents and armed themselves; and it became very hot for scabs and strike breakers. To protect their lives, the militia was called out. Between the strikers and the militia occurred several bloody collisions. In one of these a stray bullet killed Semicorn's mother. To take revenge was thereafter his ruling passion. He cut out for himself at fourteen, worked at anything he could find, went to night school, joined the I. W. W. because it was the most militant order in sight, and soon found his way to its department of propaganda. It was to increase his equipment for that work, with an ambition to become head of the organization, that he went to New York and entered Lothian College, after having been discharged from Leavenworth Prison, where he served a term for inciting men to resist the draft. Not that he was a pacifist. He said it was a capitalist war, and he believed it was a capitalist bullet that killed his mother. There Jael met him.

Lovelace evidently had known him intimately. He told many details of his life, humanly interesting, though irrelevant, and would have gone on interminably, but that they came at last to the town and to the door of the hotel. Jael gave him some money and bade him come to her in the morning. She had an idea for his future.

As Lovelace left her Fitzjerald came up. He stood in a ludicrous light and did not mind. His manner was not in the least altered.

"It is both custom and law," he said, "for the jailer to see that his charge shall fare forth with the requisite means. Are you all right? Do you need anything?"

"Thank you," she said coldly, and turned to go in. But the sight of his tall figure receding gave her a pang.

"Angus!" she called.

He came walking back. She was embarrassed. This made her very angry again. She the one to be embarrassed! It was one thing more he had done to her.

"I have forgotten why I called you back," she said. Then: "Angus, I do you the compliment to suppose you are a damn fool."

"I know that," he said.

"You know everything," she retorted. "Do you know one thing more? I should sometimes regret not having asked you and I may as well ask you now. What are your true feelings about me?"

"I have given it some thought," he answered.

"I'm sure you have. What have you found out?"

"This," he said. "Between man and woman there is no wormless friendship."

She might have retorted. The words were ready. Friendship! Did he lay it entirely there at last, and put her in the wrong for having failed to understand it? Did not men with one another respect the individual's right to meet the consequences of his own acts in his own way? Would one man have taken possession of another as he had taken possession of her? But she said none of this. A contrary emotion moved her to offer him her hand.

"Good-by," she said, smiling a little. "What are you going to do?"

"My legs are stiff," he said. "So is my mind. I shall go for a walk to the West, over the mountains, putting the rest of the year to it. What are you going to do?"

"You will find me in New York," she said, "and that's as far as I know." With that she went in.

XXVI

SHE returned to New York unannounced and went direct to Jones Street. It was early morning. Lullibridge and De Grouse were at breakfast alone, with certain unmistakable signs of a very intimate relationship.

"It's quite all right," she said, to Jael's look of inquiry. "We are married. I couldn't leave while you were lost. So we did the other thing. De Grouse came here."

Jael ceded them the place for so long as they might wish to keep it. On reëntering the door she had been seized with a feeling of aversion. To reinstate herself here was unimaginable. Instead, she opened the old Saint-Leon house uptown and went to live there; temporarily, she supposed.

The old circle reformed in this environment, and she was interested to see how readily her guests accommodated themselves to its luxurious texture, as if they were quite used to it. Indeed, in the years that had passed since she left this house to make a place in Jones Street where her friends could be at ease everyone had become much more familiar with the surfaces of fine living.

She abandoned the Lothian Farm in New Freedom, though not the idea. That she went on with, to a much larger scale, with one farm in Pennsylvania and another in Connecticut, and induced the Lothian College to take it up.

From time to time she heard of Capuchin. Once she heard from him direct. He took up coöperative marketing and worked out an elaborate scheme of control, costing, grading, branding and selling; and now in a long letter to Jael he wished her to finance its application to nation-wide agriculture.

Fitzjerald returned to New York the next winter. One evening he appeared for dinner. Jael greeted him as of old, and also, as of old, she was genuinely glad to see him. He was just the same. He knew most of the company. It had not changed so much. One notable addition was a red-haired man as tall as himself and much in the same figure. This was Mr. Lovelace, who had not renamed himself and appeared to have a good deal to do in an executive way with the new Lothian farms. No one could tell, not even Jael, whether Fitzjerald remembered him or not.

Secretly both Jael and Fitzjerald were very sentimental about that absurd Mississippi River voyage. They knew too much and thought too much. That was the whole trouble and why it turned out so badly. He with a fantastic notion of romantic behavior from the literature of sublime knighthood and she with no Eveish way to a man.

On taking her away so high-handedly, he had no thought but one of rescue; yet he had been willing to give all the rest of his life to it, with whatever that might entail. Afterward it seemed quite impossible to him to make love to her, or in any way disclose his feelings to a damsel held in durance. Then at the end when she said she loathed him he believed it, and so answered her question by saying that the motive had been one of friendship.

For a long time, under conditions of restored amity, neither one referred to this experience directly or otherwise. He perhaps would never himself have touched it.

One night at dinner a vivacious California woman sat opposite Fitzjerald and they had been tilting together.

At one thrust from him, somewhat rough, she turned to Jael and asked:

"What kind of man is this Mr. Fitzjerald?"

Jael was lighting a cigarette, and she answered, saying it slowly, "He is the kind of man who doesn't know what a woman means when she says yes."

(THE END)

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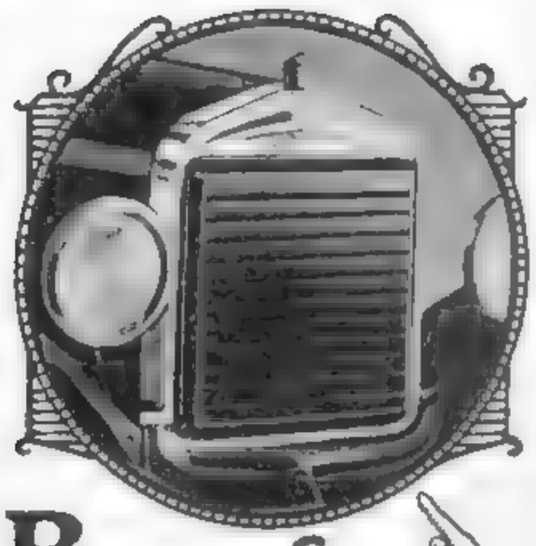

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WHY MRS. MELLERY WON'T COME

Continued from Page 21

overstatement could be got to go, with people not too critical; if something bored her she would say, "It makes me vomit." To decline a bit of cake she would shout, "No! I'm vastly too bloated to stand up already." I guess it answered fine.

With these hefty weapons to use in the chase, Charlotte was soon a top-hole Diana within her small sphere. Presently she was seldom at home for a week-end or a school holiday. Mrs. Mellery would chafe a little now and then—vicariously, you know—under such loads of unreciprocated hospitality as Charlotte bore—and indeed courted. But Charlotte rebuked her as from a height: "My dear mother, not to go now to the Druces' would be simply brutal. Betty Druce would just break her heart"; or, "Mother, if some beautiful delicate gift were ever laid at your feet, would you just kick it away?"

"Well, darling," her mother entreated, "do bring Betty and Emmeline here to tea sometimes."

"Oh, mother, would it be real kindness—to people used to having things nice?"

Mrs. Mellery was not the woman to blow on a trumpet unless she was game to fight with a sword. For days she had been counting the probable cost of a very simple tea party for Charlotte's chief entertainers—so much for cakes, a few pence for cream, possibly strawberries if they were cheap. But her scheme was dismissed as a failure in true perception. Charlotte went her own way. Novice as she was, so far, in the order of the Little Sisters of the Rich, she bade fair to grow into a prioress.

IV

A DARLING impossible vision of Mary Mellery's was that Charlotte should go to Oxford. There Mary and my wife, I imagine, had had three sun-warmed years of such joy as youth, I believe, does sometimes get in such places if it has never bedeviled itself—all one steady trance of delight, like what a rose may feel on fine days; the new freedom excites and then there are expanding powers and high friendships; dawn breaks and the petals uncurl and life lets you into great secrets and shows you all the great things that ever were done and that you might do too. At least, so Alice thinks. It was how Mary felt it, she says. And Mary fairly burned to let Charlotte have as good a time.

"She needs to be happy," Mary used to tell Alice. "She's always at her best when happy. Happiness is good for people, I'm quite sure."

There seemed to be no earthly chance. Charlotte at Oxford would cost just about the whole of the family income. But poets say that the one time when Plutus, the god of cash, runs full tilt at your door, and knocks unexpectedly, is when Pluto, the killing god, sends him. In Lower Grove Crescent a quite unforeseen economy was effected by this divine means. Brother Jimmy, the stout, cheerful blacker of boots, fetcher of coals and runner of errands for Mrs. Mellery in his spare time, was almost suddenly taken off the ration strength of the household. I gather that a rheumatic fever had damaged his heart. Anyhow one day when his mother was sitting by his bed his face became strange, though not at all scared. He smiled and said "Lean down, mum," as if in encouragement. As she cried out and threw her arms round him he hugged her in his and whispered "Don't mind, darling mum; it's all right," and instantaneously left her alone in the house with his body, Charlotte being out at the Druces'.

Next year it was the turn of Mary's father to help pave the road to Oxford for Charlotte. When the expenses of dying of cancer in an impoverished England had been paid, there remained for his only child, Mary, some three hundred pounds of his savings. This, divided by three, would give a hundred to spend on each year of Charlotte's at Oxford. Forty or fifty pounds more could be pared off Mrs. Mellery's revenue, with no Jimmy at school. Let Charlotte win an Oxford scholarship and the miracle would be done. Already the great hope could be mentioned to Charlotte, now almost eighteen.

She took it coldly at first. For one thing, the plan was not of her making. For another, it came from her mother, the central figure in all that she felt to be the inferior hemisphere of her world. For another, she was not quite up in the facts of the time. She fancied that all women university students were still the earnest dowdy pioneers of whom she had heard so much evil.

A day or two altered her views. No doubt she spoke to the right girls at school and found out that the bad days of Oxford were past and that lots of Oxford women were now quite the right sort of thing, go-ahead and well-to-do, with no baser aim than to have a good time and keep work at bay, like the best Oxford men. She then began to speak of "my hundred a year" and "my pittance," and told her mother that "some way or other we'll have to make ends meet when I go to Oxford."

It scarcely seemed difficult now. Charlotte would simply romp a scholarship at Oxford, so a sympathetic head mistress assured Mrs. Mellery. "She's a most gifted girl. She really only has to will success in an examination, and she's there."

Charlotte frowned when she heard of this prediction. She seemed to resent it. She spoke with somber bitterness of the unspeakable people at school who did win scholarships at universities. She went to be examined with a scowl, won nothing, and came back radiant, almost congratulating her mother.

"My dear mother," she said, with her most corrective emphasis on the "dear," "you should have seen the abject guys that came out on top! 'Frumps' isn't the word! Talk of outsiders—they're right off the map. And I only escaped by the skin of my teeth!"

"From going to Oxford?" her mother said ruefully.

Charlotte stared. "Not go to Oxford! Why, I've my hundred a year. I'm not funking Oxford because I'm not rich. I must make-do a little, that's all."

Her mother did the making-do. It was impossible, as far as she could see. But she felt that—well, simply she must. It was not bearable to have to tell the poor child she had thrown up her chance in a fit of vulgarity. Surely Oxford would help her to outgrow these tragi-comic little valuations of people and things. Only for consecration to some such work of rescue did it seem decent to scatter again the coins that commemorated fifty years of her father's persistent forgoings of things that he had liked or wanted—books, and tools for the garden, and little holidays in Italy with the Church Travelers' Club.

But no mere paring would do it. You can't go on picking the same bone forever with the whole force of your soul. More money had to be earned. Mary asked no one's advice, for she knew of no one to ask. She squared up to her tough world in a solitude as complete as Robinson Crusoe's in his.

For days she studied intensely the advertisements in an evening paper and then she mobilized the whole strength of the nerve, took fifty pounds of the legacy out of the bank and paid it over to a hard-faced man for the goodwill and fixtures of a small lock-up fried-fish and chip-potato shop at Wormwood Scrubbs. She had once heard that no other kind of shopkeeping needed so little technical skill; she liked frying fish; and she had not the inflamed class consciousness that is sometimes preached as a duty and sometimes practiced as a pleasure. She did not even suspect that among the higher castes of retailers in London suburbs the vender of fried fish figures as an untouchable. She went straight and hard at what had to be done, bought the raw stuff with the passionate caution of a child laying out its first penny, cooked it as mothers cook for first babies, and served it out to the consumer as carefully as anxious brides give tea to their first callers after the honeymoon.

Early each evening the shop came to life, having lain void and derelict through the day. Thence it swiftly ascended a steep scale of smelliness, hissing, heat and impatient cries from its customers to a kind of high noon of tumult about nine o'clock. Thereafter it declined to midnight; at last the only clients to look in would be a few night watchmen and bus men going home on foot. Mrs. Mellery kept open for all. Had she not heard that it's the wee morsels of mustard left on a few people's plates that make mustard men rich? Besides, she was always afraid of not being nice enough to the customers, not having any quick chaff to give them back in return for theirs, nor a bit of fun ready for such of the men as tried *mousquetaire* gallantries on her. To make up for these sources of loss she hung on till all hours; she would creep home at midsummer dawns, almost on all fours with fatigue.

The public is not a brute really, though it may look it. To Wormwood Scrubbs, as to the Duke of Athens, nothing comes amiss when simpleness and duty tender it, especially when it comes as good victuals, very cheap; and Mrs. Mellery strove till the going down of the sun, or its rising, to keep her wares down to the lowest farthing of price at which they could help Charlotte to Oxford.

■

"WHAT'S the point," says Alice, "of saying Charlotte was base? People can't get over fear. And all the things we call virtues are nothing but so many forms of freedom from fear. Mary Mellery feared nothing, but Charlotte was in terror always. She knew the pinch now; she was poor; and you could see the fright haggard in her eyes. When anyone rich was about, a regular fever of panic set in; she was like the wrecked people adrift on a raft; the sight of a well-found ship made her frantic to get to it—anyhow—on any terms."

Well, I suppose so. The good old time of sin-and-you'll-be-spanked seems to be pretty well over.

Charlotte certainly sighted a liner or two when the Mellery raft drifted her to Oxford. It was the rotten time after the war. The best of good causes hadn't prevailed till it had on its side the big stick and long purse and the stonier heart and the cunninger lies. So all sorts of toeing of lines and facing of music were clean out of fashion, and blessed above all men were war profiteers, for they had just inherited the earth, as appeared from figures published by all the best auctioneers and land agents. Like other agreeable seats of learning, Oxford was thickly infested just then with the male and female young of the ingenious architects who had built their own fortunes out of the wreckage of their country's.

Some of these nurslings of depredation had drawn from the bold robbers who begot them a pretty good share of moral robustness. Charlotte's heart must have beat high when she found herself the friend of several young women who had extricated themselves from the whole messy tangle of inhibitions and stuff about right and wrong. She learned that the slang about things that were not done was simply *vieux jeu*, like the snows and the hats of last year. All the maidenly stunt was a stuffy back number. Charlotte must not shut out any side of life; she must be true to her own sense of values and make all her acts the expression of her personality, for personality is everything.

One of these spirited philosophers explained to Charlotte a simple, useful and

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

humorous way of eking out a measly allowance like hers, and making a decent show in the world, by getting the noblest of new hats, on approval, from a certain trustful shop in London, wearing them at an important party and then returning them as unsuitable. Another liberated mind told Charlotte of a very rock of refuge in financial tempests—a kind of super-dealer in old clothes who would buy the newest clothes as old ones—buy them just as they came from the shop, before their creator had sent in his bill. This, Charlotte learned, was a sagacious mode of discounting the future; as such it was highly valued, she heard, at the chief nerve centers of big business. As the fathers had treated their hard-bitten country, the daughters treated its makers of millinery and frocks, giving them frank group names, by the way—Milch Kine and Sumpter Mules.

My wife says that these revelations of a new wisdom of life went to poor Charlotte's head. "Can't you see?" Alice says. "She was 'like them that dream' in the Bible. Some god had led her out of the desert—that's how she felt. Oh, of course she shouldn't have felt it. Still, don't you want to know how people feel when they're making their mistakes? Aren't they feeling, almost always, just 'the nobleness of life is to do this'?"

Charlotte did not convey all the bald facts to her mother. Still, her letters of that term sparkled with an unmistakable elation. Mary Mellery told Alice at the time that she was sure Charlotte had taken the turn; she was on the right side; she had made the great find, the luster and joy of life gallantly lived must have shown itself to her and fired her. Through the many hours of bending over the shop fire, the reek and splutter of infinite fat. Mary's exultation at the thought of Charlotte's discovery carried her sublime.

Charlotte's elation had sunk, for the time, when she came home at the end of the term. She was tired. Among her new friends it was a kind of rule that life should be hectic and everything done as if a train were waiting -food bolted; no chair sat upon if the end of a table were to be had; loafing itself must be all in a fidget. By Charlotte's account, they did not come in or go out, but charged in and shot off; when two of them met they did not talk—they wove furiously.

This ideal strain of unrest is seldom loved by the stomach or the nerves. So Charlotte, now a tall, hungry-faced girl, with the scraggy figure that was then in fashion, came home in December rather gloomy and deflated. She slept badly, so that she had to read a great deal in bed, and her complexion of three months ago—almost as good as her mother's—was now dead and buried under a whited sepulcher with red trimmings—not a first-rate work of art.

The road to perfection has been reported to pass through a series of disgusts. If so, Charlotte had started. She begged frankly for breakfast in bed. "I can't bear," she explained, "the squalor of breakfast with no maid to wait." By the time she came down the breakfast wash-up was well over. Besides, it was too late to start on her books before luncheon, as she took pains to call their one o'clock dinner. So she dawdled about and offered occasional remonstrances against the hideous realism, as she put it, of her mother's labors in the kitchen.

"How can you, mother?" she said as Mrs. Mellery cleaned the grimy oil stove with red hands. Much housenold scrubbing had chapped and chilblained them grossly. "Your hands will be frightful to look upon."

From spectacles so repulsive Charlotte was happily delivered by an invitation to go with one Joan Bagnall's people to Switzerland, to Château d'Œx, for Christmas. Joan was a new Oxford friend.

"Sorry," Charlotte said to her mother, "to leave you to cope with plum pudding and crackers and all the nine plagues of the season." Charlotte explained why she had to do this. "I'm one of those people," she said, "who really like sunshine and light." She also conveyed that life's real battle could not be fought in Lower Grove Crescent; that she, the gallant Charlotte, must rust no longer in this inglorious ease, but must hurry to the front. She came back the day term began. There was just time, before going on to Oxford, to pour out to her mother the frightful hardships of the homeward journey by train—"We were piled in heaps, simply piled, like bodies in dead carts, you know, in the Great Plague of London"—and to unload a month's washing, with fervent adjurations to her mother to post it on to Oxford as soon as ever she could get it done. "Don't let your life's passion for airing keep me waiting, mother. I've simply nothing to wear."

VI

HER first long vacation opened benignly enough. A Magdalen man did her well at the varsity match, a Jewish dowager took her to see the young bloods of the Gentiles play polo at Ranelagh; a man she knew at the House motored her down to Henley for each of three days.

But seasons wane swiftly; July flowed away and dread August began. Charlotte upbraided her mother for not feeling more deeply the tragedy of a London with nobody in it. "Absolute Jeremiah!" said Charlotte. "'How doth the city sit solitary'—that sort of thing."

More than enough of hard work had taken most of the playfulness out of Mrs. Mellery. Still, she raised a smile to cheer up the girl. Luckily there were still a few people, she said, to ask for fried fish.

Charlotte frowned. Sorrow ought to be treated as sacred. She said austerely, "My dear mother, you know what I mean—that there isn't a soul one could speak to." She mused darkly, and added, "The sort of men I know are far away, shooting."

The day was August the first. Not a straw had Mary Mellery ever cared about sport or its calendar. Still the air round Sussex parsonages hums with references to the sacred dates. Everyone knows them, like Christmas and Easter. So she said, playfully still, "Hadn't they better wait just a little, dear? There might be trouble." How could it strike her that she might seem to be taunting Charlotte with a heinous slip on a grave point of caste lore?

Charlotte turned on her savagely. "Mother," she cried, "I'll never forgive you! Never!"

I suppose I loosed a swear word at this point of the tale, as we pieced it out jointly, for Alice said, "No, you must look at the thing from the child's point of view. In a way, she had done as she would have had herself done by. She had hushed up the fish shop. Oh, you may grunt; but in her sight the shop was just a foul stigma her mother had brought on them both. Charlotte had loyally hidden the stain, and now—here was a mother who wouldn't pass over a poor little slip of the tongue in return. Oh, yes, of course she saw crooked! Only we've got to get, somehow, behind people's eyes to make out why they do things."

No doubt I grunted again. Charlotte reticent! That was a good 'un. Why, the badge of the precious regiment she had joined was unreserve—a kind of labored unreserve. "All this stuffy cant about not referring to things" was one of their butts. You will remember that convention of those poor dull years. Young women novelists, when they were graveled for wit in their dialogue, would lug in disease—all, all for the cause. But the pretty kettle of fish at the Scrubbs was quite another affair. No mentioning that.

VII

THROUGHOUT the next two years of her strenuous harvesting of roses Charlotte was aided more and more by a social improvement which, she explained to her mother, had been brought about since Mrs. Mellery retired from the world—if she had ever been in it. This was, in her words: "The man pays for everything now." Her set had found out that rich hobbledehoys abounded at Oxford; many of these were quite game to be sponged on, *ad lib.*, for meals, dances, theaters, drinks, joy rides in their motors, or on the great horse—all in return for no more than a little noncommittal philandering.

Mrs. Mellery could remember still her own youthful anger against the second-rate man who insists on paying gate moneys and fares and the like for any woman acquaintance whom he meets in some public place where you have to open your purse. But no such feeling seemed to vex Charlotte; rather a glow of pride, as it were, in calling the lieges up to be taxed during term, and even in the vacations.

"I'm not rich, mother," she would say, with an air of proud humility, "and it's more honest not to pretend that I am." And then she would down books for the day and rush upstairs to recompose her complexion and go out to luncheon, somewhere nearer the heart of the empire, with Derek or Michael or Basil or somebody else who was never a surname and yet never came to Lower Grove Crescent. At first it was Derek who seemed to play *jeune premier*, with other tributaries in occasional support. Then Michael apparently rose to be paymaster-general for a while. But in Charlotte's last year Basil seemed to be the great fiscal resource.

For the last weeks of her last long vacation she stayed with Basil's people in Argyllshire. By way of preparation for this distant campaign she asked her mother, some weeks in advance, whether the air of the Highlands was not considered to be fine. Mrs. Mellery had never been there, but could truly say she believed so.

Thus, when Charlotte came to announce that she had promised to go there, and Mrs. Mellery said, "But, my darling, how can you afford Scottish visits?" Charlotte was able to counter her nimbly: "Why, mother," she protested, "I mentioned it to you before accepting, and you encouraged me most strongly." Without leaving time for a rejoinder to this masterpiece she went on: "We simply can't draw back so late. They'd be frightfully hurt. And, after all, one does need a little change now and again from this so lovely postal district."

So Mrs. Mellery, who loved having Charlotte at home, had a good fortnight's solitude extra in Lower Grove Crescent, and disendowed her own breakfast of its egg to make sure of the taxi fare on Charlotte's return. Charlotte had a friendly, trustful way of returning penniless from travel and saying, "Oh, mother, do give me three shillings before you embrace me, to let me get rid of this foul taxi man."

She did return in that apostolic condition, so far as the currency of this world was concerned. But she was rich, almost past comprehension, in knowledge of the technic and terminology of deerstalking. Also she sparkled with disdain for newly risen English and American millionaires who attempted to follow this patrician sport without possessing the necessary pedigree.

VIII

ONLY eight months now till Charlotte would be in for greats; and then the time would arrive for falling to work on whichever mode of making a living the girl had been wishing for all this time.

Which would it be? Mrs. Mellery wondered. She almost envied, she that had had to give up, in her time, the joy and pride of cutting her own road through the great open world and go back to live out the close day of small things at the vicarage. Never mind, Charlotte would have the high adventure her mother had missed. But there were nights when Mrs. Mellery lay awake, frightened. What if Charlotte should make some mistake, misjudge her own powers, get left at the start? The mother so longed to help and to guard that she asked a fishing question at last—was Charlotte's heart set on teaching, like so many women's?

The girl made a grimace. "Teaching! I'd die first!"

Mrs. Mellery might have fished further, but Charlotte stood wearily wagging her head from side to side. It was a gesture she kept for such cases. It seemed to say, "For how many years more am I to have to endure these manners of yours in this wilderness?"

That was at Christmas. At Easter, an alternative to death, as a means of escape from teaching, offered itself. The owner of some Babylonian system of vast shops had missed a university education in his youth of toil. He secretly revered it and wanted to justify his faith by taking young men and women from Oxford into his business, to train them for future captains of commerce by putting them right through the mill. Charlotte's dons, when approached by this eccentric trader, gave him her name.

The first her mother heard of this opportunity was that Charlotte had dismissed it with some scorn. It was Charlotte who told her. "For one thing," she said, "shops are not healthy. For another, the whole thing is too abjectly sordid—for me anyhow."

Perhaps her mother's face fell a little. A tide in a young woman's fortunes, rejected at the flood, is not a gay sight for her friends. "My dear mother," said Charlotte, "don't look so solemn. Money isn't everything, is it? Or do you want to kick me out of the home the day I leave Oxford?"

In this antimaterialist spirit she borrowed the fare to Piccadilly by bus—"Not that I haven't got it, of course; only, those beasts of conductors glare at you like Gorgons if you want change"—and frisked off to meet Basil in the higher, purer air that he breathed.

"We lunch," she told her mother that evening, with complacent archness, "at a rather exclusive restaurant, in a rather exclusive way." She used to talk like that.

My wife pleads it in her defense: "Don't you see?—she was naïve. She knew nothing. A silly child, but a child." Hum!

That vacation slid past like the others. It was the last; no more time for Charlotte to work for the decent degree that assures independence to any Oxford woman who cares for it. But Basil was good for any number of bounties, and Charlotte refused none. She boasted as much; she was facetious about it. "Prayer answered again, mother!" she would say gayly when one of Basil's posted invitations was brought up by Mrs. Mellery with Charlotte's breakfast. "Oh, don't be shocked! There's no romantic drivel between me and Basil. He has the great benefit of my conversational gifts. He also has the gratification of entertaining *en prince*. Don't imagine I put myself under an obligation."

She would be under still less, her mother suggested, rather imploringly, if he ever came to the house. "You know, dear, it is rather odd that I've never seen one of your friends."

Charlotte's head started wagging at once in that weary way. "Can't you see, mother?" she drawled. "How could I bring him here? If one could even offer him a drink after a dance! But there's nothing to do with him here."

I suppose her mother had the English mind; she drove at practice. She positively discovered some new possibility of household retrenchment. At the end of a week she had bought a bottle of whisky for the refreshment of any friend whom Charlotte might present to her. Any effort, any privation, anything rather than look helplessly on at poor Charlotte's progress in shirking and cadging.

IX

I SUPPOSE that at Oxford Charlotte had let her excellent brains rust more than anyone knew. For she scored a clean plow in her greats, and that is no easy feat for good brains in so clement a university. She came home with an air of gallant readiness to carry things off with a high hand, encountered nothing but sympathy, and thereupon lapsed into flatness and yawns for a couple of days, and lay in bed after breakfast rather longer than "when I had

(Continued on Page 106)

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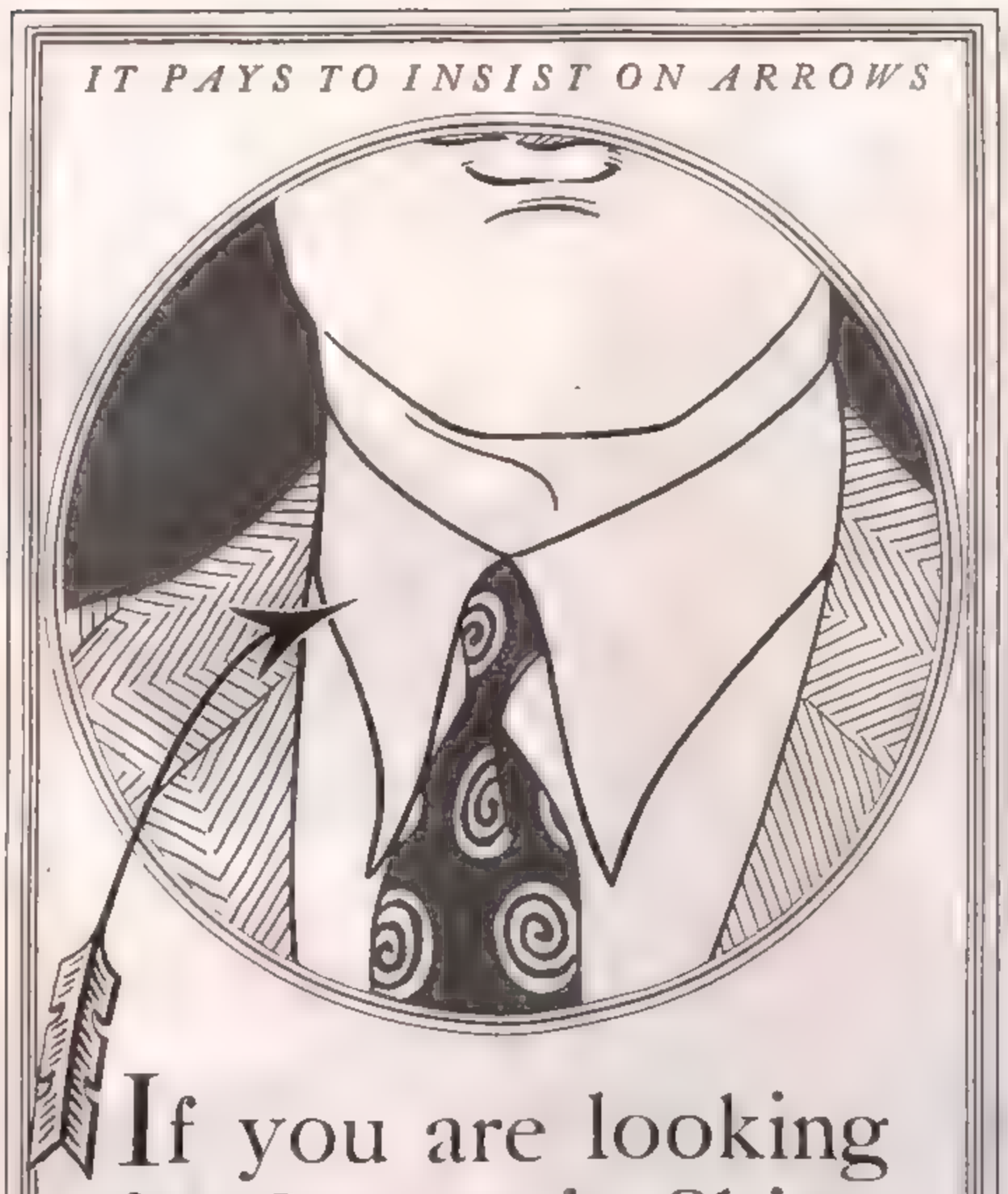

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(Continued from Page 102)

that cursed sweating for greats always forcing me to get up." Then she revived, put on her best clothes and most plenteous pigments and sallied forth, saying, "Well, I suppose you want me to go out and tramp the streets, asking for work."

At the moment of these gracious exits she did not say when she would return. Some days she came back for a meal, accused her mother of being surprised, and said, "Why, I told you last night I'd lunch here"; or else, "How could I tell you when I didn't know myself?" Or else she said both, in succession. But on most days she came home only when Mrs. Mellery, spent with the labors and steams of the fish shop, had crawled up to bed. At these hours Charlotte would be in good spirits, singing snatches of song on the stairs and banging doors cheerfully.

Clouds would return with the day. When Mrs. Mellery came with the tray and drew up the cheap yellow blind, Charlotte would fairly revel in glumness and quote lugubrious tags—titles of pictures or music-hall songs or lines she had read in the old days when she read things. "Another Hopeless Dawn, mother!" Or "On the bald street breaks the blank day." Then she would add something practical: "Do wash my things today, mother; you do it a million times better than I," or "Could you just darn my stockings this morning, before I go out? I'd do it, only I simply don't possess the slave virtues. Honestly, mother, I don't."

x

ON THE last Sunday in August Mrs. Mellery kept a perfect carnival of darning. Fried fish was not sold on Sundays. So the whole evening, as well as the day, could go to this festival. Charlotte had gone out motoring for the day. She had not said in whose car. Of late there had not been the old flow of talk about Basil and Basil's baroosh.

So there was time to rout out everything of Charlotte's that called to be darned, and an amazing lot of these calls there were. Mrs. Mellery would have a happy little surprise ready for Charlotte on her return. You see, she still had that notion of hers that every scrap of happiness did good to the young—kept them from becoming sour or hard, or from softening their wills with self-pity.

The work lasted till midnight. No Charlotte back yet, to get the happy surprise. But that was nothing; Charlotte had her key, and her time was her own. Her mother went to bed tired and slept till about four o'clock.

There was then an hour till dawn. Railway buffers were slowly banging together in the toneless twilight, and steam rose with a steady hiss from an engine that stood about as if idle. She told Alice later that these sounds seemed to stand off, as it were, from the house—the house was ringed round with them, at a distance, like sentries; its own interior was frightfully quiet—you know how one absolute silence is fathoms deeper than another.

She stole along on her toes to Charlotte's room and found the door open. The faded cheap blind was blenching toward dawn; she could see the bed empty and neat, as she had made it yesterday morning after Charlotte had said, "Mother, do make my bed, just this morning," and hurried away.

She went to the window and lifted the sash to look out. She fancied Charlotte might be standing at the door—might have forgotten her key and be waiting there, from a kind impulse, till her mother had had her sleep out. No one was there; the whole street was empty; only a few leaves, early fallen, were rustling dryly in eddies of dust and old straws. Morning was more pallid now; it looked shabby and dull—a mere refuse morning, made of the rubbish and waste of old days. The dawn smelled of dreariness.

She shivered, and went back to bed and lay listening. You'll say she might have been pardoned a few idle tears, a little sorrow for herself—the warmth, such as it is, of mere passive rest in the lap of sadness, of thinking: "To this we come, we that were more glad of life than it seemed that anyone else could ever have been, and happier in our love, and full of more wonderful hopes when our children were born."

"She didn't wallow like that," my wife said; "not for one second."

"Well, you know a lot," I said gruffly. It may be a resource to you—gruffness.

"She thought," Alice said, though God knows how she knew, "'I must keep strong, and the shop going well, and make things nicer here, so that Charlotte may like the house more if she ever comes back.'"

I groaned. I'm not for human sacrifice, whatever the good old early Britons thought. "Well, anyhow," I said, "you must bring her out here for weeks and weeks—months. People can't get a rest in goods sidings."

"No use!" Alice said. "She must always be there. She can't leave for one night."

"Why the deuce?"

"Didn't you soldiers have something you knew as stand to?—all of you turning out before dawn, to be ready if—anyone came?"

Yes, I remembered all right how ghastly the gaunt day would break over Inverness Copse and its stench, when your blood had gone cold in the night.

"Well," said Alice, "she stands to for Charlotte."

"But we soldiers," I said, "had got one another."

Alice went on: "She's beset with the notion that some day or other Charlotte will reappear at that time, in great trouble, and lose heart and go right away if there's no one ready to let her in quickly."

The sun had finished its setting, but other genial lights were coming out now on Shepperley Down; some of them fixed in farm windows, others floating downward obliquely like very slowly falling stars—the lights of distant motors coasting down the great road from the north to Welford and its jolly inn, tucked snugly away in the valley below us. Pheasants had begun to creak and fidget softly as they went to bed in our wood, and three sorts of owls were coming to life for the night. There was the two-noted fellow that hoots in B flat; and also a deuce of an artist that sports a long bubbly trill; and then a real screecher true to the grand old tradition. The last russet trace of the pomp that there had been in the farthest northwest was melting away into the benedictive peace of the English midsummer night, which passeth all understanding. You think of many things at such times; doors are unlocked in your mind and you set out on long trains of questioning and wonder, like old Æneas when he was having a good time himself, but was given a look into hell and thought what terrible luck some people do have. Poor Charlotte—perhaps. Anyhow poor Mrs. Mellery!

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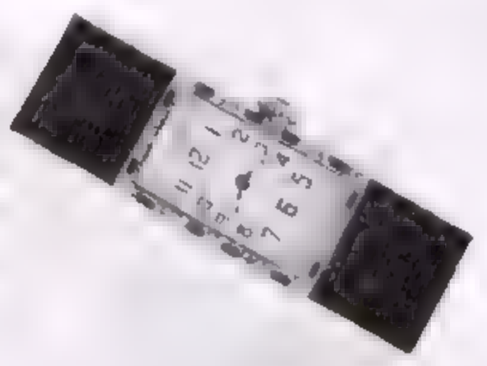

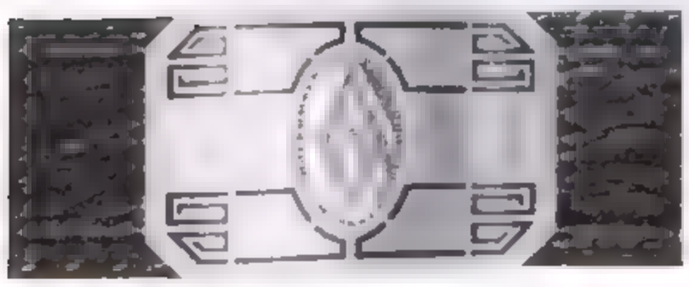

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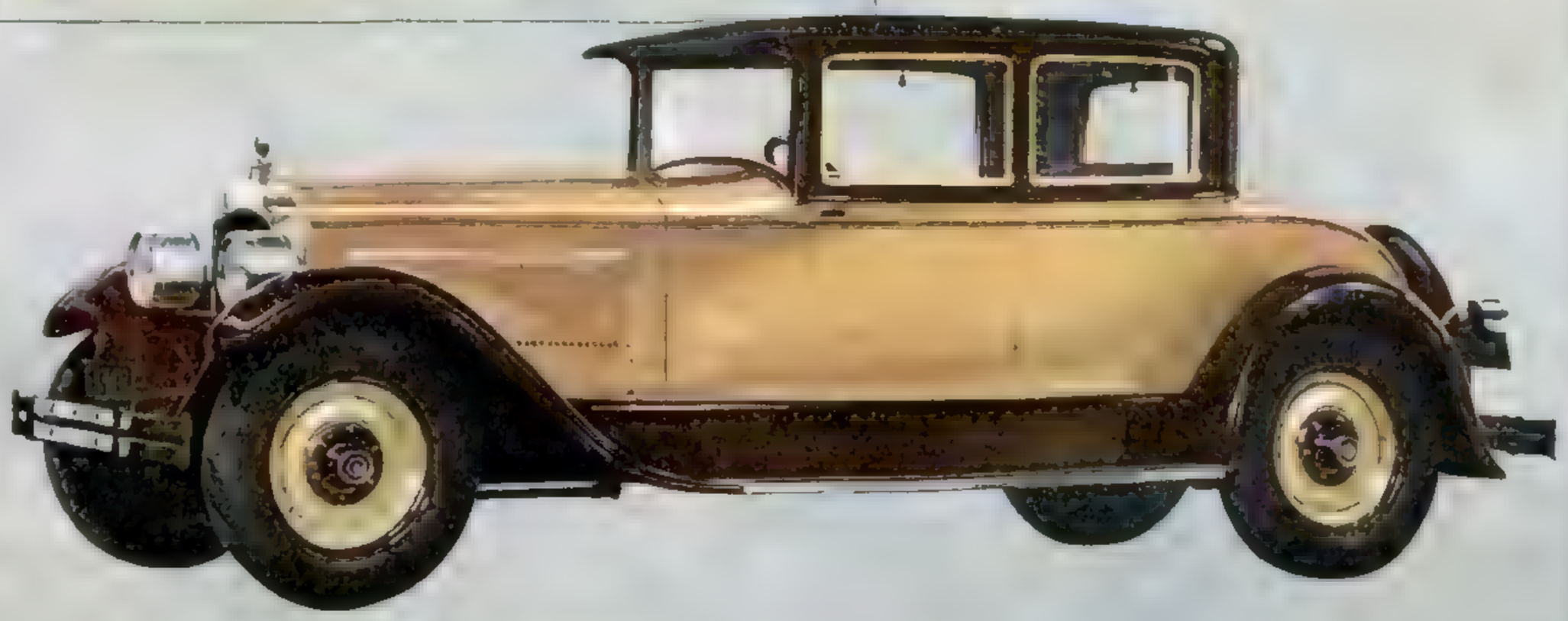

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TOUCHDOWN!

Continued from Page 26

forward as if to drive the ball straight ahead as usual; but just before he reached it the Warhorse kicked it gently, at an angle. Herschberger recovered it on the bound about twelve yards ahead and near the sideline, and dodged his way through to Michigan's twenty-yard line.

Four years later we worked a variation of the same joker on Penn, Herschberger kicking the top of the ball lightly and recovering it after it had traveled ten yards forward. With the ball still in our hands, we rang another change to a pretended place kick, and went around Penn's end for a touchdown. From time to time I have used all these tricks with telling effect, and they long since have been adopted generally. We planned to use my 1894 kick-off again against Illinois in 1914; but two of our team lost their heads and failed to get into position, and the captain's efforts to straighten them out tipped the play to the alert Illinois eleven. Worse followed. When we switched back to a true kick-off some of the Chicago team failed to return to place, leaving a commodious lane, through which Pottsy Clark, recently coach at Kansas, ran for a touchdown. Clark was the hero of the day, and I would detract nothing from his glory, but our own dumbbell playing had something to do with it.

We took it out of the storehouse and dusted it off again for Wisconsin's benefit last season. Kernwein recovered the ball and made a long gain, only to be called back, properly, when the linesmen checked up. He had misjudged his distance and caught the ball only nine and three-quarters yards in advance of its kick-off position.

We had better fortune with another trick kick which could be used on any punt. The rule was changed in 1903, but before that a punter could recover his own kick if the other side permitted him to do so. The rules specified only that the rest of the offensive team, being ahead of the ball, were off side and could not recover it until it had been touched by the defense. Secure in this knowledge, the defensive line would lose interest once they had failed to block the kick. Herschberger would come forward rapidly underneath a high punt. Twice in one Northwestern game he caught their backs napping and recovered his own kick, and he worked it successfully other times.

Our First Championship

That disregard for tradition of which I have been accused led me to put Walter Kennedy, fast and weighing 195 pounds, at quarter in 1898. He had played tackle and half his two previous seasons. It was axiomatic that quarterback was reserved for the lightest man on the team. There may have been a good reason for the tradition once, but as is frequently the case with traditions, the times had changed. I had a good quarter in Gordon Clark, but I could use both speed and weight in the position. The innovation was much talked of West and East. Woodruff followed suit at Pennsylvania and shifted John Outland from tackle to quarter and Purdue moved its heavy captain to quarter.

As early as 1896 I had shifted our defense from tackle supports to putting the backs directly into the line as smashing halves and closing it up tightly, with only two men, the safety included, for secondary defense. This became commonplace in the West; but in 1902, before the Northwestern game, George Foster Sanford, who was taking a fling at coaching a Western eleven, predicted what would happen to our unsupported line. We beat them 12 to 0.

In 1899 we came into our first championship. Playing eighteen games, we won sixteen and tied two, both the Iowa and the Pennsylvania contests ending 5 to 5. Between October fourth and fourteenth we played Notre Dame, Iowa, Dixon College and Cornell. The latter was our first with the Ithaca school, coached that season by Percy Haughton, and we won 17 to 6. We beat Brown, Northwestern 76 to 0, Minnesota 29 to 0, and Wisconsin 17 to 0 in a post-season game.

The Penn game was played in Chicago this time, and they sent Jack Minds, an assistant coach, on ahead to spy out the landscape. I suspected nothing of this; but having a new portfolio of tricks in preparation, I didn't uncover them on our own field, which was open to any eye. Minds happened to arrive just as we were leaving in livery rigs for a ball park on Sixty-seventh Street, and he fell in behind. He told me later that his arrival was providential and that our artifices would have worked havoc with them had they not been prepared; but in my judgment we failed to win by the poor judgment of our quarter, who made the error, all too common with quarterbacks, of assuming that a straight line necessarily is the shortest distance between two points in football. We would make long gains on off-tackle plays, march down on Penn's goal, then try to hammer our way through the strongest point in the wall—the center of their line—and lose the ball on downs. Someone on the Philadelphia coaching staff told me that they had left an apparent hole between center and guard as bait for our quarter, but that may be only a good story.

Still in Training

We had a guard that season—Herb Ahlswede, now of Long Beach, California—who broke a leg in practice two days before a game and played it through without realizing his injury. A doctor had diagnosed the injury as a sprain and ordered a brace made for the leg. After the game the leg pained so that we had an X ray taken. It disclosed a long crack in the fibula. The X ray was the newest scientific quirk in 1899. In 1897, Herschberger had hurt a foot in the Illinois game and the device had demonstrated that the bone was not broken. This is said to have been the first time the invention had been applied to a football injury. Today, at the least indication of trouble, we hustle a man to the X ray.

A newcomer, a slight tow-headed lad, weighing only 145 pounds, appeared on the squad that season and caught my eye at once by his fierce and accurate tackling. His name was Jimmy Sheldon, and he was one of those cat-at-a-rat-hole footballers that gladden a coach's heart. He was captain in 1901 and 1902, by which time he was up to 158 pounds—still slight enough; but it isn't beef that makes a player, as any coach will tell you. He was my assistant in 1903 and 1904, after graduation, then went to Indiana as coach for nine years.

In his last year at Indiana I was leaving the White Sox baseball park one summer afternoon after a game when I saw Jimmy standing on a Wentworth Avenue corner, waiting for a street car. He had just lighted a cigar when he caught sight of me. I glanced away intentionally, but out of the corner of one eye I saw him drop the cigar quickly and step on it. Then I laughed at him.

Like many other old boys of mine, he couldn't smoke and be comfortable in my presence, even after the lapse of years.

James Weber Linn told a similar story about Johnny Breathed in the Chicago Herald and Examiner last fall. Breathed had made his letter in track, but a bad knee kept him out of football. Back from a year in France, where he had served as first lieutenant in a combat regiment, Breathed borrowed a cigarette on Stagg Field from Linn.

"He was a hard-boiled lad," wrote Linn, "and the five years since his graduation and the war had not noticeably softened him. He had just lighted up when he dropped the cigarette unobtrusively and stepped on it.

"'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Don't you like my brand?'

"'Sh-h-h!' whispered Johnny. 'There's Old Man Stagg behind you.'"

In 1898, Michigan, Illinois and Chicago had boycotted Wisconsin because of their playing of Maybury and Cochems, alleged to be professionals, and two rival Conference field meets were held in the spring. Wisconsin barred the two players early in the fall and the hatchet was buried, but in 1899 the boycott was turned on us. Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, all located in relatively small communities, accused us of running things with too high a hand in demanding that all our games either be played in Chicago or we be given a guaranty large enough to compensate us for playing away from home, together with a return game at Chicago with the same guaranty for the visitors. This policy was a necessity with us, dictated by self-preservation. All our athletics depended upon football receipts; we had no alumni to meet an athletic deficit, and we were located in a great city which would outdraw Ann Arbor, Madison and Urbana-Champaign many times over. The boycott accounted for Brown and Cornell's appearance on our schedule for the first time, and we made considerably more money than ever before.

The story of how we came to play Wisconsin in a post-season game for the championship never has been told. Both teams were undefeated and the Conference was rife with argument as to which was the better. A friend of Chicago's asked me if we would like to play the Badgers, and got a loud affirmative. He approached a Wisconsin alumnus, who also wished to see the teams meet, and together they arranged a luncheon for some ostensible purpose other than football. Both Wisconsin and Chicago men were invited, and when they were seated, the two conspirators fell into a dispute as to the relative merits of the two elevens. The argument spread rapidly and engendered some heat. When it was thoroughly ripe the Wisconsin member of the conspiracy innocently suggested: "You can't win football games over a tablecloth. Why don't you get your two teams together and fight it out?"

"Stagg will play, but Wisconsin can't be smoked out," retorted his accomplice.

A Psychology Exam

Smarting under this false implication, the Wisconsin faction brought pressure to bear on Madison and Professor Van Hise, afterward president of Wisconsin, and Manager Fisher of the Badgers met me in Chicago and arranged a game at Madison on December ninth, which we won, 17 to 0. One of the group pictures of the '99 eleven, I note, displays a badger pelt. The boycott never was resumed.

Hiram Conibear, who later went to the University of Washington as rowing coach, revolutionized American rowing, made the Washington crews supreme and became a famous figure in that sport, was our trainer in the late 90's. Captain Kennedy was kicked in the head in the Wisconsin game and Conibear ran onto the field to attend him. Kennedy apparently was not badly hurt, but Conibear knew that a player may be badly dazed, yet appear to be in full possession of his faculties. Games have been lost by failure to detect this condition and Con had a test he always applied.

"What's your name?" he demanded of Kennedy.

The big captain looked the trainer in the eye in astonishment, while Conibear peered back anxiously.

"Go bury your grandmother, Con!" Kennedy said, after a moment.

"You're all right, Ken," the trainer pronounced, and ran off the field.

We had won the Western intercollegiate track championship in 1899, and in 1900 I promoted a trip to the Olympic Games at

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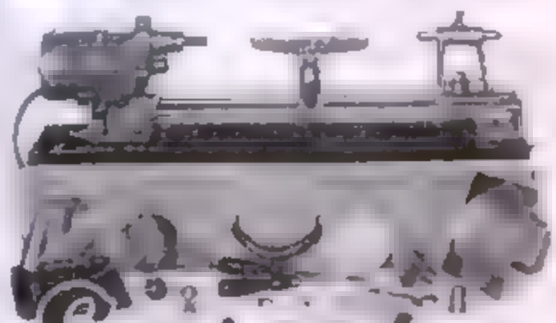

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Paris. I had to borrow $2500 at the bank to finance the trip, President Harper and T. W. Goodspeed, secretary of the university and perhaps our most enthusiastic rooter, indorsing my note. I took five men: Charley Burroughs, a great sprinter, who died of typhoid in Paris later while doing postgraduate work; Bill Maloney, an unusual quarter and half miler; his brother Fred, a hurdler of parts; Harvey Lord, a quarter-miler; and Henry Slack, a 220 and 440 yard man.

Before we sailed we learned that all the Olympic finals were to be run off on Sunday. The trip was off. Together with Princeton and Syracuse, we withdrew. A few days later a cable came from Paris to the effect that the French would defer to the peculiar Sabbatarian sensibilities of America and shift the finals to a weekday. Once in Paris, and with four of my five men qualified for the finals, I discovered they were to be held on Sunday after all. We were staying at Versailles with Mike Murphy and his Pennsylvanians. Princeton, Syracuse and Chicago refused to compete and Mike came home with all the loose statuary in Paris.

For years I was bitter over the inconstancy of the French and held them lowly as a people. In Paris again in 1924, I encountered Spaulding de Garmandia, a former rackets champion, tennis sharp, crack baseball player and all-round amateur athlete with whom I had played on the Bergen Point baseball team in the 80's. De Garmandia had gone to Paris in 1900 as assistant to A. G. Spalding, the United States athletic commissioner, and had remained in France. I had luncheon at his home. We talked of old times.

Whoa-Back

"Do you remember the row about the Sunday finals at the 1900 Olympics?" he asked. I did. "You know," he went on, "I couldn't stand by and let things go to smash, so I sent that cablegram on my own authority, hoping to make the French see the light before the games."

I publicly apologize to France.

The group which had come in in 1896 and brought us the title in 1899 was graduated after that season, and in 1900 and 1901 we had two of the weakest elevens in our history. Again in 1910 we had such a slump, following the wholesale graduation of a good team. I tried to meet this weakness in part by drilling the squad by the hour on their knees, their bellies, all fours, rolling over and getting up quickly, to teach them where the ground was and what it felt like. Five yards was not much to make in three downs, and on defense the only way to keep the other fellow from making it was to get down, then get down lower. When the linemen failed to perform to suit me, I made them crawl eighty yards on their knees.

We tied Minnesota 6 to 6 in 1900, Jimmy Henry, now general manager of all the National Biscuit plants in Chicago, our left half, saving us from defeat with a seventy-five-yard run for a touchdown; a gallant dash, all the finer in that Henry had a broken hand.

Despite our weakness, we beat a good Michigan team 15 to 6 in the final game of the '00 season. I had gone to Ann Arbor to watch the Michigan-Ohio State game, which ended 0 to 0, and see what I could see. Biffy Lee, of Princeton, was coaching the Wolverines. I thought I saw a weakness in his defense, and on the train coming home I devised a play to take advantage of it, putting a pusher behind the fullback in a drive on center and off tackle. Bodwell, a Kansas farm boy, weighing only 150 pounds, was at right guard for us. Kelly, a 220-pounder, would oppose him. Before the game I asked for volunteers to play against Kelly, and Bodwell was the first to offer

I had intended using him anyway, but I wanted a line on his mettle. He fought Kelly to a standstill.

They were betting at Ann Arbor that Michigan would beat us 40 to 0, but the new play did what it was designed to do. The reporters christened it the whoa-back. I never have understood the title, but it sounded well.

Chicago's First Undisputed Champions, the 1899 Eleven

The Chicago Press Club gave a dinner to the representatives of the Big Nine following the season of 1902. Chief of Police O'Neill appeared suddenly and demanded the immediate surrender of A. A. Stagg.

"What is the charge?" the toastmaster asked.

"I have a warrant for Mr. Stagg on the charge of leaving his whoa-back unhitched in the street," the chief shouted.

The whoa-back is only one of a procession of curiously named plays, some of them descriptive. In the play variously known as the Statue of Liberty and the cherry picker, a back held the ball aloft in his hand as if for a pass, another player came from the side toward which the pass was aimed, lifted the ball out of the upraised hand and ran with it around the opposite end. I used it against Cornell in 1908, its first employment by a Conference team. Zuppke's flea-flecker was a triple or quadruple pass, if I remember aright. I have forgotten what the octopus was. The tower pass was a Mutt-and-Jeff play. Two players, one tall, the other short and slight, dashed behind the enemy's goal line, the tall man lifted the little fellow in his arms, and little Jeff received a forward pass, sent high over the defensive team's heads

The talking play has taken many forms. It usually has been reserved for goal-line use. In one form, as the quarter calls the signal someone on the team shouts "What's that?" The quarter steps back as if to whisper the signal, and with opposition's attention distracted, the ball suddenly is snapped to a back, who is off with it. A team of mine made up such a play on the field once against Iowa when Jess Hawley was coaching there. Snitz Pierce, our fullback, rose suddenly, pointed over the Iowa line and yelled "What's that?" The Iowans turned around to look and Captain Norgren made twenty yards. Hawley evidently was impressed, for he uncorked a variation on Northwestern later. The play so confused the reporters that the true inwardness of it was not printed until a week after the game. Hawley had taken the precaution of consulting the referee beforehand, a referee in an earlier game with Nebraska having stopped the play, which he had no more right to do under the rules at that time than he had to tackle a player.

In the midst of the Iowa-Northwestern game, Gross, the Iowa quarter, was seen to be walking forward with the ball as if pacing fifteen yards. When he had stepped this distance he abruptly broke into a run and was not downed for seventy yards. The play had been called for by signal. The Iowa line had straightened up suddenly. One man lifted his voice in the cry, "They ought to be penalized! We ought to get fifteen yards!" The others glared at the referee. Gross picked up the ball. "I'll mark off fifteen yards myself," he announced heatedly, and solemnly paced off the distance, holding the ball in front of him, while Northwestern stared; then, having passed all but the Northwestern safety man, he took to his heels.

The 1900 game with Michigan and the whoa-back had dramatized our fullback, Perkins, and he was the newspaper hero of the game. Only the spectacular catches the eye of the average football reporter. A good back to him is one who can carry the ball; a good end, a man who can catch a forward pass. Hundreds of false reputations have been coined in the sporting pages and still pass current. When we ran over Stanley Keck, the Princeton left tackle, in 1921 the newspapers unanimously reported that Chuck McGuire, our captain and right tackle, had played Keck off his feet. With one exception, the linemen have not played directly opposite one another since 1890, and it was Crisler, our right end, who accounted largely for Keck. The exception is the center, who does play opposite the opposing center unless there is a strong and a weak side to the line, when he shifts a little off center.

Our low-water mark of 1901 coincided with the arrival at Michigan of Hurry-Up Yost, one of the great characters of the game. He was a highly inspirational coach and a football zealot. He has mellowed considerably, but in those days, if you permitted him to back you into a corner and start talking football you either fought your way out or perished miserably of starvation. After graduation he coached successively and successfully at Ohio Wesleyan, Nebraska, Kansas and Leland Stanford, and now he had come to Ann Arbor from the coast, bringing with him that distinguished native son, Willie Heston.

The Right Side

I have heard him tell the story of how a highly touted eleven from Buffalo University had come to Ann Arbor to play an early game on the Wolverine schedule. When the first half ended, Michigan was leading 65 to 0, and Buffalo had exhausted its subs. The visiting coach proposed to Yost that the second half be cut to twenty minutes. Yost countered with a proposal that Buffalo be allowed a twenty-minute intermission in which to recuperate, with permission to use their substitutes as often as they liked. Fifteen minutes before the second half was over, the Buffaloes took themselves off the field with the score 120 to 0. Before they called it a day a stranger, closely shrouded in a blanket, had been discovered on the Michigan sideline. Yost investigated and found the stranger to be one of the visiting team. Supposing him to be dazed and to have strayed away from his own cote, Yost said, "Here, you're on the wrong side."

"Oh, no, I'm not," the stranger assured him. "I'm on the right side. They've had me in the game three times already, and there ain't going to be any fourth time."

Michigan Agricultural College, later an annual hornets' nest for the state university, but inconsiderable then, provided another preliminary game. Because of the disparity between the two elevens, it was agreed beforehand that the game should be limited to two twenty-minute halves. Michigan's margin was 119 to 0 after fifteen minutes of the second half, when an Aggie tackle rose, flung his headgear as far as he could propel it and started off the field

"Get back there! The game isn't over!" someone yelled.

"It's over for me," the tackle announced. "We came up here to get some experience, and I've got it."

Yost had trampled on Iowa 107 to 0 and rolled up 528 points to a goose egg for his opponents when we met his team at Ann Arbor. We had lost eight out of sixteen

Continued on Page 115

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(Continued from Page 110)

games, including every major contest that season, and Michigan added a 0 to 22 defeat. The season over, Yost set sail for California with Heston, Boss Weeks, Neil Snow and the rest of his bucko crew to meet his last previous love, Stanford. It was twelve below in Ann Arbor the morning they left, eighty above in Pasadena on New Year's Day. The team, it is said, had not been in a scrimmage since Thanksgiving Day, and Yost did not call on one sub, but these are not alibis this time. Michigan won, 49 to 0.

Two boys who later were to distinguish themselves, both named Maxwell, but unrelated, were on the Chicago squad in 1901. The first was Lee Maxwell, now president of the Crowell Publishing Company. He played at end and half in 1901, quarter in 1902; but when the great Eckersall appeared on the scene in 1903, Maxwell was crowded off the team. It was a case of a first-rate player being displaced by an extraordinary player; but instead of sulking in his tent, as the average man would have done in the circumstances, Maxwell continued to turn out in 1903 and 1904 with superb spirit and fight for a position with all that was in him. I never have known a finer exhibition of loyalty and character, and I took pains to say so at the mass meeting held before the Wisconsin 1904 game.

It was no surprise to me when I heard that he had become head of one of the country's great publishing houses, and I wrote to tell him so. I could not believe that the character he had shown me in 1903 and 1904 would fail to count heavily in after life. I make the claim for football that it builds such character.

Fine Football Timber

The other Maxwell was Robert W., known to us as Fat, but Tiny to the East when he left us to play at Swarthmore after 1903. He became sporting editor of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger and a widely known football official. He was killed some three years ago in a motor-car accident. I never saw a finer piece of football timber physically. He weighed 240 pounds and was lightning fast in his Chicago days. For forty yards he could travel with anyone, and he was all-American material to any eye. A born clown, he added to a ready wit a stuttering tongue, and the stories he has left behind him are legion. Tom Thorpe told two of them at the football coaches' annual meeting last December.

He and Maxwell officiated at the Georgetown-Fordham game several seasons in succession. When these two Catholic colleges meet, the fur flies and the seismograph in the Georgetown astronomical observatory registers a violent earthquake. Tom was disturbed at the prospect of refereeing.

"Leave it to me," Maxwell reassured him. "All you have to do to gentle those broncs is to penalize 'em frequent and plenty right at the start. I'll give 'em fifteen yards on the first three plays."

The first scrimmage was entirely unobjectionable, but Tiny blew his whistle and decreed fifteen yards for holding. He waved aside the Georgetown protests. On the second play another blast from Maxwell's whistle. "Fifteen yards for unnecessary roughness," Tiny stuttered.

The Georgetown team descended upon him in a body. He chased them back, but as they went, one turned to say, "I suppose you'll penalize us five or ten yards on the next play for something or other."

"You're just a bit premature, young fellow," Tiny stuttered. "You're going to get fifteen yards on the next play too."

In 1901 I installed electric lights on our field to permit night practice, and we have used them ever since. The arc lamps have been replaced by flood lights now. In the latitude of Chicago, in the autumn months, practice by artificial light is imperative if the class work of the players is not to be interfered with.

Hugo Bezdek, now coach at Penn State, put on a football uniform in 1902 and made the team at once, playing at half, then fullback his last two years. Bezdek was a Chicago boy of Bohemian parentage. He won the newspaper title of the Thirteen-Inch Shell his third season, but I never was satisfied entirely with his playing until his senior year. His tackling was not consistently good. He suggested the remedy himself finally.

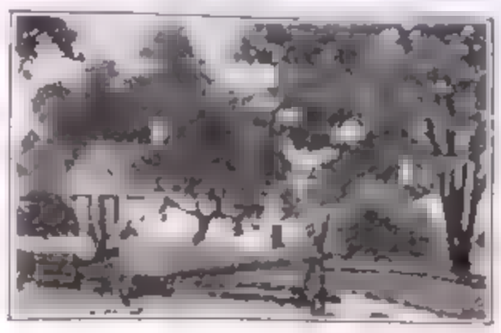
"If you will speak to me about my tackling just before every game, I think it will work," he said, and it did. I placed him as coach at Oregon after his graduation. He went from there to Arkansas. Oregon wanted him back after two years, but Penn State outbid them. Meanwhile he had become manager of the Pittsburgh National League Baseball Club.

The Checker Board

A new championship team was building up in 1902 and we won every game but the one with Michigan. In the previous season Illinois had smeared us 24 to 0. Jake Stahl, afterwards a big-league baseball player of note, was the keystone of the Illinois eleven and he had ripped through us like a buzz saw. He still was at Illinois in 1902 and I feared his slashing attack just as much as ever. I told the new men on the squad what havoc Stahl had wrought and they were keyed up to stop him, where the older men had failed in 1901. One of these new men was Dad Farr, now a Cleveland brick manufacturer, a short 202-pounder at right tackle and as hard as one of his bricks.

We kicked off at the opening of the 1902 game. Stahl took the kick on his twenty-yard line and was off in his old form. He was a big man, but fast, with a high knee action, his legs working like piston rods. Dad Farr came at him just as fast from the opposite direction. The two just came together like wild locomotives and both bounced back for a yard. Stahl did not get up for some time and he was dazed the balance of the game. Farr was innocent of any intent to rough his man; he merely was a dead-in-earnest, fear-no-man type; he went at Stahl as fast and hard as Stahl came at him, and both were bound to feel it. We won 6 to 0, after a stirring battle, but Illinois always blamed the defeat to Stahl's daze.

The playing field, which had become a gridiron in 1882, turned into a checkerboard between the twenty-five yard lines in 1903, and from 1904 to 1909 the entire field was checkered. Longitudinal markings were made necessary by the new rule permitting the first man to receive the ball from the center to run with it. This seemed such a radical step to the rules body that they added the condition that the ball carrier, in such case, must not cross the scrimmage line fewer than five yards to the right or left of his starting point. In simpler language, he could not charge directly forward. At the 1904 meeting the field goal finally bowed its head in submission to the touchdown and was reduced from 5 to 4 points. In 1903 a kicker was made ineligible to receive his own kick or to run forward and put his team mates onside, the old trick Herschberger had worked twice in one game on Northwestern. The blocking and jostling of the kicker as he came forward under a high punt, crying "Onside! Onside!" when he overtook it had looked rough. It was innocuous enough, but the rules body threw it to the lions as a sop to the critics of the sport, and went on ignoring more fundamental evils.



Walter Eckersall walked on our stage in 1903, already a wise young football head. Like so many of our players, he was a local boy. He had played three or four years on the Hyde Park High School eleven, one of the greatest high-school teams in the records, and had been captain and quarter when they annihilated the New York high-school champs, Brooklyn Polytechnic, 105 to 0 and 59 to 0 in successive years. Eight of the eleven men that brought us our second undisputed championship were Chicago boys; the three others all chanced to be from Iowa.

We played the Army for the first time that season, losing 6 to 10 at West Point on a bad break at the end of the game. Eckersall had kicked and Chicago was going down under the ball. Hackett, the Army quarter, now Col. H. H. Hackett and a football official of note, was coming for it from the opposite direction, when the ball, by accident, struck Mark Catlin of Chicago on the shoulder. Bucky Vail construed the play as interference and gave the cadets a free catch from a point fifteen yards nearer our goal. They employed it to boot a field goal for the winning five points.

Northwestern had tied us 0 to 0, but the Army and Michigan games were our only losses in '03. My health in 1904 was poor and became sharply worse as a result of leaping a flooded gutter with Alonzo, Jr., in my arms. I was running off three track meets in one day. A heavy fall of snow in the morning had melted rapidly when the sun burst through, and the streets were so sloppy that I had to carry the five-year-old boy en route from my home to the gym. In front of the gym I took a run to clear a broad pool, landed on ice on the far side, and in a desperate effort to recover my balance I threw certain bones in my lower back out of place.

Arrogant in my strength, I took the baseball squad out the first good day and knocked up flies to them. I kept this up all spring in baseball and track work, until I had irritated the sciatic nerve fearfully. Sciatica drove me to Colorado that summer, without relief, and I continued to suffer through 1904, 1905 and 1906. In 1904 I hardly lasted out the season, stopping off at Battle Creek on my way back from the game with Michigan. I went from Battle Creek to Mt. Clemens. Swedish massage straightened me out until I could sleep again, at least, and walk an eighth of a mile at a time. I tried Hot Springs in the winter of 1905 and improved a bit more, but the sciatica was being driven from the left leg into the right and back into the left again.

In 1906 I went to Miami, Florida, and had a whirl at Mudlavia, Indiana, in 1907. Miami was a village and the best lot on Flagler Street could have been had for seventy-five dollars a front foot. I was there again in 1908, but I had neither the vision to see the town's future nor the money to act on it. All we had was going for medical treatment.

Side-Car Coaching

After a long lull, the sciatic attack returned in 1914, forcing me to coach the football team from a motorcycle side car, in which I pop-popped about the field. Another recurrence in 1919 led the alumni to present me with an electric automobile, from which I coached that year's eleven. Except for that time I went to Milwaukee long ago to get a line on Wisconsin, I never have missed a Chicago football game. I wore a cap always in my earlier years, but I had a derby on my head at Milwaukee and the newspapers reported that I had attended disguised in a derby hat. The team had a close call that day in my absence, and I never have ventured away since.

Texas appeared on our schedule in 1904. Football was young in the Southwest and no one in Chicago had any line on it, but if we could believe the trumpeting that sounded from Austin, things were about to

(Continued on Page 117)

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Building permits in Coral Gables during the first 8 months of 1926 totaled $11,174,317, an increase of nearly 20% over the same period in 1925. *Of this total, 15½% or $1,743,000 was for business or industrial structures.* . . . For business men everywhere are watching the rise of Coral Gables closely. Business opportunities are open. Favorable locations may be secured and trade easily developed. Write to Dept. S-1 of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables, Florida, for full information.

Pay-day at the Coral Gables Construction Company. The payrolls of the 190 builders and contractors in the first 8 months of 1926 released about $8,000,000 for the benefit of the merchants of Coral Gables.

The Bank of Coral Gables, which has over 3000 accounts. Capitalization $100,000, surplus, $20,000, deposits September 15, 1926—$1,250,000. The Coral Gables Post Office, in the same building, delivers mail twice daily throughout Coral Gables.

City of Coral Gables

A Unit of Greater Miami, Florida

(Continued from Page 115)

happen. We were told that the Longhorns averaged 197 pounds and that every man could do 100 yards in ten flat. Hutchinson of Princeton was coaching them. Between St. Louis and Chicago they dropped from sight, to be found, after two days of newspaper speculation, hiding out at Dwight, Illinois, some 100 miles from Chicago.

All this worked up interest nicely, and Ralph Wilder drew a cartoon in the Record-Herald of a fearsome herd of longhorns stampeding down upon a frightened stag. I began to be frightened myself, and that alarm did not diminish when Texas was off at the kick-off in just such a stampede as Wilder had pictured. They trampled us back to our five-yard line in no time, and the handful of rooters they had brought along were whooping the Rebel yell. At this moment Texas fumbled, the ball flying out of a tackled Texan's arms plump into the arms of Eckersall, at safety, and he ran 107 yards for a touchdown. Texas collapsed like a toy balloon and we beat them 68 to 0. I never have known another such deflation.

Yost and Willie Heston were present at the Texas game to have a look at us, and the following week at Ann Arbor they beat us 22 to 12 for the fourth successive season. It was a battle. In the first five minutes Ed Parry, our fullback, went out with a broken leg. After twenty minutes we had lost three backs. The way Eckersall and his substitute back field fought that Michigan team on defense was something to wipe out the memory of past defeats. Fred Speik, left end, now a distinguished Los Angeles physician, was captain of that Chicago eleven, and a fighter himself. We gave Yost the worst scare he had had in four years at Ann Arbor, Bezdek going over for a touchdown early in the game. Later Eckersall got loose and was touchdown-bound, but Heston managed to trip him up with a one-hand tackle.

We wound up the season Thanksgiving Day in a burst of glory against Wisconsin. Eckersall had an instinctive preference for running to the right, which our opponents had not failed to notice. I warned him several times, and before the Wisconsin game I suggested that the first time he got the ball from a kick he start to the right as usual, then shift to the left.

"Some day it will give you a touchdown," I prophesied. "In any event you'll gain more ground."

A Game of Speed

The game was played on our grounds. In the second half Melzner kicked off for Wisconsin, Eckie took the ball on our three-yard line and started to the right, as usual, pulling the on-coming Badgers with him. Suddenly he veered to the left, circling Captain Bush, their right end, eluded Melzner at safety and ran 105 yards for a touchdown, to be carried off the field on the shoulders of a crazy mob. Wisconsin had reason to respect Eckie. The previous year he had booted three field goals to Wisconsin's one touchdown and the posters at Madison had read, "Eckersall 15, Wisconsin 6."

The old five-yard football as we played it in the Conference from 1900 to 1906 was a great game to watch. Speed was its first name. In the Chicago-Wisconsin 1902 game there were 112 plays in the first half. In our game with Michigan that year there were 100 plays in each of the halves. This speed was intended to wear down the other fellow, and the team in the best physical shape cleaned up in the second half. Series plays hitched together in sequence with only one signal, and played off as fast as the team could line up, contributed to this breathless pace. And Eckersall and Walter Steffen, his successor, were great drivers.

The tempo of the game today is much slower. Unlimited substitutions now balk any possibility of winding the opposition. The prevalent huddle has further slowed up things. The huddle goes back a long way for occasional use, but Coach Zuppke was the first to employ it constantly. The drowning out of signals by the hullabaloo from the stands led him to adopt it. In 1914 we failed to win our game with Wisconsin because Vruwink, left end, missed a signal in the racket coming from a tallyho load of Wisconsin rooters, all with megaphones, near the corner of the field. We were down on Wisconsin's two-yard-line, with the score 0 to 0. The signal called for the fullback to take the ball through Vruwink's position. He thought the play was going the other way, dashed back and collided head-on with his fullback, and the game ended 0 to 0.

Our number of games a season was falling steadily. From twenty-two in 1894, including post-season contests, we were down to sixteen in 1901, fifteen in 1902 and fourteen in 1903, the last season we played in midweek. This reduced our schedule to ten in 1904. In the great upheaval of 1905 the Conference by fiat cut the season to five games, later restoring it to seven and now eight; but there is no more midweek playing. The uniform was developing gradually. In the 90's, Smock's laced canvas jacket came to be joined to the trousers with a wide web of elastic. A mouse-colored fabric with a nap replaced canvas in the trousers, the nap and color suggesting the name "moleskins," once a popular idiom for the whole uniform.

Changes in Uniform

We next discarded Smock's jacket altogether and reverted to jerseys. The jersey would work out of the trousers and games were being lost by seized shirt tails. I finally asked Johnny Johnson, our trainer, to work out a jersey that would stay in place, suggesting that it might be fastened under the crotch. Johnson took the idea to a knitting mill and put it into production. It is used universally now, is patented and brings in a respectable royalty, but not to me. My attitude was that of a football scientist.

In 1903 I was advising my men to use as little armor and protective gear as possible. The shin guard had passed from the scene. When I played at Yale these were big and cumbersome and we wore them inside our stockings. Finding that they hampered my running, I went to a shoemaker, got two thin pieces of calfskin and bound them around my ankles. They gave me all the protection I needed. By 1903 we were using little headgear, some nose guards in practice, but rarely in games. The heavily padded jersey of the 90's was passing out, but I insisted on shoulder protection, collarbone injuries being frequent.

The greatest team that ever wore the C in the time of five-yard football brought us the championship in 1905. To Bezdek, Catlin and others who made their bow in 1902 were added such 1903 recruits as Detray, Eckersall, Parry, Bert Gale, Dan Boone and Bubbles Hill, seasoned now by two and three years of teamwork. Add Art Badenoch, Babe Meighs, Fred Walker and Clarence Russell to this, shake well, and you had a football team.

Indiana alone scored on us, but we did not have to travel far to find playmates worthy of our mettle. Phil King of Princeton had turned out one of Wisconsin's greatest teams and we spent a lively afternoon beating them 4 to 0. We played on a new athletic field at Madison, sodless and gooey from much dampening. Three times Eckie got away on a new trick play, only to founder in the mud. Meanwhile Roseth, the Cardinal fullback, was hurdling our line, propelled by Vanderboom and Findlay, a great back field, and giving our sterling right tackle, Badenoch, a terrific pounding. All three were giants and their attack an example of the mass formations outlawed in the revolution that followed that season. Working the ball down on Wisconsin's four-yard line late in the second half, Eckie took no chances on a touchdown, but booted it over for goal and victory.

And now for Michigan! Yost still was the prairie fire of Western football. In five

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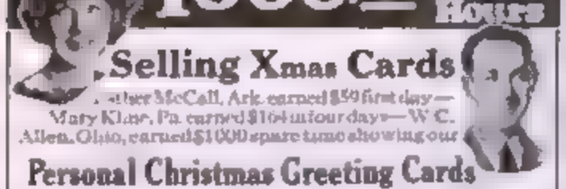

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years his Michigan teams had rolled up 2746 points to 40 for the combined foe. In eleven games that season they had not been scored on while making 495 points. It was the heaviest team I ever saw. Schultz, the All-American center, weighed 220 pounds; Octopus Graham, at one guard, weighed 245; Schulte, the other guard, 195; and Captain Curtis, a giant from Pueblo, Colorado, was at left tackle.

Ours was no featherweight eleven, nor leaden-footed either, and one of the classics of American football ensued. I do not hesitate to name it the greatest game I ever saw played under the five-yard rule, then in its last season. The day was Thanksgiving, the weather clear, brisk and fine for once, and 25,791 spectators paid $35,000 at the gate. The Atlantic Coast had discovered us. Among the Eastern delegation were Walter Camp and Caspar Whitney.

The first half was played almost entirely in the center of the field. The nearest we got to the Michigan goal was their thirty-five-yard line, their nearest to ours, our fifty-yard line. It was punt, punt, punt, with Garrells, later an Olympic hurdler, holding his own against Eckersall.

An Error of Judgment

Until well into the second half we had not advanced beyond their forty-three-yard line, except to recover a fumble on their thirty-seven-yard line; and they had not penetrated our territory at all. When we did seem to be on our way, Michigan stiffened; we kicked from punt formation and Garrells carried the ball around Chicago's left, back to center field. Later a fine punt by Garrells, followed by a penalty, put the ball on Chicago's eight-yard line. Followed the most daring play I ever saw in a championship game. Eckersall fell back behind our goal line as if to punt out, the orthodox strategy, then ran the ball brilliantly back to the twenty-yard line, while 25,000 hearts palpitated.

Captain Curtis of Michigan was put out of the game early for bumping into Eckersall after he had kicked, despite Curtis' protest that he had intended only to block it. We had lost Leo Detray, a great half, in the Northwestern game, Johnson, the Indian quarterback, formerly of Carlisle, having jabbed a finger into Detray's eye accidentally. An oculist ordered him not to play again that season, and he was put in a dark room. On his promise not to leave the stands, the specialist permitted him to attend the Michigan game. Stirred to a frenzy during the first half, he came to me during the intermission and begged to be sent in. Badly as we needed him, I couldn't accept the responsibility, but without my knowledge he put on a suit. In the second half Fred Walker's bad knee gave away and Detray came tearing from the sidelines to take his place.

With the game still knotted 0 to 0, Eckersall punted over the Michigan goal line to Clark, who, instead of touching it down and bringing it out unmolested to the twenty-five-yard line, tried to run it out in the hope of getting free and winning the game in one gallant dash. Just as he crossed into the field of play Badenoch tackled him low and Catlin, our right end, hit him high. Together they slammed him back over his own goal for a safety that won for us, 2 to 0. Yost's long string was broken. We had won on an error of judgment, and we had been lucky to do it.

A hero is a man who takes a long chance and gets away with it; a goat is a man who risks all and loses all. Had Clark broken through us for a touchdown, his name would be a shibboleth for Michigan freshmen today. He had gambled as Eckersall did, although Eckersall's was much the smarter play of course—and had failed. Both he and the university felt it so intensely that Ann Arbor became intolerable to him. He vanished overnight, not to be heard of again for many months. That was all wrong, to be sure. There is a very different point of view today, an enormous gain for the sport. I shall have more to say of this in another article.

President Harper was bedridden by cancer that day, dying the following January. He had insisted on all members of his family attending, while Prof. Elizabeth Wallace remained as nurse. A special telephone wire had been run from the field to his bedside at his instruction. I never knew the full story of that afternoon until Professor Wallace told it at a banquet given by the board of trustees in Ida Noyes Gymnasium last December.

Doctor Harper's excitement grew until he could no longer hear clearly, she said, and he asked her to take the receiver and repeat the running report to him. When the first half ended he said to her, "You just run as hard as you can all the way and tell Mr. Stagg and the team for me that they must win this game." She ran as directed and delivered her Garcian message. I knew that word had come to me during the intermission, while I was talking to the team in Bartlett Gym, that the president asked us to win, and I had given the message to the men, pleading with them to win for the dying president's sake; but I did not know who had been his messenger and how she had carried it.

Detray played that afternoon at a heavy sacrifice, I fear. He never has recovered the sight of his injured eye except casually. This was the most serious hurt that ever has befallen a Chicago player, and the only lasting injury I can recall. In forty-two years I never have seen a critical injury in the sport. In 1903 Prof. Edwin G. Dexter, of Illinois, who had been keeping a careful account of all injuries in all sports over a period of years, confounded critics of the game with a set of statistics that left football looking relatively innocuous. Yet the evil was there. The Chicago Tribune's compilation for the 1905 season showed 18 dead—eleven high-school players and 3 collegiate—and 159 serious injuries—88 collegiate and 47 high school. The fact that most of the deaths had occurred among immature and untrained high-school boys did not lessen a grievous state of affairs.

The Deluge

After 1905, the deluge. In midseason President Roosevelt had called representatives of Yale, Harvard and Princeton to the White House and told them it was up to them to save the sport by removing every objectionable feature. "Brutality and foul play should receive the same summary punishment given to a man who cheats at cards," he had said. At Columbia, the faculty peremptorily abolished the game and Columbia did not play again until 1915. Northwestern and Union suspended the sport for one year, and California and Stanford abandoned it in favor of Rugby, from which it had sprung, only to begin at once to change the rules, just as had happened on Rugby's first introduction into American colleges.

Chancellor Henry M. McCracken, of New York University, invited President Eliot, of Harvard, to step into the breach. Doctor Eliot declined for lack of jurisdiction. The closing sentence of his letter read: "Deaths and injuries are not the strongest argument against football; that cheating and brutality are profitable is the main evil."

We had seen very little of either in the Conference, thanks to our much closer supervision of the game, but we were swept along in the current. For all the splendid work the Conference had accomplished, more remained to be done. The usual faculty conference followed the season and I was present. A special meeting was called, by which time my sciatica had driven me to Florida. They adopted drastic reforms, requiring the approval of the individual faculties. One year's residence and a full year's work were required of all candidates for teams, with playing limited to three years.

Thanksgiving Day games were abolished, and practice prohibited before the regular opening of school work. The training table was scrapped and schedules limited to five games, with all contests where the rivalry was especially warm suspended for two years. This took away our Wisconsin and Michigan games and left us only Purdue, Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska and Minnesota.

Housecleaning Football

Unfortunately the committee made the three-year rule retroactive. Retroactive legislation always is unsound, and I like to believe that had I been able to be present I could have prevented this step, which, more than anything else, drove Michigan out of the Conference. They alone repudiated the agreement, the board of regents taking the action out of the faculty's hands under pressure from the alumni and the athletic powers. Professor Pattengill, their representative, and a splendid man, had had a leading part in framing the reform program, and I have heard it said, whether true or not, that his death was hastened by his university's repudiation. Michigan did not return to the Conference until 1917.

Meanwhile in the East a joint committee had gone to work on the rules on January 12, 1906, and completely rewritten the code after many sessions. To bring about a more open style of play, the momentous forward pass was introduced, everyone on the offensive side was made eligible to recover a kicked ball from scrimmage as soon as it touched the ground, and the distance to be gained became ten instead of five yards, with three downs. The playing time was reduced ten minutes in each half, hurdling was forbidden, drawing back tackles and guards to use as interferers was stopped, and linemen forbidden to interchange with backs unless permanently. The Big Three conferred tardily, barred freshmen from their teams and imposed a year's moratorium on players coming from another college.

The good old days were gone, and none mourned them long. Football's greatest growth dates from that housecleaning.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Stagg and Mr. Stout. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

"I," said the beaver on the dam,
"Am the ablest beaver of all, I am!"
"I," said the woodchuck underground,
"Am the sleepiest chuck for miles around."
"I," said the rumbling, grumbling bear,
"Am the hungriest bruin anywhere."
"I," said the skunk with that air of his,
"Am the most odoriferous skunk there is."
"I," said the woodmouse snugly curled,
"Am the timidest mouse in the dreadful world."

I left the glen and the mountain ramp
For the talk of men and the sporting camp;
And every man by the campfire blaze
Had each his brag and his claim for praise—
This for a virtue, that for a sin,
This for the fame that he meant to win,
This for his youth and that for his age,
This for a word on a printed page.
And wisdom, folly, candor, stealth,
Friendship, hatred, sickness, health,
Earning least, or having most,
To someone seemed a proper boast.
There's nothing living, striving, growing,
But has one pride that keeps it going.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

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ILLUSTRATED AT THE LEFT—*M-B Heating Pad 682, price $8.00. M-B Electric Iron 1446 with rounded corners to make ironing easier and more successful, $6.50.*

WAVING THE BABY

(Continued from Page 17)

"Any time in the night," averred Tiddler's father, "that ogre could get up and start some of his bloodthirsty tricks!" The state troopers, my husband maintained, ought to be told about it. Or he ought to be pinned down with chicken wire, the same as the pygmies pinned down Gulliver. Or Junie and Red ought to drive a stake through his heart, the way the redskins used to do with the captive palefaces.

And a stake was duly driven through the ogre's unshriven heart, and half my fowl run was unfenced to wire him down, and an ineffectual attempt was even made to cut his throat with a Dutch hoe. But he remained there, as malignant as ever. He remained there even after Adam shot arrows into him from an upper window, whereupon I pointedly told my husband that the nonsense would have to end, for Junie was getting fretful and off his feed, and Red wasn't sleeping at night, and Tiddler was refusing to go to bed without a light burning in his room. So Adam decided on a public execution. Our ogre was surrounded by straw and leaves, a match was touched to the pyre, and he and the rest of the lawn grass disappeared in a cloud of smoke. He burned, like Rome, while the grasshoppers fiddled. And my three boys breathed easier again. And Adam danced a jig on the obliterated corpse, just to establish the fact that the old fellow couldn't possibly rise from his ashes and strike at his enemies.

Now it's all trivial enough, in a way. But in another sort of way it stands highly important. For it went to show that Adam was still child-hearted enough to understand what that ogre meant to his children, what that shadow on September grass meant to the heart of youth, where terror and delight and wonder are so closely housed together. So I wasn't much surprised, three months later, when I read Adam's the-Ogre-on-the-Grass chapter in that wistful and whimsical study of childhood which I can't give the title of here without letting the cat out of the bag. It had the bloom of life on, that chapter. It was precious with truth. And that truth had been milked from the souls of three wondering and wayward small boys. Three pairs of restless and not overly clean hands had carried that trivial largesse to the hopper of their father's ever-hungry mill, and the dreams of three small souls have been ground up to make the bread of fantasy that feeds the heart hunger of the world.

Hero Worship at Home

It mustn't be denied, of course, that the children themselves got something out of it while Adam was thus making soup of their bones in that *pot-au-feu* known to all authors. Junie pores over his father's volume of kid stories, firmly believing each and every incident in that book of fiction to be true and to be identified in some way with the youthful career of his male parent. So loyal is Junie to this volume on the one hand and its author on the other that he preserves it from promised neglect in the school library by taking it out every few weeks, carrying it home and solemnly returning it as though duly read, thus proudly adding another rubber-stamped date on the record that attests its popularity.

In much the same spirit, when one of Adam's movies was shown in our local picture theater, Tiddler suddenly stood up in his seat, confronted an altogether too listless-eyed audience, and loudly and proudly proclaimed, "My dad writ that!" And when Red, in the throes of his first classroom composition, was asked to mention a few of America's leading authors, he recklessly and venally sacrificed historical perspective on the altar of home loyalty by writing:

Mark Twain is one and Fennymore Coper shud be called another; but the bes' known is Adam Blank, whos books can be bot at Mullins bookstore on Main street.

For these boys of ours, I find, have in some way mixed their poor old earthly dad up with Goliath and Edison and Babe Ruth and the President of these United States and Michelangelo's picture of Moses and their Celestial Father Himself. Adam may be common clay to the rest of the world, but to his three rapt-eyed offspring he is Richard the Lion-Hearted and Sir Galahad and Tom Mix and Robin Hood and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one. He could airily defy the biggest policeman in all New York and nonchalantly shoot the biggest man-eating tiger in all Bengal and casually catch the biggest fish in all Long Island Sound. For blind, indeed, is the devotion of children. We may be failures and misfits and persons of small consequence to the general public; but to the deludedly loyal issue of our loins, thank God, we are sovereigns of royal blood, unique and incomparable beings, unmatched and unmatchable in our prowess of body and brain.

Travels With Children

Before we had children, of course, we got some shadow of this adoration from the different dogs that we duly harbored and fed. And the love of collie and Airedale and Irish terrier is something no mortal should despise. But a dog, after all, is only a dog. And reason does not always lie at the base of a dumb creature's worship, as Bill Sikes could have told us in his time. At any rate, I've noticed that with us the children have slowly but surely eclipsed the canine pets, just as I nowadays so often notice the quiet commiseration of the woman with a baby carriage for the woman with a poodle on a leash. One walks with the true substance of life, the other wanders about wistfully consoling herself with its shadow.

Yet when I say, as I've done more than once, "God pity childless people" I utter that cry, knowing that our happiness comes only at a cost. A price must be paid for it, as we pay for everything in this life. It has taken its sacrifices—sacrifices of time and energy, sacrifices of comfort and freedom—to bring three little toddlers into the world and start them along the path of respectable citizenship. We can't think of going to Europe, of course, until our boys are big enough for boarding school—and even then I dread the thought of the wide Atlantic between us.

Adam also stoutly refuses to get new furniture for our shabby old living room until our young hopefuls have outgrown their infantile tendency to wield jackknives on any varnished surface whose virgin grain is an invitation to sharpened steel. And we can't have a studio apartment in town until Junie and Red and Tiddler are big enough to withstand the carbon monoxide of urban avenues and understand the imperfect soundproofing of urban dwellings. And I couldn't have the plucked beaver coat I wanted last winter because school clothes ate such a hole in my budget it left me wondering how my old dad once respectably brought up seven children on sixteen hundred dollars a year, even if he did wear one pair of shoes for a twelvemonth and revel in the luxury of only one egg at breakfast. And Adam dropped two of his clubs when he found me sitting up nights to cut down his English melton overcoat into a reefer for Junie and transforming his old golf knickers into jumpers for Tiddler. Yes, it's only too true you can't swank and travel around when you've got children. But on the other hand, you have less need for travel. They are continually bringing home to you a world you could never encounter in any tour—a brand-new world of wonder and excitement and tangled-up truth.

"I saw a horse smoking today," announced Red, as his father sat with his

(Continued on Page 123)

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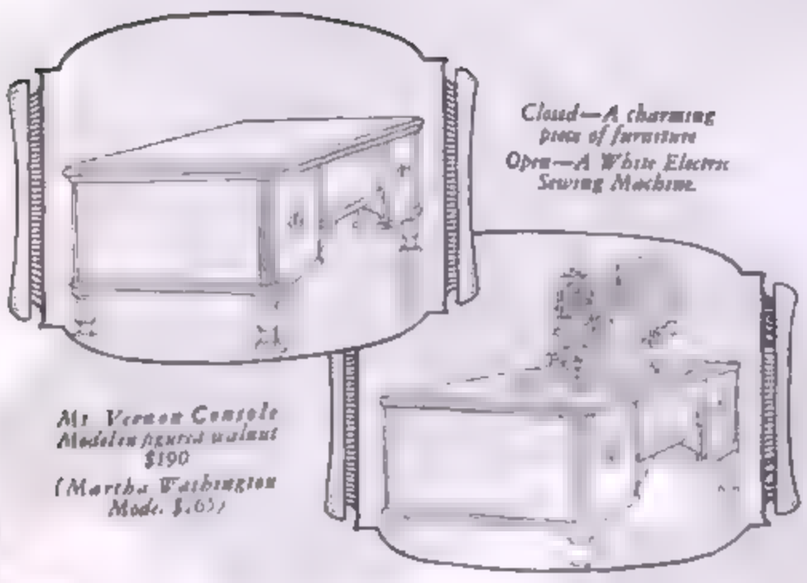

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(Continued from Page 120)

pipe before the winter fire. And when Adam, in an effort to discourage untruthfulness in his offspring, first lectured and then threatened to punish the young Herodotus beside him, Red stuck to his story.

"I saw a horse smoking," he persisted—"smoking right in the street!" And when he was sent to bed for thus romancing, and was later spanked for so stubbornly repeating an obvious falsehood, he showed no signs of relenting.

It was three days later, when the near-zero weather was prompting me to hurry through my shopping, that Red arrested us all with his sudden triumphant cry of "There's a horse smoking now!" And I turned to see a team that had just pulled a load of lumber up the hill, resting on their traces for a moment in the razor-sharp winter air. A cloud of steam was ascending from their warm bodies, and to poor little Red's youthful eyes they were truly and unmistakably smoking.

All of which goes to show that it's the duty of a parent to get the viewpoint of his little olive branches before declaring war on their moral deficiencies. The Lord knows that Adam fools his own issue often enough, for pennies don't miraculously grow in a man's shoe every day, as Junie was permitted to believe when he unlaced his dad's footwear evening after evening and shook out the magic disk of copper; and the Easter rabbit, after all, doesn't eat the lettuce leaves off the doorstep plate; and it isn't always the Little Folk who put the quarter under the pillow where the newly extracted tooth was hidden. And what is sauce for the goose and gander ought to be sauce for the ganderettes.

"I don't see why I've got to get spanked for telling stories," Junie once complained to the home circle, "when dad gets money for doing the same thing."

So when Tiddler came in a few weeks later, and reported that he'd just seen a blue dog in the park, I took the trouble to investigate that cyanotic animal and found him to be a plutocratic little Peke neatly incased in a blue woolen blanket coat. For I've long since learned that you must watch your step when you patrol the paths of childhood. There's always a chiel amang ye takin' notes, you may be sure, when there's a child or two in the offing. Uncannily perceptive eyes are studying every move you make and amazingly retentive memories are drinking in both your weaknesses and your words. And even the youthful, I've found, have a way of capitalizing your misdemeanors.

Red-Handed Blackmail

I saw this neatly enough exemplified when Norah, an acidulous Irish cook of ours, once tapped Red smartly on the back of the hand with a pie knife when she caught him in the act of filching a fistful of her freshly seeded raisins. She caught him red-handed, in more ways than one, for that little stroke born of Celtic anger brought blood to the surface of the greedy little paw in question. And believe me, Red made the most of it. He widened and encouraged that cut as assiduously as a German student encourages a dueling scratch. And when he had milked enough blood into a contrastingly white handkerchief, he magnanimously agreed not to tell the older folks that he'd been stabbed in the hand with a knife in return for free right of entry to the kitchen pantry for a week.

So day by day poor old blackmailed Norah was compelled to stand aside while Red coolly raided her stores and strutted away with his pockets stuffed with orange peel and cooking dates and cinnamon sticks and loaf sugar. And it wasn't until I had to unearth the dreaded castor-oil bottle to correct the resultant gastric disturbance, that I also unearthed the source of Red's power over Norah, to say nothing of his popularity with the neighbor boys and the mysterious depletion of my *kinderverboten* shelf.

There is, in fact, something confounding and irascible to me about the appetite of the average small boy. I was surprised, not so long ago, to find Tiddler declining a nice fat bunch of Concord grapes, and upon investigation I found the cause of that *bouleversement* even more surprising. For my youngest son, on a bet, had overrecently put thirty-seven of these same grapes in his mouth all at once, and had finally succeeded in swallowing them, without manual interference and without actually choking. It was, of course, a Pyrrhic victory, for, like my Junie's earlier zealous attempt to consume a dozen bananas at a single sitting, it resulted in a fixed aversion for the earthly fruit which Byron has told us should never be too fiercely sought.

Yet Tiddler, in a way, has the most rudimentary of appetites. One of his charmingly democratic habits is to appropriate and consume the cheese from the fruit-cellar mousetraps. And a perfectly good lollipop on a shop floor or a station platform is never to be overlooked, when two licks of a tongue can make it as clean as ever. And bread, to Tiddler, is always bread, the staff of life and the white-flour product of a higher civilization. Many a day, when he was hungry, I've seen him go to the bread box, abstract a crust and sit contentedly down on a doorstep and munch away until the last crumb had disappeared.

Waiving the Rule

I suspected at first that this was a carefully thought-out ruse to elicit more sumptuous fare from his mater, and was even cruel enough to designate him as the original crust thrower, for the harder and dryer his hunk of bread, the more voraciously he seemed to gnaw at it. But I learned as time went on that Tiddler liked his bread that way. And a kind-hearted neighbor of ours, seeing him sitting on the stone wall eating a stony quarter loaf that had been relegated to the coop box for chicken feed, announced at a meeting of the Women's Auxiliary that if Adam Blank bought fewer golf balls and more food for his children they possibly wouldn't go around so ill nourished and emaciated.

This was the same neighbor lady, by the way, who incurred the fixed dislike of Junie and Red by telephoning to home quarters when they invaded her Bartlett pear trees. And that smoldering antipathy found active expression when they discovered her touring car parked too temptingly near our party hedge. For each of the four tires of this car was quietly and leisurely deflated. But, unfortunately, they were seen by her ferret-eyed gardener as they danced jubilantly about the stranded automobile, and a second telephone message to home quarters prompted Adam to go with his one-lunged hand pump and politely though laboriously undo the damage. I thought it best, all things considered, to gather up my boys and improvise a fishing trip to Turtle Lake, where we lingered until the evening mosquitoes nearly bit our legs off and my irate spouse was presumably once more himself.

That, in fact, was one of the few times when my boys were willing to go fishing with me, a mere skirt. For fishing, to them, is basically a masculine diversion. The weaker sex, on such occasions, are only flagrant intruders. Many a time, in packing their hampers or tying up the blankets for their pup tents, I've spotted the ineradicable old sex antagonism on their excited young faces. "All men, no woman!" is Tiddler's proud cry as he pockets his tin of night crawlers and toddles off at Adam's heels for his holiday in the great open spaces, where men are men and females are merely shadowy providers of nutriment against the arrival of mealtime. And in that mood, I've noticed, my boys love to feel a belt ax dangling at their waistline and carry a trusty air gun over their shoulders and debate as to whether or not Adam's hunting knife could kill a grizzly at a single stroke.

Endless, indeed, are these debates between my offspring; and far along the remoter fringes of metaphysics and natural phenomena do they sometimes extend. One of the most energetic of these arguments, I have reason to know, dealt with the abstruse problem as to whether chain lightning or forked lightning was the more deadly to the human race. And another dealt with the equally involved question as to whether dynamite or "united glycerin" must be reckoned the more powerful explosive. And still another was a prolonged and earnest-eyed discussion as to whether you'd rather be bitten by a rattlesnake or a copperhead.

Yet no trace of envy touches my heart as I see these three bairns of mine trot off with their father. He, I know, is good for them. And they, in turn, are good for him. What they talk about so earnestly as they sit on their ramshackle old fishing wharf is forever beyond my ken. But I feel sure that the younger minds are drinking at the fount of Adam's wisdom and that Adam in turn is drinking at a triple-spigoted fountain of youth. They are as proud of their parent as he is proud of them.

When Junior brought home one of his school chums and showed the gaping youngster Adam's workroom, lined with its crowded bookshelves, I caught the half-abashed twinkle in my son's eye as the intruder from less scholastic fields cried out, "Gee, Junie, can anybody join this library?" And though Adam stoutly maintains that he wants his sons to have real professions, and noisily proclaims that he'll spank it out of 'em if he sees them showing any signs of authorship, I notice that he keeps carefully treasured an absurd little free-verse poem which Junior evolved when he was convalescing from the chicken-pox, which Tiddler, by the way, invariably designated as the chookie-pox. And shut up in the same pathetic little drawer of keepsakes is another poem that begins:

Goodby, poor Robin, you hav gone away;
W'hen you come bak, come bak to stay;
The leves are faling on the ground
And I am lonsome for your sound.

It lies side by side with Red's first school composition on The Flag and Tiddler's initial effort at correspondence, in the form of a pencil-scrawled page announcing, when Adam happened to be up in Newfoundland for three weeks of salmon fishing and a much-needed rest, the almost simultaneous arrival at Grey Gables of Aunt Erica and a baby calf for Cleopatra.

More to the Picture

Adam treasures these things, I know, for much the same reason that I treasure Junie's first blond curl and keep a stubby-toed baby shoe tied up in tissue paper and pink ribbon beside a battered old celluloid rattle that has the power of transporting me back to the dead past at a stroke, of whisking me off on the magic carpet of memory to those days of early motherhood that Time the Destroyer tries, and tries in vain, to take away from us women. But Adam, manlike, declines to be ostentatious about his emotions. He shields the milk of sentiment behind a prickly bur of matter-of-factness and would rather be shot at dawn, I imagine, than be betrayed into an honest tear.

But he's not altogether consistent, I've noticed, in his rôle of the casual parent. When Junie won a two-dollar prize from a boy's magazine for a half-page article on My Dog, Adam, instead of duly cashing this historic check, recklessly threw two iron men to the winds and framed the check in question and hung it conspicuously in his study, between the signed portraits of Gena Branscombe and Joseph Conrad. And when Red fell out of one of our apple trees and got a greenstick fracture of the femur, and rather quaveringly asked for his dad to hold his hand while that fracture was being reduced, I noticed that Adam wasn't any too healthy a color during those moments of agony, and that he gave up work for the three days when poor Red was most restless on his bed of pain.

(Continued on Page 125)

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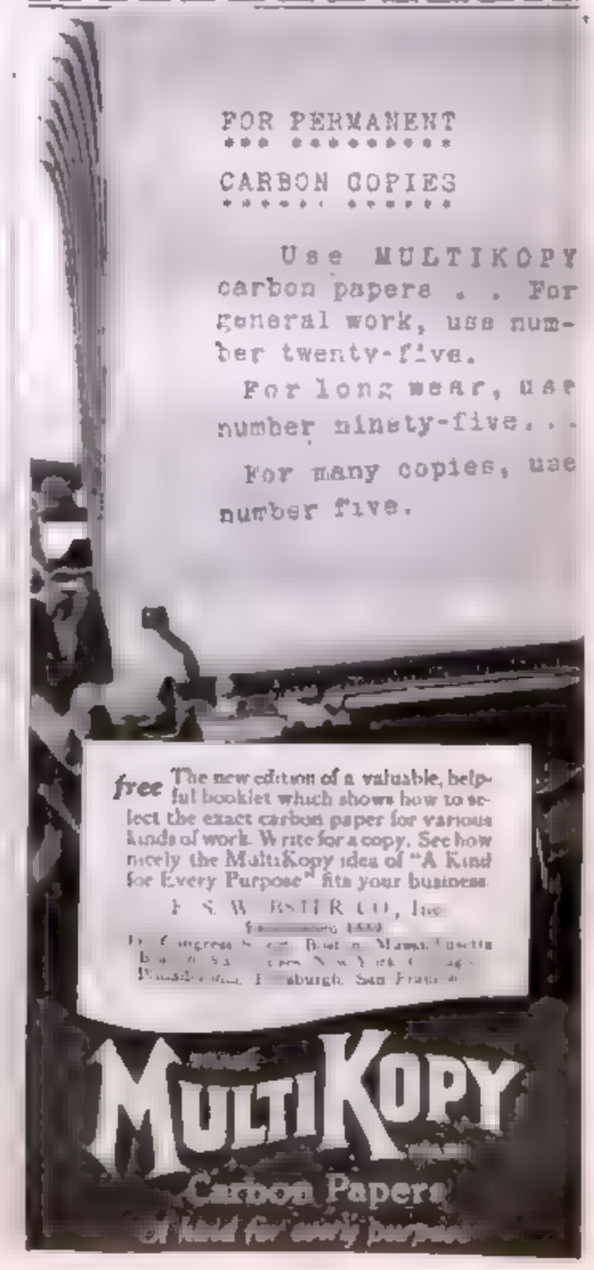
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(Continued from Page 123)

But that, in truth, is part of the price we must pay for the privilege of waving the baby. It's the spiritual income tax on parenthood. There was a time, in my callow youth, when I thought of only the decorative phases of motherhood and was forever picturing myself on a Louis Quinze settee surrounded by a bevy of decorous and docile little deep thinkers dolled up in their Sunday best. I didn't know then of the quick stab of apprehension that one sharp bark of croup at midnight could bring into a mother's heart, or the anxiety that could gnaw at your vitals when you stumbled over a flushed little figure that had crept off into some dark corner and for once disdained both food and fun.

Nor had I learned of that spineless and Scotch mist form of terror that can bring a sudden tightness to your throat when you read the thermometer and find the little thread of silver alarmingly close to 105. I lightly ignored that stubborn array of children's diseases, from measles to mumps, that mark the dark milestones past which all youthful feet seemed compelled to travel.

I forgot to reckon on the secret bonfires that nearly burn up the stables and the edged tools that nearly cut off little fingers and the carved initials that come on the sun-parlor window ledges and the bruised heads and sore throats and the chilblains and battered thumbs and powder burns and near-drownings, and the final ache of anxiety when the toddler you love gets away for an hour or two in a leaky rowboat along the reedy waterways where sunfish can look so much like baby mermaids, or becomes lost in the forbidden woods beyond the cow pasture, where plumed knights may still ride and ghostly castles may still stand hidden away from older eyes.

But for all of this, we parents eventually contrive to come out of the big end of the horn. Adam avers that even in the matter of language he gets something out of his boys that he could never get out of books. They exemplify for him that odd instinct for terminology which seems ever to reside in the young. And these blind little gropings after the right name word are not altogether without significance, according to Adam's way of thinking.

A Child's Dictionary

To Tiddler, for instance, the word "marmalade" always stood as "mummy-made," since his clever and accomplished mater, instead of buying her marmalade at the shops, concocts it with her own fair hands, and so, being made by his mummy, must naturally be "mummy-made" to my son. This same offspring of mine, unconsciously emulating Mark Twain, who, I believe, once described the cauliflower as a cabbage with a college education, always converts the word "cauliflower" into "college flower," just as he used to give added color to "pretend" by making it "playtend"—and undoubtedly "Let's playtend to be Indians" means much more than a mere "Let's pretend to be Indians."

Along the same line, my two older boys insist on speaking of an exceptionally stout lady of our acquaintance as "Chin-Chin," and it cannot be denied that the reiterative faithfully paints the picture of the person in question. After much the same fashion our Red always used to call a sunset a "set-sun" and speak of his injured finger not as bleeding but as "blooding"; and when Adam bought his second car, and with his new-hatched pride of possession proceeded to fortify himself against thieves by a second big padlock on the garage door, our second son formed the habit of speaking of the upper and the "downer" lock. He was, of course, only trying to be consistent, as was Junie when he earlier called his rompers his "rumpers," and on one New Year's housecleaning occasion asked me if he could help "undecorate" the Christmas tree.

Tiddler, on the other hand, had an ear all his own for euphony, and turned tapioca into "tapiocum" and acrobat into "actor-bat," and his corduroy pants into his "cordy-cordy pants," and was once even overheard saying to a little neighbor girl, "Our garden is all duggen!" Whereupon the little girl subliminally showed her Anglo-Saxon origin by soberly inquiring, "Who dag it?"

Tiddler, in fact, is still a freeman in the realm of the spoken word, for to this day he speaks of his eyes bugging out with surprise and recently excused his stooping posture at dinner by explaining that he had hurt his "final column," though I fear me there was a trace of the same mental obliquity in his excuse for staying in bed a full half hour after his brother Red. "Red sleeps quicker than me," he stoutly proclaimed when Adam demanded an explanation of his tardiness at breakfast. And All Souls Hospital, after I'd let Tiddler distribute a basket of grapes and apples to the old men in the ward, was always thereafter known as Old Souls Hospital, just as a revival of the Wizard of Oz was talked of for months afterward as a Wizard There Was.

An Empty Edifice

The spiritual intent was there, mark you, even if the earthly ear had fallen a trifle short, as it must surely have done when Junie's schoolmate described the equator as "a menagerie lion that runs around the world." And those youthful attempts at articulation only too poignantly remind me of the occasion when my three boys worked so hard, labored so patiently and yet so barrenly, to teach Kitchener, our old English bulldog, to do a number of pointer's tricks, as though that poor little corkscrew tail and that great foursquare nose could ever be tutored into a definite indication of the points of the compass.

They do the best they can, with the knowledge at their command. They airily cut Gordian knots over which we philosophize ourselves into the grave. They prove themselves true-born pragmatists. When Eric came into possession of a kitten, and could not definitely conclude whether it was a little-boy kitten or a little-girl kitten, he promptly and sagaciously solved the problem by naming his new pet Willie-Alice. And Willie-Alice it remained until a visiting great Dane sent it on to a better world, though the grandeur of the obsequies when Willie-Alice was buried somewhat softened the inevitable sorrow at the loss of a four-footed comrade. So moving was this ceremony, in fact, and so satisfying was the joy in committing the departed to a final resting place, that Willie-Alice was solemnly disinterred and duly reburied, day by day, until Adam finally put his foot down and said he couldn't have the children coming in to their meals smelling like a charnel house.

But the precious thing about children is that they freshen up life even more than they freshen up language. They shake the dust out of our souls. They pave the world with wonder again. They bring back to our time-jaded hearts the trick of looking at life with a fresh eye. They keep our gaze on the future and school us into the knack of growing old without regret. Times there are, of course, when our patience is sorely tried by raids on the jam closet and mud on the rugs and puppy paws on the white sheets and pencil holes in the window screens and heel marks on polished floor boards and tears and cries of fraternal contention when we're in our best bib and tucker, pouring tea for our most awesome of neighbors.

But this is merely the salt that cures our shank of contentment. For when it happens that my boys are all away this house of ours seems a forlorn and empty edifice. Its quietness depresses me, and my lonely soul whines and whimpers under my floating ribs as mournfully as Junie's Airedale whines and whimpers under his kennel roof. And it's then, as I sit waiting for the tumult of returning feet and the chatter of boyish voices, that I so fervently say to myself, "God pity childless people!"

It was during one of these interregnums of quietness, when Junie was away at his first summer camp and my two younger toddlers were carried off to Southampton by their Aunt Erica, that both Adam and I began to grow restless under that momentary cloud of desolation. We couldn't, at first, quite fathom what was wrong. And if Grey Gables seemed as empty as a Scotchman's cellar, its mistress was also as restless as a cat in a strange attic. For even Adam was in the city part of the time, gathering color for an East Side story which was later translated to and murdered in the movies. But while he was nosing about the nether world between Bellevue and Chatham Square, he stumbled on what he thought would be an antidote for our loneliness.

This was Zookie—Miss Zookie Fraler, of First Avenue. Adam found her, white-faced and skinny-legged, in an overcrowded tenement so like a thousand other tenements in that district, and it seemed to him that a few days in the country would be rather like a few days in heaven to the hollow-cheeked Zookie. And we both felt very benevolent about it all, for I, too, was dragged into the enterprise through the disconcertingly dark suspicions of Zookie's mother, who seemed to regard poor old kind-hearted Adam as something between a Sicilian bandit and a truancy officer in disguise.

Even Zookie herself failed to show any great enthusiasm for the undertaking in question, though I nursed a suspicion that she was in some way mixing us up with settlement workers, and the activities of settlement workers, I assume, were distastefully involved with the business of taking a bath, of which it was manifest that Zookie had never taken too many. It was only the promise of a brand-new organdie dress and a ride in a railway train that finally awakened Zookie from her coma of indifference.

But I had to go in for her, since Mrs. Fraler would surrender no child of hers to go gallivanting around the country with an unpredictable male. And Zookie, shiny with soap and stiff with starch, sat quietly enough as we started on our journey, though she complained that the tunnel smelled like bad eggs and kept her head out of the car window most of the time, once we had reached the open. But becoming a trifle train sick, she lost interest in both suburban signboards and green fields where trees grew, and got a cinder in her eye, and was glad enough to disembark and climb into Adam's car and blink her peepers at the open sunlight and the unending ache of yellow-green verdure. Yet I noticed that her face clouded as we passed a cooler stretch of woodland. That, plainly, was a dread and darksome place where grizzly bears could hide and anything could happen.

The Difference in Eggs

"Isn't it grand, Zookie?" demanded Adam as we mounted a hill that gave us a wider view of hamlets and homes and a rolling green valley nursing a silver ribbon of water.

"Yes, ma'am," listlessly admitted the daughter of First Avenue, obviously remembering home instructions.

"Just hear those birds sing," piped Adam, as we slowed down to swing into Grey Gables. "Don't you s'pose they're glad to be alive on a day like this?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded Zookie, still without a trace of enthusiasm. But there was a forlorn look in her eye that made me want to mother her.

"This is our home, dear," I told her. "How do you like it?"

Zookie looked about with an opaque and guarded eye. "It's all right," she apathetically conceded. But I noticed that she shuddered when one of the cows bawled from the pasture field. And she moved restively as a new sound smote on her urban ears, the solemn and persistent barooming sound that rose and fell on the quiet morning air.

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SEND NO MONEY—pay expressman if satisfied.

Durant Motocover Co., Inc., 200-6th Ave., Dept. 2, N.Y.
Send me set of seat covers prepaid as listed below.

My name
Street
City...

Name of car	Year of car	
☐ Master	☐ 6 Cylinders	☐ Blue trim
☐ Standard	☐ 8 Cylinders	☐ Grey trim
☐ Special	☐ [illegible] door	☐ Coupe
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Bills to pay; coal to buy; Christmas coming! But don't worry! We'll show you where the money will come from—if you mail this coupon today.

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WESTON

Convertible "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter

for Better Radio Results

DON'T deceive yourself; a radio set is no better than the degree of care used in its operation. Every radio authority, every expert, and many thousands of owners know they cannot get consistently satisfactory operation without a reliable voltmeter.

Weston manufactures a large variety of voltmeters, milliammeters, antennae ammeters, etc., each designed for the special needs of owners of different types of sets. For instance, when sets like Radiola are equipped with pin-jacks, the Weston Convertible "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter provides positive means for accurately testing filament and "B" battery voltages. (Each instrument is supplied with a set of pin-jacks for those who may wish to install them on sets not so equipped.) Then there are various sizes of panel mounting voltmeters, Portable Table Testing Voltmeters, etc. Weston provides the proper instrument for any set owner who desires to assure perfect reception and cut down operating expense.

Consult your dealer but above all insist upon knowing about the superlative characteristics of these original Weston products and compare their guaranteed service with that offered by competition. Note the illustration showing the method of using the Weston Convertible "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter and send for Circular "J" describing the complete Weston Radio line.

The "Pin-Jack" Voltmeter plugs directly into the filament jacks provided for it on Radiola, Victor, Brunswick-Balke and Bosch radio sets to measure tube filament voltage. Then—remove the voltmeter from your set and plug it into the High Range Stand and you have at once another instrument to measure battery voltages and locate circuit troubles

Model 506—Typical of the Weston panel Voltmeters, Ammeters and Milliammeters

The Weston Radio Plug is used by more than a million and a half satisfied owners.

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Newark, New Jersey

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers since 1888

"What t'ell's that noise?" suddenly demanded the perplexed Zookie.

"That's the frogs, dear," I explained to her. "The big old bullfrogs in the pond back of the orchard."

"What t'ell's bullfrogs?" inquired the dark-browed Zookie as she shuddered still again. And I had to think twice before I could satisfactorily answer that question.

"They are contented little animals, Zookie, who sing because they are happy," I finally explained. "And sometimes we call them knee-deeps."

"Happy nuttin'!" muttered Zookie as she shrank away instinctively toward the house door. And she showed no regret when I led her inside and showed her Junie's little room that I'd fixed up for her, with fresh muslin curtains over the windows, where, as I tried to explain, all the happy little leaves were trying to reach in and shake hands with her. But the rustling of those leaves only brought a frown to the face of the little stranger, who moved about with the nervous alertness of a fox cub in a box trap. So I suggested to Adam that we have an early luncheon, and at the suggestion of eating, Zookie's face brightened.

I don't know what she had expected for that midday repast. But I do know that her brow darkened when she found herself confronted by merely two poached eggs on toast and a glass of Guernsey milk. So I did my best to ease down the daughter of the delicatessen shop and the street barrow.

"See, Zookie, these are nice new-laid eggs," I patiently explained. "And this is a tumbler of nice fresh milk, just milked from the cow this morning."

This, plainly enough, meant nothing to Zookie, as yet uninitiated into the biological processes involved in lactation. When she tasted that yellow-tinted milk, in fact, she promptly pushed the glass away. And when I asked her what was the matter with it, she complained it was too oily and slippery-feeling.

So I suggested that she attack my poached eggs, the eggs as full and golden as a new-risen sun riding on a fleecy cloud. Zookie took one mouthful, and only one mouthful. Her under lip was trembling, indeed, as she pushed them disdainfully from her.

"Don't you like those nice eggs?" asked Adam over my shoulder, and Zookie shook her head from side to side. "What don't you like about 'em?" inquired Adam with the obvious distress of a host whose pet wine has been left untasted.

"I can't smell 'em and I can't taste 'em!" was the forlorn and sudden cry from the doubly betrayed child of the city.

Eve From New York

So we decided, on thinking this over, that Zookie's appetite would probably improve after a few hours of romping and running in the open sunlight.

"That's what the poor kid wants," proclaimed Adam—"vigorous play."

But Zookie betrayed no intention of surrendering to vigorous play. She didn't ask to go barefoot and race about the meadow slopes.

She didn't fling herself on the breast of Nature and go skylarking along the sunny hilltops. Instead, she studied the orchard shadows with a lowering brow and complained that the mosquitoes bit her legs and the sun hurt her eyes. When she wandered timidly into a meadow which, to her distrustful First Avenue heart, must have borne every evidence of being an ideal harborage for snakes and other crawly things, a bee stung her on the neck, which brought forth a vocabulary of slum invective that rather gave us goose flesh and prompted Adam and me to withdraw to the cover of our own roof.

When I came out to Zookie again I found that, Eve-like, she had been quietly investigating a forbidden tree of green apples. And as in the more historic case, that curiosity did not materially add to her happiness. And still later she cut her finger on a hay scythe, and was chased by one of the peacocks, which gave her an accelerating nip on the leg. Then she climbed a grape trellis, and from there mounted to a veranda roof, and from there descended by way of a wistaria vine, and scaled the chicken coop and tore her new organdie dress on a nail, and fell into a water trough, and relapsed into temporary quietness only through the finding of a crumpled and sun-bleached comic section of a Sunday newspaper, creeping off behind the spring house to console her restless spirit with a long and loving study of those understandable characters made familiar by time and habit.

But she grew tired of that in time, and emerged to throw stones at my pullets, and dropped a milk pan into the soft-water cistern, and wandered into the sun porch and examined her bee sting, and sighed and scratched her legs, and rolled one of Adam's golf balls down the veranda drain pipe, and sighed still again, and finally sat down on the top porch step and stared off into space. The shadows were getting longer by this time, and I suppose it seemed very quiet about Grey Gables. There may even have been a lonesome note in the sound of the knee-deeps—lonesome, at least, to the little ears that were used to the rattle and roar of First Avenue. For Zookie's third sigh was both a prolonged and an audible one. It came disturbingly close, in fact, to a moan.

Back to the City

"What in the world is the matter, Zookie?" I asked as I sat down beside her.

"Why t'ell doesn't sumpin happen?" she shrilled out with sudden and alarming passion. And Adam, hearing that cry, came out to find his guest bathed in a flood of tears.

So we talked it over and decided to take Zookie back first thing in the morning. We realized it had all been a mistake. I even showed no opposition to her fixed determination to abstain from an evening bath and rubbed cold cream on her sunburn, and let her have Eric's mouth organ to soothe herself to sleep, and agreed to let the light burn all night in her room.

But I'm afraid Zookie didn't sleep much. She awakened us, a little after midnight, to proclaim that a gunman or sumpin was trying to break through the windows. It was, of course, merely the June bugs, lured by Zookie's light, beating themselves against the screens. And two hours later the hapless Zookie had us once more out of bed.

This time it was a murder that had been committed somewhere down in the orchard, where the victim's moans could still be heard through the midnight silences. And when I tried to make it clear to her that the sounds in question were merely the cries of a harmless hoot owl, she told me to tell that to Sweeney, and commanded that the windows should be closed and locked, and stubbornly redressed herself in anticipation of calamities which we couldn't fathom, and finally fell asleep in a rocking-chair, with Junior's tennis racket across her knees as a weapon of defense.

So Adam, the next morning, took Zookie back to the city. He impressed me as unnecessarily curt and irritable as I motored him to the station, but the poor man had lost both a night's rest and a foolish belief in the regenerative influences of the great open spaces. He'd mellowed down a bit by the time he got back on the 2:15. And he told me, when I cautiously inquired about our departed guest, that Zookie was once more herself, having recovered her equanimity about the same moment she first sighted the water tanks and the garbage cans of the city. When Adam last saw her, he somewhat grimly explained, Zookie was showing a youth who answered to the name of Hinkie Heinz where the bee had stung her, and was solemnly elucidating to that son of the slums the true origin of milk, which didn't primarily come from glass bottles, after all, but out of a cow, and with its source thus determined, carried every evidence of being a secretion which no civilized race should use.

NOT ONE AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

You'll find the end of the Reo road *is three years farther on*

IT IS a pleasant highway that Reo owners follow. Ever and ever it is a care-free highway, running past the pitfalls that halt the ordinary car —that spoil the promise of an early start to somewhere by weary hours of roadside repairs or garage delays.

For the Reo—every Reo—is built to go and keep on going whether across town or across the continent. Its chief purpose is to let you forget everything but the joy of uninterrupted, comfortable, economical going.

• *Spendthrift of Miles and Miser of Money*

A Reo is a spendthrift of miles, tossing them behind it effortlessly, always eager to reach out for those ahead that it may turn them into merry memories.

And Reo is a miser of its owner's money. Its first cost is lower than the average for cars of its size. A tank of gas and a drink of oil carry it a long, long way.

Greatest Economy

But more than economy in gas and oil are the great savings that come to Reo owners on depreciation, upkeep and repairs . . . items that total 60% of a motor car's yearly cost against a gas and oil cost of 20%.

For Reos seldom need repairs - ask any repairman about that—and a look at a Reo chassis shows you why, when repairs are needed, they can be made more quickly and cheaply.

Reo's Road Is Three Years Longer

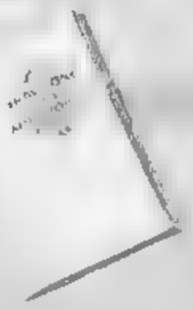
The road that every automobile travels leads to just one place—the junk pile. But ordinary cars reach there long before Reo . . . three years before on the average according to the accepted records of automobile life.

That means less depreciation cost per year on a Reo. It means higher re-sale value.

It is the chief reason why travel down the Reo road is so care-free—for the construction that makes Reo live so much longer means that during the usual life of a car it *must* be free from troubles.

REO

The Special Sedan
$1745



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The booklet, "How Long Do Automobiles Really Last?" tells the truth about the length of life of American automobiles. Ask or send for it today.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY — LANSING — MICHIGAN

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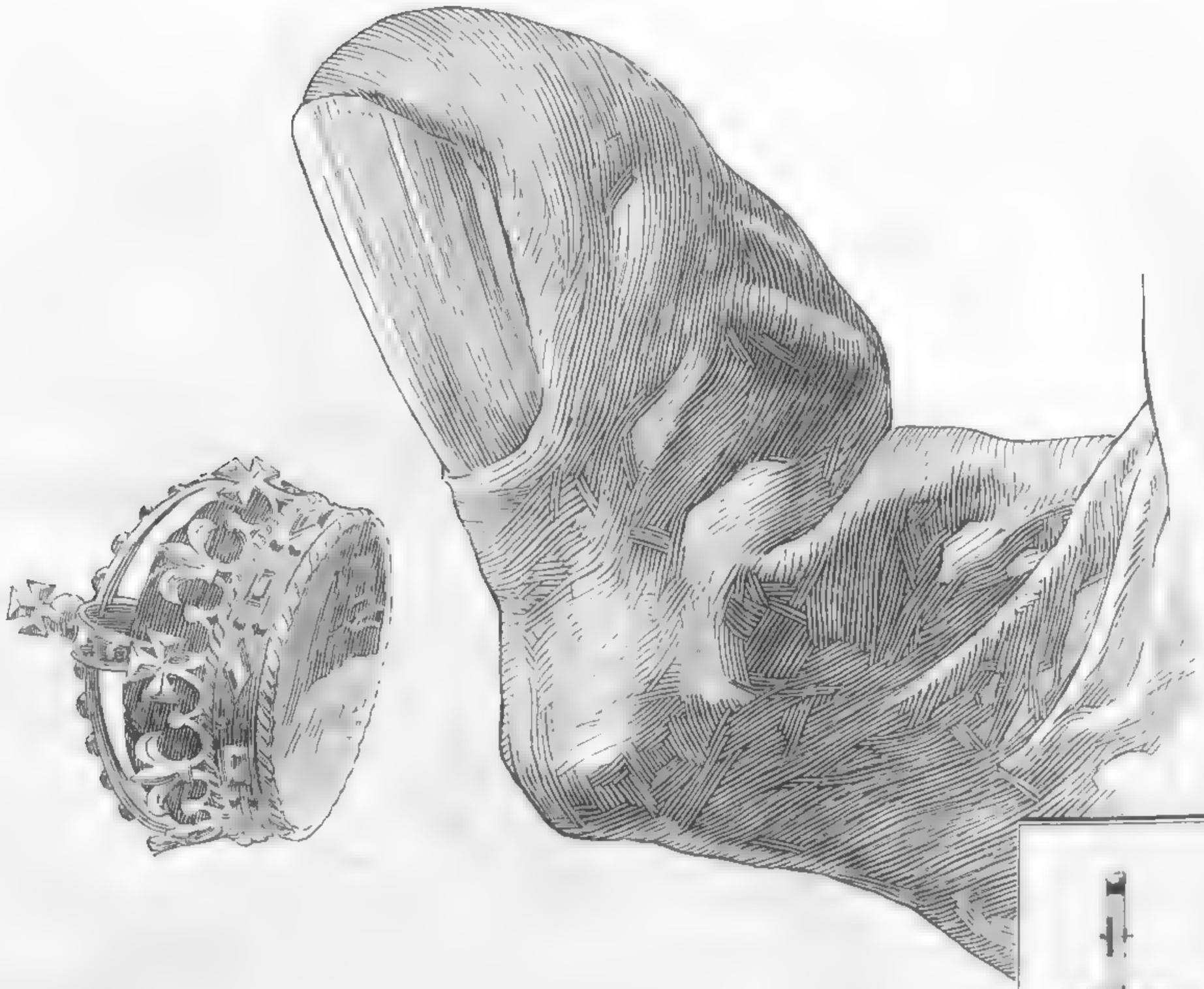
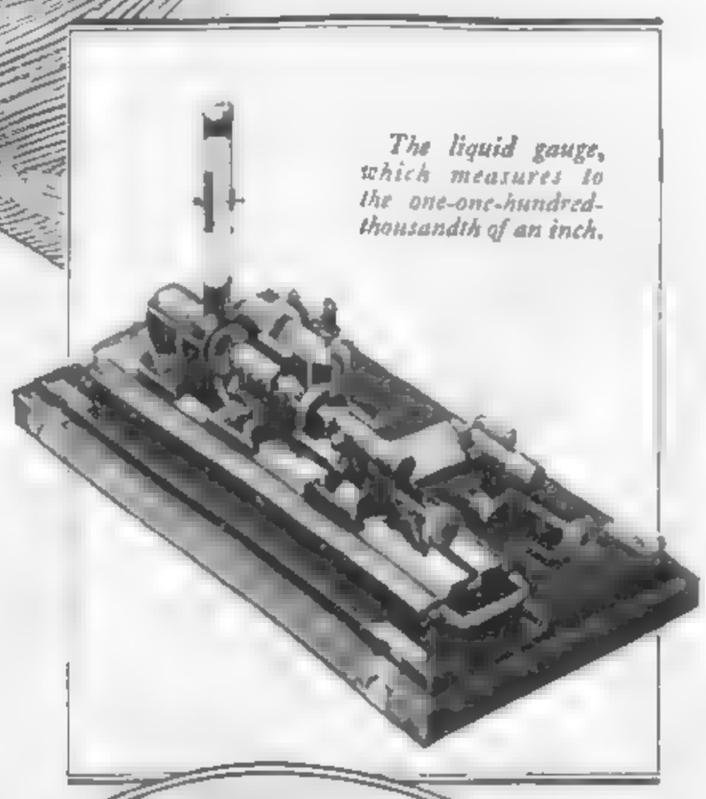




The liquid gauge, which measures to the one-one-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

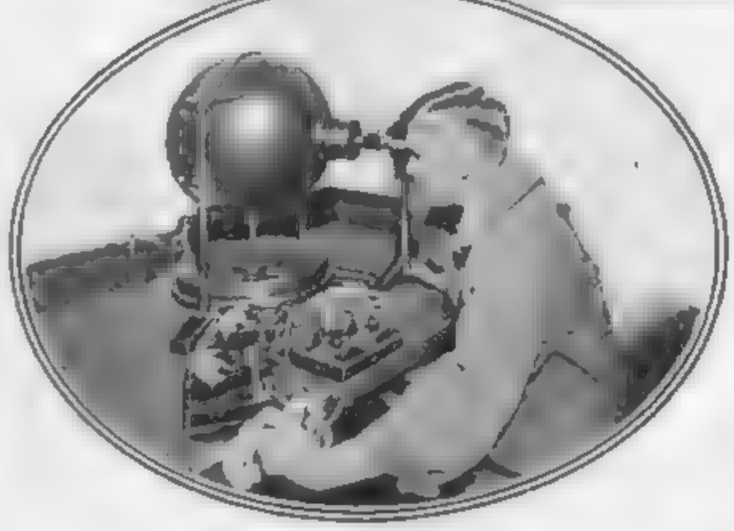
The "rule of thumb" *is over. . .*

KING THUMB rules no more. The rule of thumb, with all its costly guesswork, has no place in Western Electric telephone making.

Here exact measuring standards are the rule, precise in many cases to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

And this habit of being exact controls every factory activity—in the systematic planning of the great task of telephone production, in manufacturing to known standards of quality, in constantly improving methods of work—not in haphazard experiment but by scientific attack by a group of skilled industrial engineers.

At the same time, as makers of the nation's telephones, Western Electric is meeting its responsibility by holding down the cost of telephone apparatus to a figure well below the increased cost of general commodities.



Looks like a bomb, but really a little "dark room" which permits the inspector to know exactly whether a tiny switchboard lamp comes up to the mark.

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

FIDDLE-BACKS

(Continued from Page 19)

that he were back in New York. Tomorrow would be awkward. But he couldn't cut his visit short; there was a plan for a picnic tomorrow afternoon, late, in the lower meadow. He was, as well, astounded at his ingratitude. Rose was the only person in the world he cared for, probably the only one alive who actually cared for him. If he let her go he would be completely lonely, his old age empty of affection. That thought, however, was stopped by a renewed feeling of comfort at having to consider no one, without the necessity to talk or answer talk. He discovered that women, except as incidental pleasures, were unnecessary to him. It was deplorable, but he had come to prefer ornamental and amusing girls. That, Willie Gerald recognized, was a sign of his age, of age; the inevitable flare of vitality that belonged to the late forties. He grew conscious of the chiffonier before him, an affair of black walnut traced in gold. He hadn't seen one or thought of that word for years. If he bought all the chiffoniers he could find and put them away, how long would it be until there was a great demand and a great price for them? Twenty years, he told himself sleepily.

Never, Willie Gerald confessed to himself, had he been more comfortable than at the Attermans'. A grave servant brought up a breakfast of superlative excellence and beside his plate lay a tea rose. It was probable Rose Brincker had been down. If he wore it, Willie wondered, would that in any way involve him? Wasn't there a language of flowers? The thing to do, he decided, was to leave it in his room; if Rose asked him about the bud, he could seem embarrassed and admit that he had forgotten it. Undoubtedly that was the thing to do. He laid the flower on a table, started from the room without it, but he stopped at the door. It would be so frightfully ill-mannered to leave it, so inexcusable to lie gratuitously to Rose. After all, a flower could actually commit him to nothing.

Rose, too, was in a flowerlike pale yellow. She straightened the bud in his buttonhole. It was already noon, the sun was hot, and they sat under a lawn umbrella on an outer corner of a terrace. Rose was reading, the morning papers were laid beside him, and neither talked. The pleasant ease he had been conscious of upstairs followed him here; the close-cut green lawn, the old trees, the long gray bulk of the house, were all soothing. Such a peace, he realized; such an inclosure from a largely unsatisfactory, a mismanaged world was possible only through money. Space and quiet were frightfully expensive. However, he reflected, it had come to mean little or nothing to him; he was concerned only with the imminent stir of his own small but engaging affairs.

Rose looked up. "I hear you see something of Freda Renant," she said, "since she opened a store."

A little, Willie admitted. "I have been able to send people and give her the benefit of my invaluable opinions." A spirit of perversity possessed him. "Do you remember, Rose, advising me to marry a young girl like Freda?"

She didn't, she replied calmly. "I'm certain I said no such thing. It wouldn't do for you at all. What an absurd idea, Willie." She returned decidedly to her book. Rose had, though, said exactly that, in Cheyney Grant's garden at Southampton.

Women, Gerald reflected, were entirely like an old piece of furniture that had been skillfully done over; it was impossible to tell precisely what was straight and what wasn't. He carried that simile further and discovered that the workmanship in Rose was incredibly delicate and fine; he had never seen a table leg and foot with the graceful turning, at once round and slim, of her ankle; the curve of her instep was almost at a right angle with the earth. At the same time, he added, he would rather have the table. He had a vision of the chaste and severe lines of Hepplewhite.

Rose Brincker dropped her book. "There is something I must show you," she proceeded; "but I warn you it will make you wretched. I suffer every time I'm at Mayley. You must come with me to the loft over the gardener's house."

That small stone dwelling, hung, like the gate lodge, with pale wistaria, was beside a glittering expanse of greenhouses. The loft was dark and intensely hot, and the light flooding from an opened shutter was thick with dust. Standing in a row under the slope of a gable were six Queen Anne chairs—six fiddle-backs.

Willie Gerald moved forward with an exclamation of pleasure: "Rose, I have never seen finer. How did you mean they would make me wretched?—except to realize that probably I could never get them." He stopped abruptly. "I see," he added. All the front cabriole legs had been removed and inappropriate straight legs substituted. What an outrage, he said to himself.

"Sometimes I think it's funny and sometimes tragic," Rose explained. "It depends on how I am feeling. Bernard's father did that. The chairs were in the family for generations and the legs got loose. And he said, too, that a curved line in a support was completely wrong. And so you see them as they are."

Willie continued silently to address himself. Two with arms—and what arms—and four side chairs. The most beautiful it would be possible to conceive of. And the front legs, all of them, simply cut off by an ignorant old assassin!

"Look, Rose, at that beading and the design of the splat, the absolutely original use of the cyma, and follow the curve of the back. It might have been molded from the human body."

It was then that Willie Gerald's special interest in the fiddle-back chairs was aroused. They were, for him, more engaging than if they had been perfect. His restless mind began at once to wonder what transformation could be brought about in them. If they were untouched, that would have been the end of them; they would be useless except for static enjoyment; but in their present condition they suggested a dozen possibilities. He asked how long they had been in the loft.

Rose couldn't remember. "Since I was a child. They won't go with the servants' rooms on account of their tops; they can't go into the house because of their bottoms, and so here they must stay." That, he asserted, was a crime. "But what could we do with them?" she demanded. "Certainly you wouldn't advise us to have the right legs copied."

Gerald hastily disclaimed any connection with that idea. "Not for you," he repeated. "Yet something should be done, if it's only photographing." He would let her know what occurred to him. Rose was certain that Bernard would agree to anything. "Do you mean," Willie Gerald asked, "that he might let me have them?"

She asked, "Why not? I can promise them to you now, if you like. They're lost up here, and Bernard is very fond of me. I'll simply tell him they're nothing as they are and that you want to make drawings and write about them."

At luncheon all that Rose had suggested happened. She explained to Bernard Atterman Willie's particular interest in old furniture; she spoke of his position among collectors and experts; and Atterman not only presented the chairs to Gerald but asked for an address to which he could have them sent.

"That is extremely good of you," Willie Gerald replied. "If it isn't too much trouble, can they be expressed to Catawba, New Jersey?—to me at the station, and I'll have them hauled away." He must, he added silently, send word to Israel Shadnell

YES SIR! You simply wash your face; spread (with the fingers) fragrant MOLLE over the beard, then quick-shave it off with the favorite razor.

It's just the slickest, quickest and easiest way there is to shave.

Certainly will surprise you how the razor removes the whiskers, clean and close, without the least "pull" or the slightest "smart."

And after-feel? Say, you can't keep your hand off the cool, smooth, velvety face that a MOLLE shave leaves.

No need, at all, for the usual necessary after-treatment with lotions, balms and toilet waters.

Monday, Tuesday, every day and Sunday you can always enjoy a smooth, clean shave in jiffy time with just MOLLE and your razor.

P. S. You'll feel mighty grateful, too, for the quick relief from rashes and ingrowing hairs that MOLLE shaving gives.

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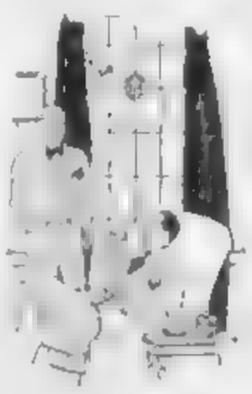
AT LAST—an automatic lighter! In silver, gold, or leather-covered, priced according to cases. Look for name Douglass on bottom of lighter.

PRESS THE TRIGGER —there's your Light

Startling in its simplicity, in its precision, is the Douglass Lighter. Dealers are just now showing it. See it today.

In corners where smart smokers gather, raised eyebrows have lately been replaced by open-mouthed admiration—over a new lighter.

For certain enlightened ones display upon occasion a shiny bit of silver, gold or leather covered ingenuity. They lift no gadgets, thumb no sooty wheels but, merely pressing a trigger, produce a flame which they offer with an aggravating air of superiority.



Joy has gone from the lives of chronic jokesters who smirked while one thumbed and perspired over some trick lighter that "usually works."

Silent now are those who taunted, "Here's a match"—like earlier of their ilk who shouted, "Get a horse."

But they may be seen, one by one, inquiring at tobacconist's or jeweler's for the new Douglass Lighter.

A fascinating device indeed, needing scant attention yet serving faithfully. Sized to fit vest pocket or vanity with equal grace. And worthy of the praise its cleverness brings.

An ideal gift, withal, and so new there's no better time than now to add it to some smoker friend's cherished possessions.

Pardon us a moment while we talk to your dealer

Unlike any other lighter ever offered, simple in its design, perfect in its workmanship, the Douglass Lighter will be in great demand by your customers.

Write or wire to Hargraft & Sons, Wrigley Building, Chicago, for an assortment. There's no time to waste, for Christmas is almost upon us, you know. The Douglass Co.

The Douglass Lighter

Sponsored by

HARGRAFT

to fetch the chairs to his shop. He could, of course, have the legs re-turned; that was the easiest, the obvious, thing to do; but it was so obvious that it totally failed to attract him.

It was again late afternoon; he was on his back in the fragrant grass of the lower meadow; Rose was beside him and a man was laying out, on old heavy damask, their supper. The servant finished that and the preparation of a hock wine cup in an ice-frosted silver pitcher.

"I'm famished, if you're not," Rose said. "What are you thinking about, Willie?"

He sat up. "I was lost in the sky," he lied. Suddenly the exactly right thing to do with the chairs had come to him: the one appropriate and unguessable transmogrification.

When, the week following, Willie stopped in Freda Renant's shop, he said at once he'd been told he was seeing a great deal of her.

"It's unfortunate that's not true," she replied. "I was just offered five Jersey bowls for two hundred and fifty dollars; I couldn't make up my mind; and Matthew Wilson gave five hundred and fifty."

Gerald advised her not to bother about that. "Wilson has never been expert with Jersey glass, and probably they're bad. If there were five, they could hardly be anything else." He was looking, then, at the shelves where she kept small and selected pieces of glass, and he put six of them together on a table.

"Heavens, Willie!" Freda exclaimed. "Do you want all those?"

He said very decidedly that he didn't. "You must take them out of your stock. They are wrong."

That couldn't be true, she protested. "My beautiful three-mold salt. Dark-blue Stoddard!"

He laughed. "My dear child, it's nothing in the world but the bottom of a creamer. You see, the top was broken, so they cut it off. If you'll look at the bottom of that flip glass you will realize the time marks don't happen where the glass touches the table. Some little private activity. The pair of amethyst lamps were made in one mold. The lines are mathematically straight. They should be molded in two parts and put together with a slight twist. That blue salt is a copy; but you can't be blamed; it's extraordinary good. Wilson gave sixty dollars for one. And about the other, remember if there is any red American glass; no one has seen it yet."

She sighed. "I could shut my eyes and almost think you were Yermans. Wasn't it a scream his buying the Zelam Ling collection?" Willie Gerald agreed moderately that it was. Freda went on: "I haven't anything really fine or startling in the whole store. Do you suppose I'll have to get that wretched late Sandwich, and kitchen furniture?" No, Willie Gerald asserted, she wouldn't; before that she'd sell her interest in the place to Amy Beltran. "I'll have something startling sent you by Saturday. That is, if you know anyone who will pay enough. It'll have to be at least two thousand dollars. No, it ought to be twenty-five hundred. You'd get 20 per cent."

"That would be marvelous, of course. It's tremendously sweet of you, Willie. What is it?"

However, he wouldn't tell her then. "It's so good that it ought to be a surprise."

A woman appeared in the doorway who announced that she had only come to look. Freda pleasantly invited her to stay as long as she cared to. "But if you don't mind, you mustn't put china down so hard. It might break."

The woman asserted that she had been washing china for thirty years and never chipped a piece. As she spoke there was a sharp crack and a yellow spatter plate was in two parts.

"It was dreadful brittle," she added. "I guess it was broken already, but I will pay for it anyway."

Freda Renant thanked her. "I thought I'd let you. It is eighteen dollars."

The woman, opening a hand bag, stopped abruptly. "Eighteen dollars!" she cried. "Eighteen, for that yellow plate that was cracked before ever I touched it! I never heard of such a thing! I never, and I won't be taken advantage of like that!"

Freda replied sweetly, "But you see the price is plainly marked on the sticker. I'm sorry; you picked out a very rare plate."

"It's robbery," the other declared.

"Very well then," Freda Renant agreed. "Suppose we forget about it. I won't ask you to pay for it, but only to leave my shop. It isn't meant for people like you, and for vulgar curiosity. It's clear you don't know anything, but then it's just as clear there's no reason why you should." When she was gone, Willie Gerald was profoundly shocked. Freda wept. "I can't help it," she said unsteadily; "it's just too much. I buy the bottoms of creamers and think they are salts and get one-mold lamps, and perfectly rotten women come in and break yel-yellow spatter plates." He looked swiftly about—there was none to observe them—and he put an arm about her shoulders. She turned and laid her face against his. "Willie, I'm so sick of it I could die. Nobody knows how I hate antiques. They're almost as dread-dread-dreadful as the people who buy them."

"They couldn't possibly be that bad," he reassured her. "And remember, I begged you not to try this. Or at least I meant to. You can't do it, Freda; it isn't in you." He considered it one of the necessities of the situation that he should kiss her. Freda twisted herself out of his arms. "Not like that," she said breathlessly.

"You ought to be married," Gerald told her; "in an appropriate life."

She studied him with narrowed eyes. "Do you really mean that? Because if you don't, say so—now."

Her manner made him acutely uncomfortable. "Certainly I mean it," he asserted. "Some nice man ——"

"Nice!" she interrupted him. "What does that mean too? Why didn't you say rich, since it was in your mind? You know I hate poverty. I couldn't be happy poor, and that's what is the matter with me. I'd love to live with one of your nice young men on nothing at all, but I can't. I'm spoiled. The only simple dresses I like cost four hundred dollars. These stockings were eleven, and no matter where I start out for luncheon, I end at the Ritz." He repeated soberly his belief that she ought to be married. She turned away from him almost violently. Willie Gerald picked up his hat and stick. "By Saturday, then," he said in a cheerful tone. She made no reply and he went out into the street.

On the whole, he was incensed against women; they were so —— He couldn't think of the fit term. Gerald drew in a deep breath of relief; at any rate he was free from them.

The fact that he had come away from the Attermans, from Rose, without involving himself was proof that he had escaped the trap laid by Nature for the unwary individual. No, he would never marry. It occurred to him that while women—Freda and Rose Brincker—had a great deal to gain from marriage, to most men it represented a loss. Except to very young men, he added magnanimously.

It occurred to him now that, in a vita sense, he had never been in love with Rose. If her position had been less impressive he would never have been attracted to her. He had grown attached to the picture of his own fidelity, his romantic loneliness of heart. When, more than two years ago, she had refused him, it was his pride, his social ambition, she had wounded and upset. Now all that had left him. Willie Gerald's mind went further back, to his univerity days and the beginning of his calculated snobbery. Even before that he'd had a strongly marked materialism; as a child, he had preferred children who were well-dressed, who had money and position, and were disagreeable on account of it. All this had made up a very great part of his being,

(Continued on Page 133)

AUTO TOLL HITS 202
Mother Killed; Son Near Death In Auto Crash
6 Die In Ohio Traffic Mishaps
22,000 VICTIMS OF TRAFFIC
5 PEDESTRIANS KILLED BY AUTOS; 2 UNIDENTIFIED
Damages Sought Result Of Fatal Automobile Crash
e Firemen Are d as A Truck Turns Over
FIRE TRUCK SKIDS; THREE MEN KILLED
TWO NEAR DEATH AFTER CARS SKID
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DIE IN AUTO CRASH
CARS DAMAGED IN WEEK END CRASHES
SKIDS IN DITCH, DIES OF SCALDS
AUTOMOBILE DEATH TOLL NCREASING
FOUR KILLED AS AUTO SKIDS

A National Menace!

NEWSPAPERS in every State carry news of automobile disasters. Skidding is one of the most common causes. *And Skidding Can Be Stopped*—but in only *one* way; with tire chains. Dreadnaught Tire Chains have eliminated the last objection—they're Easy to put on, Easy to take off. The Blue Boy Fastener makes it a matter of moments. Isn't Safety worth it?

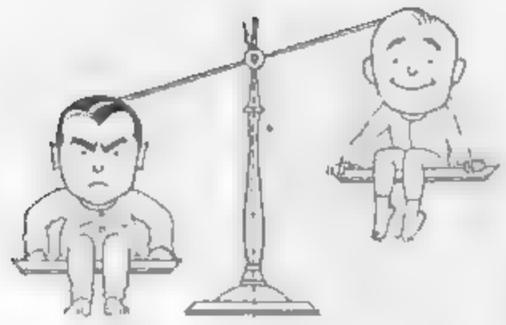
THE COLUMBUS MCKINNON CHAIN CO.
General Sales Office: Columbus, Ohio
Plants: Columbus, Ohio • Tonawanda, New York
In Canada: McKinnon Columbus Chain, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

EASY TO PUT ON—EASY TO TAKE OFF!

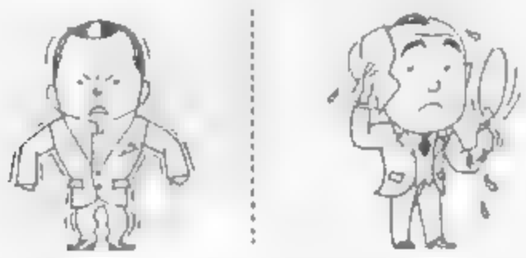
DREADNAUGHT TIRE CHAINS

FOR BALLOONS, CORDS AND TRUCK TIRES

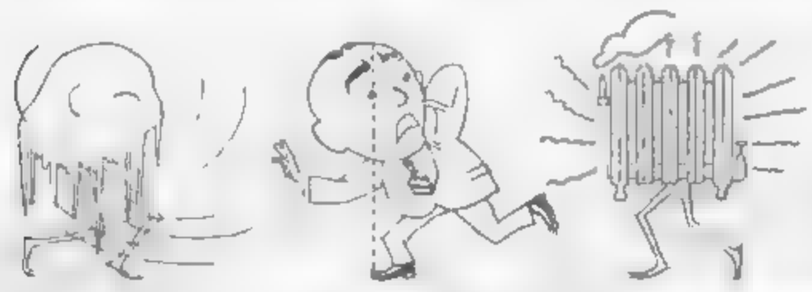
The dividing line *between* Cold and Comfort ~Duofold~



Weighed in the balance and found light! Yet Duofold is *warmer* than the one-thick-layer type of underwear.



What to do in the winter! Freeze in summer underwear or swelter in heavy underwear? Neither! Wear Duofold!



Put them both to rout! Wear Duofold and smile at icy blasts outside and sizzling radiators inside!

Two THIN layers ~ air space between ~ Warmth with light weight

ARE you the man who turns up his collar, who shakes and chills half the time he is outdoors—just because he wants to be comfortable indoors?

Don't take that chance another day! *Be* comfortable indoors, by all means. But be warm outdoors as well!

Be as up-to-the-minute in your underwear as you are in your outer garments! Wear *modern* underwear—Duofold!

Duofold is the underwear developed by science to meet the needs of present-day conditions. We heat our homes, stores and offices well—sometimes too well. So we must wear light, *thin* underwear to be comfortable.

But outdoors our winters haven't warmed a degree since red flannels were the approved mode.

Duofold is *thin*. Duofold is *light*. And yet Duofold is warm when warmth is needed!

Constructed scientifically of two *thin* layers with air-space between—that's the secret. This scientific construction offers most effective resistance to temperature changes. In some styles, both layers are *all* cotton. In others, wool is in the outer layer, giving added warmth without the itch of wool, for the inner layer is always all cotton.

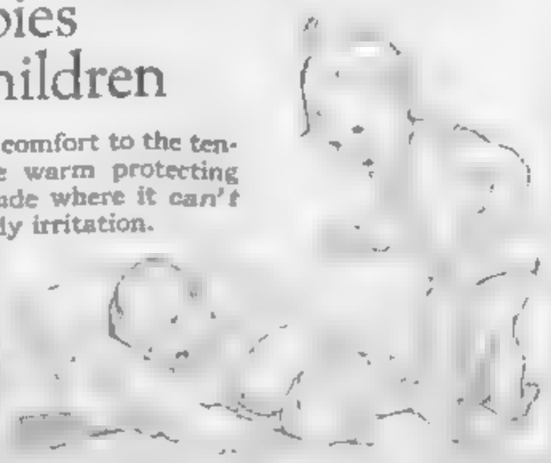
Get this scientific, *modern* underwear at men's furnishings or department stores—and play safe with your health! These are the prices:

Men's Union Suits	$3 00 to $8 00
Men's Shirts and Drawers	1 75 to 4 00
Children's and Boys' Union Suits	1 75 to 4 50
Women's Union Suits	3 50 to 5 50
Misses' Union Suits . .	3 25 to 4 00
Infants' Styles	35 to 2 00

Send for sample of Duofold unique two layer fabric.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
Mohawk, N. Y.

Ideal Protection for Babies and Children



The soft cotton is a comfort to the tender skin. And the warm protecting wool is on the outside where it *can't* scratch or cause body irritation.

The unique 2 layer Duofold underwear is unequalled for your children. The next underwear you buy for them should be Duofold

Duofold *Health Underwear* for Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 130)

and he wondered what had freed him. He wondered if he could be free, if it would last. The child, he had read somewhere, determined the man. But in him, at least, that wasn't true. He, Willie Gerald, wouldn't permit it to be. In a mild way he had become an enemy of society. Antisocial, he said importantly.

Such difficult questioning, however, Willie Gerald put out of his mind for an infinitely more pleasant consideration; and soon he had followed his thoughts to the village, where Israel Shadnell's sign hung in the shade of a single street. Behind Shadnell's shop the salt creek was unbelievably blue, the bare masts of dismantled sloops raked the bank in sharp angles.

"Well, I'm ready for you," Shadnell told Willie; "and if you don't like these, I can't never hope to suit you." Gerald was gazing at two three-chair-back sofas. The chair backs, with the finest possible Queen Anne fiddles, had the inimitable luster, the charming variations of surface, of authentic old age; the arms of the sofas were the perfection of correct grace; the legs were correct and admirable. "I want you to notice," the cabinetmaker went on, "the backs were always carved in one piece; but it's natural with time they'd have broke apart, and I doweled pieces in to hold them together. You can see by those jagged lines where they separated." It was all as Shadnell had said—Willie could follow the traces of an uneven break at the weakest points of what would have been the top rail. "Now if you'll examine the frame for the seat," he continued, "you can see there was four different covers tacked on. Yes, sir, four sets of tack holes and a trace of rust still in them."

The sofas, Gerald acknowledged, were beautiful; Shadnell had managed them with perfection.

"One I want sent at once to Miss Freda Renant, in New York City. I'll write her address, so there'll be no chance of mistake. I wouldn't express it from Catawba, Israel; carry it to Bridgetown. The other you will have to keep here a few days longer. I'm not certain what I'll do with it." Returning to his rooms, he was occupied with the problem of the second sofa. It was obvious that he would have to keep it out of New York—that city was not large enough to contain two such spectacular examples of Queen Anne furniture. Boston might do; but the New York dealers, the collectors, were continually there; Chicago would be better. The following day his mind was differently employed; and then he got an amazing letter from Shadnell.

"You had better come down here," he wrote. "That sofa of yours, the one you wanted me to keep a little, was stole."

Very soon after that he was interrogating Shadnell. "What do you mean by stole?" he demanded.

"You ask me and don't give me time to tell you. I said to you I took the family to the ocean for a swim, the whole lot, and I locked up all the doors to the house and shop. Well, we didn't aim to, but we stayed the night; and when I got back she was gone. . . . No, the neighbors didn't hear nothing. The lock was pried open quietly, some time before light, I guess, and off they went."

Willie Gerald studied him. Shadnell was voluble, his manner was apparently open, but behind his words there was a perceptible antagonism. His old equable attitude was gone. There was even, Willie thought, a trace of contempt in his bearing. Shadnell himself had sold the sofa, he concluded; as a result he felt both privately superior to Willie and had conceived a hatred for him.

Yet, under the circumstances—the very special circumstances—there was little or nothing he could do. At least there was nothing to be learned, to be gained, by a direct accusation.

"Very well," he said shortly. "If that is all you have to tell me it will have to do for the present." As he drove away his anger increased. Lately, it seemed to Gerald, he'd had nothing but bad luck. Either that or he had become irritable; certainly a great deal of his pleasure in life had evaporated. He discovered that it was past seven o'clock, he was hungry, and, passing a possible-looking roadside inn, Gerald went in for supper.

As he ate, his resentment increased; he made up his mind that he'd get his sofa back. Either it had been sold to people going through the town, who had seen it by accident and offered more money than Shadnell could resist, or he had disposed of it to someone who, in turn, would sell it to a collector or city dealer. Gerald finished supper, and paying for it, he saw on a corner shelf a pair of extremely good early Jersey vases. They were aquamarine, a clear darker green where the glass was thicker, and shaped like Scotch-thistle glasses.

"Those are very nice," he told the proprietor of the inn, walking toward the shelf. "I'd be glad to take them at anything like a reasonable price."

The other said sharply, "I guess you would, and so would anybody else who knew old things. But it's no use for you to pick them up. They ain't for sale, and handling never helped glass yet."

He was, Willie Gerald considered, an unnecessarily disagreeable man; but then his appearance advertised that—he was old, with a time-rasped face, a rasped voice, a suspicious and reddened gaze. Again progressing toward New York, Gerald's thoughts turned to his stolen sofa. If Shadnell had sold it to a chance passer-by he might well never see it again. But now, thoroughly determined, that possibility he wouldn't accept. Frankly, Shadnell was counting for protection on what he knew about it. If the sofa, in other words, were honest, he would not have dared to dispose of it; and, more closely questioned or threatened, he'd have issued threats in return. The thing to do, of course, was to find out how Shadnell had sold it.

That, he acknowledged, seemed difficult, if not impossible. Gerald considered proceeding against the cabinetmaker regardless of consequences—that was his mood—but in addition to other difficulties, he had no proof of dishonesty other than his own. The village where Shadnell lived would naturally protect Shadnell; there was a chance that the whole proceeding, all the details, would get into the papers. That would make pretty reading for Fairman Lane—the testimony that he was having three-back sofas made from a set of spoiled Queen Anne chairs. No, he couldn't risk that. It appeared then that he was helpless. This realization did nothing to assist his bad temper. His sense of money, of conservation, had always been strong; he was made acutely uncomfortable by the thought of money lying idle, uninvested. And here at least two thousand dollars had been calmly taken out of his hands. In addition, he had already paid Shadnell three hundred and seventy-five dollars for his time and work on both sofas.

In still another way it was unfortunate, since now he would have to search for another cabinetmaker. Israel Shadnell had been ideal; he was a fine worker in wood, with a natural sense of surface and proportion, even of periods, and his location was as good as himself; a quiet place beyond traffic, with a choice of inconspicuous shipping points. Damn it, all his affairs were falling in pieces. The proprietors of inns insulted him. He didn't see how he could regain his sofa, his money, and he wouldn't consider giving them up. He might yet, by argument and strong persuasion, force Shadnell to admit the truth.

The lost sofa became a fixed idea with Willie Gerald; whenever he had a moment's freedom of thought he returned to the consideration of it. More than once he was at the point of going directly to Israel Shadnell; but that, he recognized, was as foolish as it would be in vain. The three-back sofa took the place of Rose in his mind; it obliterated the disturbing memory of Freda Renant. Gerald even dwelt on it at the flat

WEDDING DAY is style day—but the truth is that the *one* time a man should be well dressed is *all the time.* By ankle-fashioning, NUNN-BUSH achieve a snug fit which eliminates unsightly gapping at the ankle and slipping at the heel. Your pride in these oxfords wears like the fine leathers of which they are fashioned.

$7.50 to $11. Style book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in the following exclusive Nunn-Bush stores:

NEW YORK—1462 Broadway; 133 Nassau Street
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ST. LOUIS—6 Olive Street
NEW ORLEANS—St. Charles Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.—1006 Walnut Street
DENVER—60 16th Street
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Fashioned by Master Craftsmen

races on the Havre de Grace track and through dinner in the Baltimore Kennel Club afterward. He was with Fox Bancroft and his wife; they spent immeasurably the greater part of their lives with horses, and Willie was surprised to learn that May Bancroft was the daughter of Eldred Varney.

Bancroft made a crisp and impolite remark about his father-in-law. "That may be true," Gerald answered. "I'd know nothing about that, naturally. But he has the reputation of owning the best collection of historic furniture in Maryland. I've seen him at sales, but he never seemed to find anything worth buying; and I'm led to believe almost no one has a look at his collection."

Mrs. Bancroft said that she could take him through her father's house. "Really, Willie, we might go now. He happens to be home and we haven't a thing in the world to do until nearly midnight. . . . Yes, Fox, and you can come along. You haven't been to see him for more than a year."

Fox Bancroft thanked her and declined. "It will be twenty more years before I go again, I hope."

In the end, however, his wife was successful, and together they drove to the city and a tall narrow brick house on Calvert Street.

Eldred Varney recognized Gerald. "I see you at sales," he acknowledged, "apparently executing commissions."

Willie Gerald replied cheerfully that he was right in every detail but one—his purpose in life. "It has nothing to do with commissions." He said further that he was surprised Mr. Varney had so much really good early glass. "I didn't know it was collected in Maryland, since it practically all comes from New Jersey and Pennsylvania."

Varney answered that he didn't, as a fact, regard glass very seriously. "I have an opportunity to pick it up now and then from an excellent source in New York."

Willie Gerald's gaze was straying over a laden shelf, when suddenly it stopped. He picked up a South Jersey vase in aquamarine, the base a darker green, and shaped like a thistle. There were two of them.

"Where did you get these?" he asked. "It's an unusual shape for American glass." Varney glanced at the piece in Gerald's hand. "From the man I spoke of," he asserted. "But, as I said, I pay very little attention to them. They seem to be the thing to buy for the moment; their value is advancing."

Willie Gerald was reflective; lost in thought, he put the vase back beside its fellow. It was improbable that there were four like those. No, impossible. He would have believed Varney that they had been purchased in New York, if he hadn't insisted that all his glass came from a common source

A surprising idea, a hope, really, occurred to him; and in consequence he grew suddenly appreciative, voluble. He agreed with Eldred Varney that glass was unimportant; personally, he cared only for rare and finely preserved furniture, and Varney's was the best he had ever seen; immeasurably better than the contents of any museum he knew of. Certainly he didn't want to miss a single example.

"Father," May Bancroft put in, "take Mr. Gerald to the rooms where you've been living since mother's death. You know very well you keep the things you like best there."

Varney ungraciously said that it wasn't his custom to conduct strangers into the privacy of his own quarters; yet, Gerald could see, vanity was overcoming his objection; and they were led into a farther wing. There was a superb Chippendale library table, a set of English pagoda chairs in Chinese vermilion, a pair of magnificent Queen Anne mirrors, and directly under them what Willie Gerald had been searching for.

"I never saw better old gilding," he observed; "and where did you manage to pick up the three-chair-back sofa to go with it? They exactly match in feeling."

Eldred Varney was abrupt with him. "The sofa I didn't pick up," he said precisely. "It has been in my family for generations." Gerald gave it another swift but acute glance. All the resentment, the irritability, of the past few days cumulated in him and expressed itself in a slow biting flow of words.

"You surprise me," he said. "I am sure you are describing another piece of furniture and not this. You must be confused, since you couldn't have had this sofa more than a week." Varney stared at him arrogantly. "Are you trying to tell me that I don't recognize my own things?"

Willie acknowledged it was something like that. "The original of this sofa I own," he proceeded; "it was at a cabinetmaker's shop near Catawba, in New Jersey, for repairs; and, curiously enough, only yesterday I learned that the man—his name is Shadnell—had made a copy and sold it—I believe through an individual who keeps an inn—for the genuine thing."

Eldred Varney studied him for a moment and then went to the door through which they had been admitted. "I must ask you, May, not to bring persons like this to my house; and when you do, to leave with them at once."

That was all very well, Gerald retorted, but he couldn't have copies of his particular sofa spread about. "Under the circumstances," he added, "it's illegal. I shall certainly proceed against this Shadnell."

Varney's face darkened. "If you can prove that," he declared, "there will be no need for publicity. You may have it."

Outside, Fox Bancroft said, "Lord, I wouldn't have missed that to win the Preakness! And don't try to look embarrassed, May. You're as glad as I am the old buzzard was caught."

What was left Willie Gerald found unexpectedly easy; he had now a specific position where Israel Shadnell was concerned. "The only thing for you to do," he told him, "is return the money you got. I understand you well enough to know it isn't spent. I can prove that you stole my sofa, but it's a question what you can show, with Mr. Varney and your friend who keeps the hotel against your showing anything. And when this is over I will need about a thousand dollars of your time on other things."

Once more in his rooms, Gerald found the notifications of three telephone calls from Rose Brincker. There was, in addition, a short scribbled message brought by her chauffeur:

"I must really see you at once. For dinner if you are in time, but bridge afterward anyhow. That isn't what I want you for."

He was too late for dinner, but the bridge tables hadn't been arranged when he arrived. Rose took him at once by the hand. "Come in here, Willie," she said seriously. "You see," she went on, "I stopped in Freda Renant's shop. I was curious to know what she was actually like. And I found that. Willie"—her voice was uncertain—"isn't the beading nice? And what an unusual cyma curve; the fiddlebacks might have been fitted to your body. I—I couldn't let anyone else have it. I was so afraid Fairman Lane—Fairman ——"

This, he realized, the culmination of his sense of impending ill fortune, was the worst moment of his life. He gazed from the sofa to Rose Brincker in a species of obscure terror.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

And that's

CEL-O-GLASS

It Won't Break!

ACCIDENTS will happen. But you can avoid glass breakage and repair bills by using CEL-O-GLASS. This remarkable new material is very light in weight, highly translucent, flexible, absolutely weatherproof and durable. Cut it with an ordinary pair of scissors. Fasten it anywhere with a hammer and tacks.

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You can use CEL-O-GLASS to advantage almost any place where glass is required. It is especially adaptable for poultry house fronts, storm doors and windows, hotbed sash, garage and outbuilding doors and windows, children's outdoor playrooms and for partitions, enclosures and windows in offices and industrial plants.

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An Economical Utility Material

Use this remarkable material wherever you need pure *outdoor* sunlight *indoors*—wherever glass is subject to shocks or blows. Buy it by the foot or roll at hardware, poultry or seed stores. Sample and interesting folder No. 91 sent on request.

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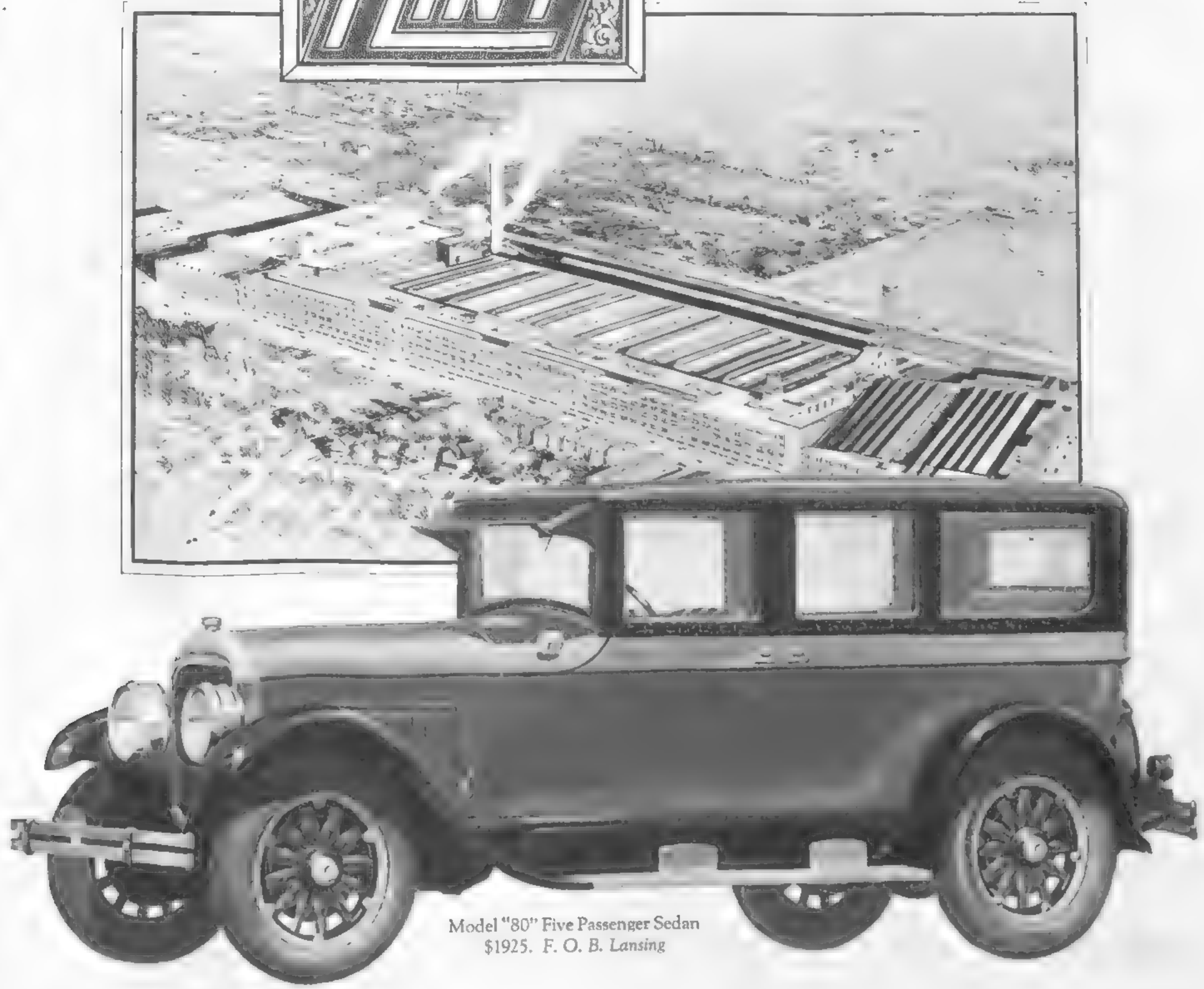
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WON'T BREAK

FLINT

The Home of the FLINT
Elizabeth, N. J.



Model "80" Five Passenger Sedan
$1925. F. O. B. Lansing

Three Things Behind the Flint

A great factory (the world's largest automobile plant under a single roof)—a great reputation (owner good will, the only kind that counts)—and mechanical superiority (one feature—the seven bearing crankshaft Flint introduced in the medium priced class).

These three things are your guarantee of stability, prestige, and value in your next motor car—a Flint.

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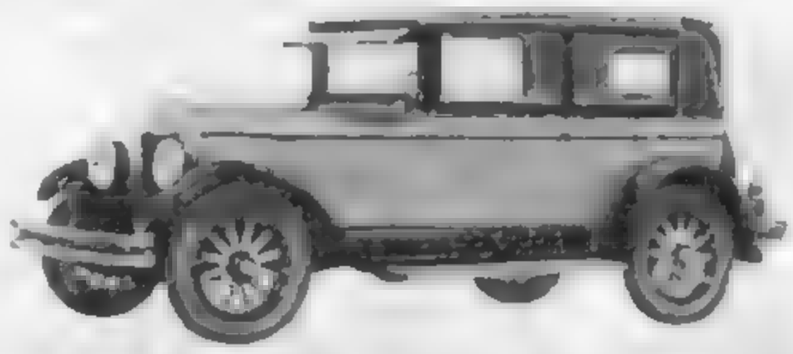
General Sales Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City



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Flint quality is available in three price ranges—
Flint Junior—$960—$1,075
Flint "60"—$1,260—$1,495
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FLINT-SIX

Full Beauty of the Finest Music Now Afforded by Radio Through "Overtone" Reproduction

THE HIGHBOY "There is nothing like it in radio design. It is like a grandfather's clock or perhaps more nearly like a tall, slender cupboard of old English design

A Revelation to Music Lovers

MUSICIANS need no longer have any prejudice against radio. The Pfanstiehl "Overtone" receiver is as perfect an instrument of musical enjoyment as any human voice or great performer in their presence. They can really enjoy the splendid programs from major stations exactly as transmitted. That pleasure is made possible by the extremely simple design of this "Overtone" receiver.

In the ordinary complicated set the overtones are blurred, and the tone quality suffers. There is a loss of tone color. The reproduction is flat or hollow or even distorted. The reason is that the delicate pattern of radio vibrations which make the overtones does not flow smoothly while being so immensely amplified through the set. There are too many devices and adjusters employed to correct amplification errors. These interfere.

The tone beauty of the Pfanstiehl is due to its remarkable freedom from such errors and from the complicating devices needed to correct them. The radio stream flows unhampered through the set. Hence the tone is rich and pure.

The registration of overtones in the Pfanstiehl is so true and delicate that leading vocal teachers use it to indicate the breathing impulses of master singers. 'Cellists use it to study the phrasing and tone color of great performers.

The Pfanstiehl *Precision* Single Control

Anybody can tune as accurately as an expert You do not have to grope around adjusting dials. With a single knob you turn immediately to the wave length desired. The number registers in a small illuminated window. You do not even need to know the wave length number. You can tune by ear.

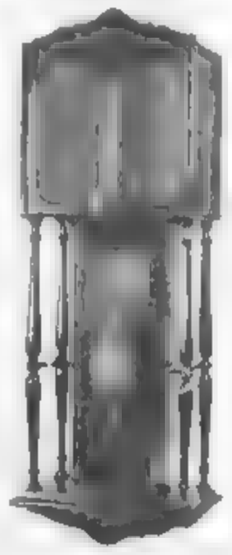
Consider how this broadens the enjoyment of radio in the home. From oldest to youngest, everybody can operate a Pfanstiehl with *immediate* results. Single control is not something new in Pfanstiehl radio. It was a demonstrated success last year in thousands of Pfanstiehl homes. Unlike many others, it tunes with *precision.*

PFANSTIEHL RADIO COMPANY · 11 *South La Salle Street* · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
'Prices West of the Rockies Slightly Higher

Pfanstiehl Overtone Radio

Something Really *New* in Cabinet Design

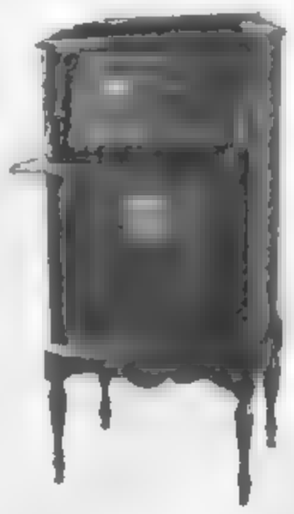
There is so little machinery in a Pfanstiehl, inside and out, that an extremely compact console cabinet is possible—only eighteen inches wide and forty-one inches high. And still it has room for every accessory needed to operate a radio—built-in speaker. A and B batteries and charger, or socket-power equipment. Everything is contained in a petite piece of furniture and makes a well balanced radio unit. The console is a space saver; fits anywhere—in a corner, between windows, or between doors—however contracted the space.



The Wall Speaker

Designed for use on top of the console or to be hung on the wall. Looks like an old fashioned wall clock, flanked by four graceful spindles and supported by a narrow shelf at the bottom From the standpoint of acoustics there is a certain advantage in having the mouth of the speaker six or more feet from the floor The tone vibrations are better distributed

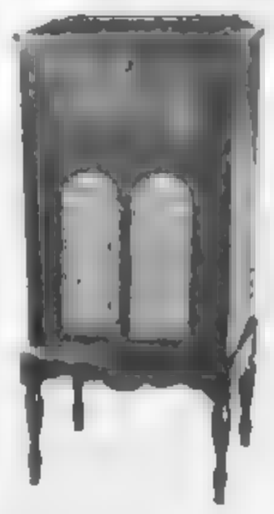
$65



Model 201

"Single-tuned Six" Console without speaker, but space for A and B batteries and charger or socket-power equipment. Six tubes

$170



Model 202

Console "Single-tuned Six" with in built speaker. Space for A and B batteries and charger or socket-power equipment

$210

Model 20—"Single-tuned Six" Table Set $125

BARTLEY, B. A.

(Continued from Page 9)

Bartley, fluent on athletic themes, rather at sea on others, had sat in the good guy's book-lined room for nearly an hour before the nature of his errand returned to his mind. He had just caught himself reflecting that this guy was an interesting guy and that he must cultivate him, when his fingers, in the right pocket of his gray bags, felt the green pasteboard slip that had motivated his journey up the Plunkett front walk.

"By the way, professor," he said, producing the green ticket, "this has been so interesting that I all but forgot why I came. Maybe you've seen this funny little thing before."

The disarming grin that accompanied this witticism would have fixed even a far less good guy than his host. Professor Plunkett's smile was genial as he glanced at the proffered ticket.

"Well," he said, handing back the card, "I'm disappointed. I flattered myself that this was a friendly visit. Quite a number of the fellows come around in the evenings to talk. But this was your first venture."

Bartley felt a slight embarrassment. "I know I should have come to your office, at business hours," he grinned; "but I'm pretty busy daytimes."

"Yes," said Professor Plunkett. Surveying his visitor thoughtfully, he reflected that he had never seen a more superb young cub.

"You see," went on Bartley, "what makes this awkward is, the student body doesn't expect me to throw them down. I guess they rely on me to help out the team this year. It's my last."

It would have been graceful of Professor Plunkett to fill in the pause that Bartley allowed here. He might have said "Yes, of course; I see your point," or he could have put out his hand for the green ticket, torn it up and dropped it into the waste-basket under the big mahogany desk, remarking, "My error. Let's forget it." Bartley could then have gone away faithful to his promise never to allude to the affair again.

Professor Plunkett, however, said nothing. He sat back in his chair, looking pleasant, but not being at all helpful.

"Of course," Bartley found himself taking up the burden, "I got a whole lot out of the course. I wish that I could have put more into it. When I got that warning, October seventh, I meant to come in and see you, as it said. And I meant to get right in and dig. But I had to play at a string of formals, and secret practice was pretty taxing, and what with one thing and another, the time went by, and—well, I'm afraid I didn't represent myself very fairly in that mid-term, and that's a fact."

Bartley felt this to be so handsome on his part that it could not fail of some response.

"I'm glad to know that," said Professor Plunkett cordially. "I remember your paper. In fact, it stands out."

"How is that?" asked Bartley, really surprised. He was not unaccustomed to hearing that he was unusual. No professor had, however, as yet told him so in reference to anything formally academic.

"It was not merely its ignorance of the subject in hand," said the good guy, "that was so striking; but its innocence about the whole range of history was most impressive. I found myself wondering what an intelligent fellow like you could have been doing for the last three years."

"Don't you think," asked Bartley, "that there are other things to be got out of college than what you learn in books?" He felt this to be a very original and quite overwhelming comeback.

"Oh, by all means," said Professor Plunkett, surprisingly unabashed. "Quite so."

The ensuing silence grew a little heavy before Bartley had another inspiration. "By the time you've been out ten years, you've forgotten everything you ever learned, anyway. But the friends you've made mean a lot to you all your life." The good guy smiled at him. "A whole lotta fellas that I know"—Bartley labored perhaps a trifle as he went on—"are making good at selling bonds, just on account of the connections they made in college."

"Of course," said Professor Plunkett, and let the thing lie. Bartley took out his watch.

"I hadn't an idea it was so late," he said.

"Awfully glad," said his host, "that you dropped in. Don't hurry off. The night is young."

Bartley decided that this man was far less quick in the uptake than he was credited with being.

"I've a lot of work to do yet tonight," he said, getting to his full height of six feet one. The fact was, Powers and House and Willard were to be in his room at 9:30. The coach, too, might be around. He had only fifteen minutes more in which to fix things.

"Now about this notice," he said, coming in some desperation to the heart of his visit. "What makes it awkward is, I'm a little close to the edge, and if this notice stands I can't qualify for the team."

"I see," said Professor Plunkett, looking thoughtful. Bartley was glad he did see at last. When he came down to putting the thing in so many words he had found his errand little to his taste.

"Well," said the good guy brightly, "what had you thought of doing about it?"

Bartley stared. Frankly, the matter seemed to him to be up to Professor Plunkett. How could he be expected to do anything? Didn't the faculty make this rule? It wasn't Bartley's rule.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I thought you might do something toward straightening it out. You've a reputation for taking an interest in students."

This, thought Bartley, ought to get under his skin. Apparently it did. Plunkett, who had been standing politely, as one about to speed the parting guest, sat down on the edge of his desk beside the discus thrower and repeated: "Interest! Man alive, if you only knew how interested I am!" In the silence Bartley could hear his watch ticking away the scant minutes. "Sit down," said the good guy. Bartley sat down.

"Four afternoons every week," said Plunkett, suddenly getting up, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and beginning to walk nervously back and forth, "I go into that classroom. There you all sit a hundred and fifty of you, this year. You don't have to come. It's not one of those confounded requirements. You're there because you think I have something you need—and I have. I've slaved for years to get ready for you. And I go in four times a week, saying to myself, 'They're the finest things in the world, these young, strong, magnificent fellows, and this is my chance to open a door to them: a door to hard, honest work and the self-respect it brings; a door of the best kind of friendship; the friendship that sticks as long as there's breath in your body; friendship with ideas, with the life of the world and its peoples.' Why, Bartley"—he stopped before the staring boy—"when every man you know on this campus has gone to Kamchatka to live, or South Africa, or South America, you'll still have yourself left to live with. And I say to myself four times a week, 'What are you putting in the way of these magnificent young fellows that will make them interesting to themselves to live with all the rest of their lives?'"

He took a few turns about the library, then sat on the edge of his desk.

"This year," he began, "I was particularly keyed up. I'd spent a lot of time getting ready last summer—didn't have any vacation because I'd got wind of some new stuff on the constitutional period. Then when I came in and saw you there I said

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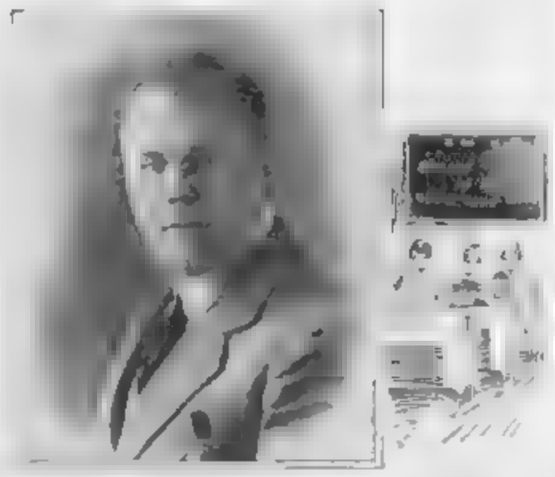

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to myself, 'Here's a man I greatly admire.' You probably don't know it, but I was interested in athletics myself. Well, I wanted to give you a good run for your money. I wanted you to go out of that room, every day, crazy for more. I wanted you to get so interested in the government of your country, and in its future, that all you young men are to have in your hands, that you'd sit up nights to read the books I referred you to. Did you read any of them?" He got up and stood in front of his guest.

"Not a one," said Bartley.

"There!" he said. "I failed completely. Never scratched your surface. Now this last examination. It was on Jefferson's ideas of democratic government. I'd spent time on that. I'd spread myself on it in class. I gave you the best I had in me—and you got nothing. Your paper was as innocent of Jefferson as if he had never been. You were the one in the whole hundred and fifty who seemed to come out completely unscathed."

He was silent for a moment.

"Now," he went on, "here's a notice from the registrar. That's nothing but bookkeeping. It's the least important thing about it all. The thing that gets under my skin is you. I've known that a great many things have been helping to waste this three years for you. I've been through it myself, long ago. They ought to be the most important years in your life. I wanted to do my part toward making them so."

He took another turn or two.

"Well," he said, coming to a stop before Bartley, "now that I've lost the game, I'll be a sport. Tell me exactly what you want me to do about this green ticket—the bookkeeping part."

Bartley stood up. "Nothing," he said shortly. After he had unleashed Von Hindenburg he said, "I certainly want to thank you for this talk. It's certainly meant something to me."

Plunkett watched his big form, dim in the twilight, striding down the walk. A smile, half humorous, half despairing, was on his lips.

"I wonder," he said as he freed the aggrieved Sandy from durance.

Perhaps he knew as well as Bartley knew, when he faced the waiting four in his room, that this was no matter for idle smiling.

"Well," said Artie Powers, as he came in, "fix it?"

"Nothing doing," said Bartley.

"Was he hard-boiled? The cheap skate!" This was Artie again, in a kind of delirium.

"No, he wasn't hard-boiled. I've been a fool."

That, of course, was not enough. They got out of him, finally, a remarkable statement to the effect that Plunkett had asked what he wanted done, and that he had said he didn't want anything done. Even though they heard him, they could not believe that any such nonsense had passed his lips.

"I told you before, you hadn't any right to take that course," said Artie, fairly weeping. "And he's not got any right to hold you up."

"I had a right to take any course I wanted to take," said Bartley.

"Well, I've a few rights in this myself," said the coach.

He put on his hat, at the angle that meant accomplishment. The coach drew down three times Professor Plunkett's salary, and the angle of his hat, as he went out, said plainly that he would now see whether any two-for-a-cent school-teacher could prevent his best man from going out on the field against Southwestern next Saturday.

There remained but six days before Saturday. In that six days, however, many stones splashed into the pool of college life. The coach doubtless cast a good-sized bowlder. It got around that he had said, perhaps not to the president, but to someone with access to the official ear: "Well, is this thing settled, or do I resign?"

Of course Southwestern was only waiting to snatch him from Midwestern's bosom. To lose him to this nearest, most hated rival was unthinkable. In thinking about it the college pool became troubled indeed. It was noised about that Plunkett was the difficulty—Plunkett and this absurd new rule, passed last year by the absurd faculty. It was whispered that someone had seen Plunkett, probably not the president, but someone acting as messenger of the gods. Plunkett, it was said, had suggested that the president had full authority to set aside his judgments or the faculty's rules. Of course if Plunkett said that, he put a mean burden on the president's shoulders. The president had talked at innumerable banquets on the rising standards of scholarship at Midwestern, and there was a dull but yet powerful section of the public that was all for the idea. What Plunkett should have done was to discover that a mistake had been made.

"Why doesn't he resign?" By Thursday this was said by better minds congregated in different houses. Then it was whispered that Plunkett had resigned, giving as his reason that he did not wish to embarrass the administration. Then the rumor was that the coach had resigned. Then the word got about that the alumni were getting into this, whichever thing had happened. Then came the glad tidings that Willard had fixed everything. He had suggested that everyone who had failed was to be given a reexamination. He had personally guaranteed to have Bartley coached into a passing frame of mind. The campus breathed a deep breath. Willard was a wonder.

Perhaps none of these things, perhaps all of them, occurred. Certainly the city papers were only kept from breaking out with the whole uproar by some miracle of hidden diplomacy. It is a known fact that one of the dailies more unfriendly to the university had a most unfortunate story ready to set up with front-page headlines on Thursday, when Fate played her surprising ace. Whatever headlines had been intended, the only reference to Midwestern on Friday morning was under the caption, E. F. Bartley, Sr., Succumbs to Heart Weakness.

Bartley, Sr., in fact occupied the front page that morning. He was still a young man, in his early fifties. His place in the state was important and his untimely death a shock to a large community. In the space devoted to Bartley, Sr., and to the family connections of Mrs. Bartley, that renowned belle of the middle 90's, mention was made of a son, prominent in athletic circles, and at present a student at Midwestern University.

The silence of Friday was a curious anticlimax to the tornadoes of Thursday. Those who were loudest in saying that Bartley had or had not a right to take Poly Con 4 d, when confronted with the inevitable quality of Bartley, Sr.'s, last gesture, said, if they spoke at all, "Well that settles the game."

They were sad, of course, at their friend's bereavement. The telegram, they heard, had reached him at midnight as he sat cramming, with wet towels encircling his head. He had caught the 12:50 train, and by the time the city papers were flung on the doorsteps of the college town he was already engulfed in that strange epilogue to the drama of life which seems yet able to enact itself in places remote from university circles.

In the cold drizzle of November rain in which Bartley did what he had to do in the next two or three days, it is possible that he gave relatively little thought to the game. It was played, of course, on a heavy field, which fought impartially against both teams. It was anybody's game, and would have resulted in a 0–0 score, had not Southwestern fumbled the ball just after Midwestern lost it on downs within a yard of the goal line. It was the alert Artie Powers to whom immortality came, when, with scarcely a minute to play, he fell on

(Continued on Page 141)

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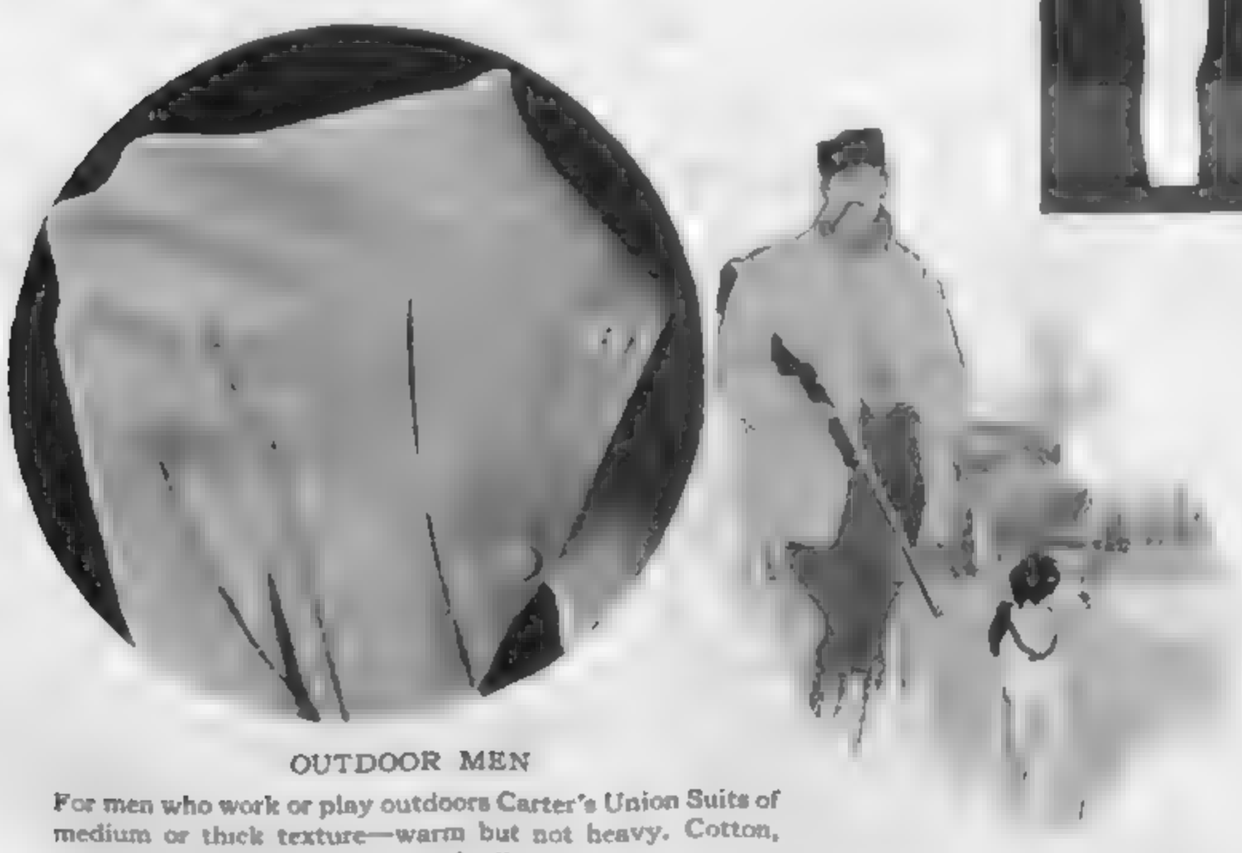

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UNION SUITS *for Men*

(Continued from Page 138)

the mud-plastered sphere and slithered with it a good six inches behind the line. It was Artie Powers' name that occupied the headlines the next morning, and Artie Powers' name that split the throats of the serpentining undergraduates, until long after dusk had added its final chill to the November sleet.

Bartley perhaps read these accounts. Perhaps as he read them thoughts on the transitory nature of human glory formed themselves in his mind. He was twenty-two, had been touched by the chill finger of actuality and was at a ripe moment for philosophizing. At any rate he announced to his mother, wistful and lovely in almost theatrically beautiful black, that he was not going back to college.

"I'm sick of loafing around," he said. "I want to get to work."

Mrs. Bartley, who knew nothing of colleges beyond the fact that professors are heavy dinner guests and that university clubs seem to be very comfortable places, found no food for astonishment in Bartley's notion that if he wanted to get to work college was no place for him. In fact, she remembered hearing Bartley, Sr., say many a time that he wanted his boy to have a good time at school. His own boyhood, hard-working and grim, had been deprived of all the light-heartedness that he was determined should be the portion of his son. She thought, moreover, that the tall young fellow about the house would help greatly to relieve her own impending loneliness.

She was not prepared to have her son put on overalls and steal out at what she considered the middle of the night, but what Bartley said was 6:45, to breakfast at the nearest cafeteria and on to a day that brought him back begrimed and weary, to a hot shower, a huge dinner and almost immediately to bed. Bartley, in short, went to work in one of his father's foundries. To his father's associates, prepared with some resignation to endure the burden of the college kid, on his announcement of a wish to work, this development came as an agreeable surprise.

"None of the rah-rah stuff at all," said the most cynical partner, after a short interview.

After a few weeks, in which Bartley's routine made him a mere shuttle between the foundry and the house, he announced to his mother that he would not, hereafter, be at home for dinner. Night school, he explained, began at seven, and he couldn't fit it in with the family schedule. In her dismay Mrs. Bartley set dinner at six, and dined thereafter at this extraordinary hour for the sake of the only contact she was to have during the day with her son. He explained that he was taking university-extension courses in mathematics and planned later to work in chemistry and metallurgy.

"A lot of those fellows down at the works are regular sharks. If I'm going to amount to anything in the business I've got to know as much as they do."

To her anguished insistence that he go back to college regularly, in the daytime, and live in a certain fitting decency and comfort, he had no other reply than that he was sick of loafing and liked things just as they were.

Let us hope that poor Mrs. Bartley had some satisfaction in her son, to offset her bewilderments. If she had not, there was little to sustain her through the months before the World War took him, not out of overalls, for he was graduated from this phase, but out of shops and into uniform. It made him an ace as well, and at last gave his mother the happiness of being proud of something she could understand.

It was an incident merely of Bartley's history at this time that he financed an ambulance corps for Midwestern. His career, however, became crowded with incidents. Some young woman, of whom Mrs. Bartley had never heard, was brought to her notice shortly before the Armistice as the girl whom her son had met in some devastated district, and whom he meant, incidentally, to marry. Married they were without much blare of trumpets, and without Mrs. Bartley being sure at the moment whether this blue-eyed, undoubtedly good-looking Doctor Smith, whom she was to call Margaret and who seemed to have been born of members of the human species from west of Buffalo, was a daughter or a new social order. At any rate, no one in Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York had ever heard of the Smiths from west of Buffalo; and after a certain relief at finding that, despite being an M.D., Margaret understood the proper use of forks, Mrs. Bartley found herself reduced to the simple phrase that the war seemed to have turned everything more or less upside down.

The incidents of Bartley's history crowded one another close. He was one of those men destined to arrive early and to go far. His partnership in the firm, his membership on civic boards and recognition as a factor in the more significant life of his time were like the recognition given his father. Bartley, indeed, made use of every advantage his father's success had transmitted to him, and was, long before he was forty, very much what his father might have been had his career been uninterrupted.

It was an event to his friends of an earlier day when he had time for a fraternity dinner or a class reunion. Willard, who was one of those men whose alma mater bulks large in their emotions, always saw to it that Bartley was notified, and, if possible, present on such occasions. Artie Powers, too, rather gnawed at by time, and finding the bond business somewhat thin ice, was always glad to feel the security of Bartley's big form beside him at a banquet.

Between them they got the money for the stadium out of him. It was not hard to get it. Bartley had a great deal of money and was entirely open-handed. It was not the first of his gifts to Midwestern, but it was his largest, and undoubtedly the one that endeared him most to the university. It was on the strength of the stadium rather than the ambulance corps that Artie Powers started the investigations that he later brought to such happy conclusion.

All that he attempted, in the first place, was to see whether something couldn't be done to right the great wrong done to Bartley in his senior year. With the passing of time Artie Powers had come around to the view that Bartley had had a right to take that course. Plunkett, however, had no right to hold him up. Of this Artie Powers became more confident with each fifty thousand dollars that came out of Bartley's pocket. With the stadium, his convictions became ready to explode into full demonstration, like a skyrocket bursting suddenly in the night sky. He forgot the death of Bartley, Sr., almost forgot that Midwestern had won anyway, and remembered only Plunkett. Plunkett became the cause, to Artie's mind, of Bartley's being forever lost to the alumni of Midwestern.

The match was almost touched to his skyrocket by the gift of the stadium. The needed contact was certainly afforded by an unwonted excursion into literature that he made just about the time Bartley's check came in. Artie's fourteen-year-old nephew, now in high school, left his history lying around where it came under his uncle's eye. It shocked him beyond measure to open it at random and find in its pages evidence that political corruption had existed during the term of a President of the United States. The fact that the evidence was documentary was, to him, unimportant. To find a representative of that party for which he had always voted pictured as having failed to cope with political corruption was to touch the lighted match to Artie Powers' fears for the democracy and the younger generation.

He looked at the foreword and saw that the book was the work of Edgar Reeves Plunkett. Plunkett! At that the match

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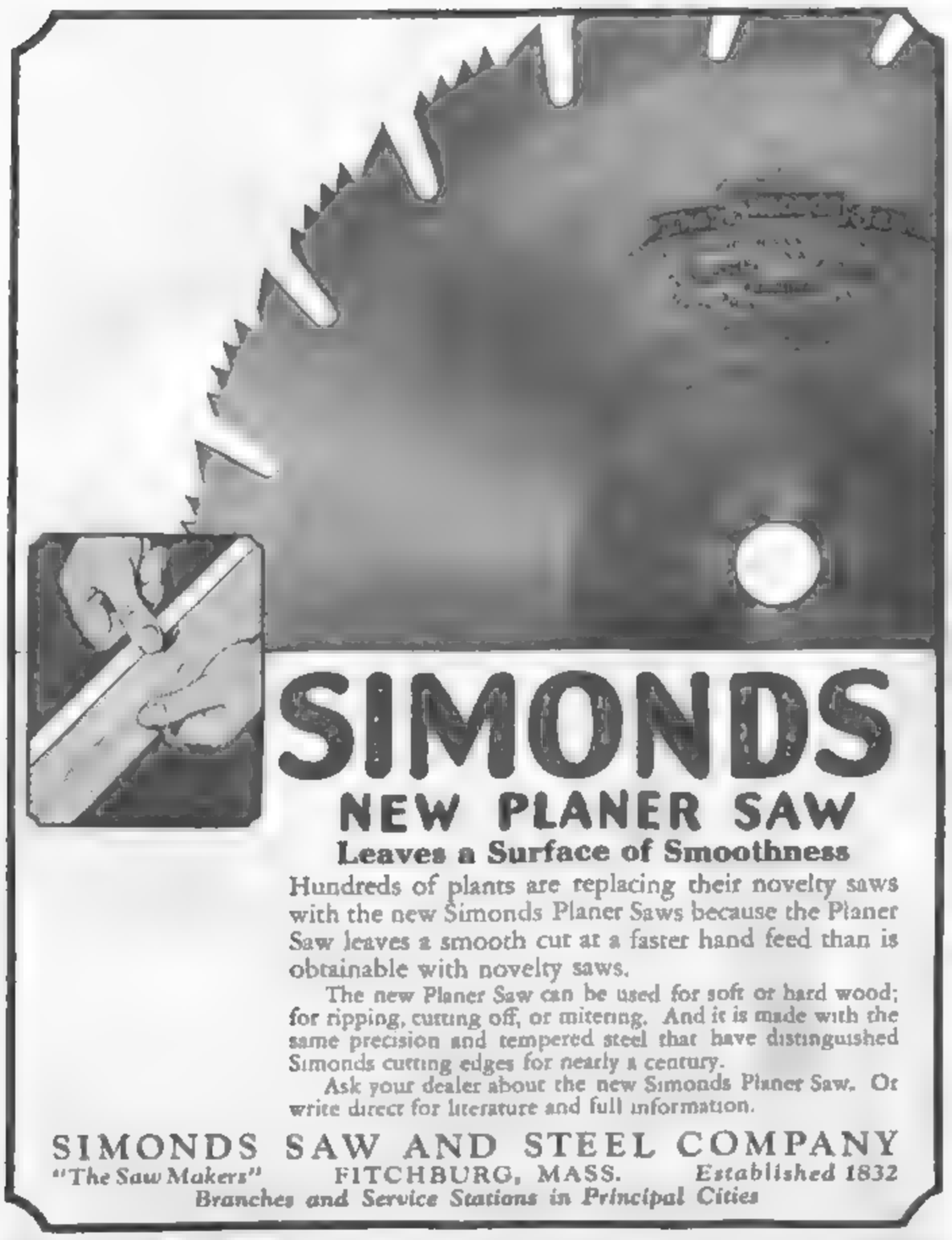

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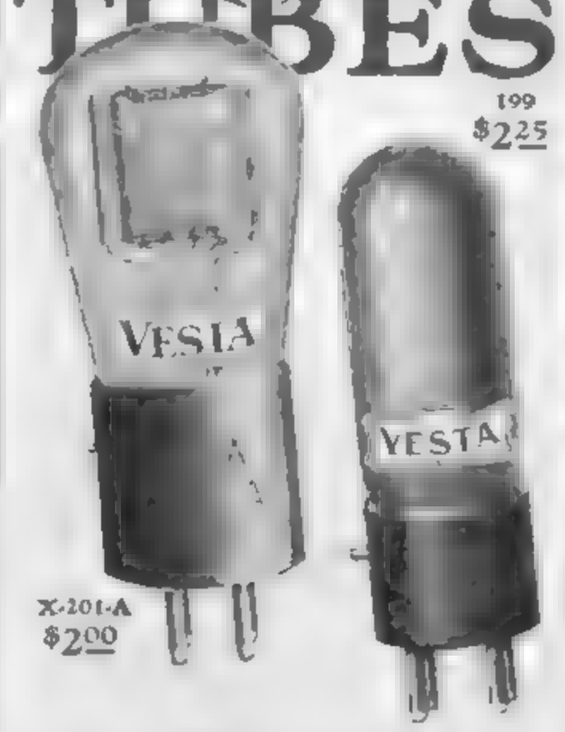

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touched the skyrocket and Artie was completely ignited. Bartley's check had just passed through his hands. He had just had a satisfactory interview with the president on the righting of Bartley's ancient wrong.

All his old grudge, his present uneasiness about business, irritation with his partners, tendency to gastric difficulties and general confusion over European politics, vitamines and the high cost of living took fire. Plunkett was at the bottom of everything. Plunkett had been a trouble maker ten years since. He should have been got rid of then. It was not yet too late. Plunkett, the conspirator against Bartley long ago, the conspirator against his nephew today, became Artie Powers' *delenda est Carthago*. No stone, he resolved, should be left unturned.

He told his great news at luncheon, where Willard and Bartley were his guests. First he told of the happy interview with the president, and the belated bachelor's degree that was promised to Bartley next week at commencement. The president had been most responsive, had seen the justice of the thing and had begun action in Artie Powers' very presence.

"Funny thing," Artie told his guests. "He had your old records brought in right then. And a whole lot of extension courses turned up that neither of us had ever heard of before, that removed any legal disqualifications in case anybody wanted to make trouble. Any Plunkett, for instance. By the way, speaking of Plunkett ——"

He then unfolded his recent discoveries and his newly formed purpose. "I'll have him out of there before my nephew gets into his clutches. I'm going right after him."

"You generally get what you go after," laughed Willard. "I'll never forget the way you fell on that ball."

Artie was not to be swerved. "You just watch me fall on Plunkett," he said.

"I've a son coming up myself," remarked Bartley, "some day."

"Old men!" Willard laughed. "All of us! I was thirty-six last month!"

Bartley was here reminded by his watch of an appointment, and the three friends parted in some haste. "A thousand thanks, old fellow," were Bartley's parting words to Artie Powers, "for all your struggles to fix me up."

"I'll fix up some other people," was Artie's answer as he hurried away.

Bartley and Willard lingered for a long-distance call that Bartley had put in. "Think he can do anything about it?" Bartley asked.

Willard thought Artie could do a good deal. "He's the kind that stays with a thing. He can stir up considerable feeling, too, with the alumni who remember that game. Too bad. I'm a Plunkett fan myself. But you have to run pretty fast to beat Artie."

This was the last Bartley heard as he was summoned to the telephone booth. When he emerged he had rearranged his afternoon and was ready to give his chauffeur an order to run out to Midwestern and to make it in an hour and a half. He had an appointment with the president for 3:30.

As he sat back in the car, letting the city canyons give way to pleasant suburban green, Bartley was thinking that there was no doubt that Artie might do a good deal. He was always one to keep his eye on the ball. Just now the ball happened to be Plunkett.

"And you had to run pretty fast to beat him," he was thinking again as the secretary to the president's secretary ushered him into the inner sanctum.

Perhaps this thought led him to waive somewhat quickly all official congratulations. The president was most appreciative over Bartley's repeated thoughtfulness for Midwestern. He had not forgotten the ambulance corps. The stadium, of course, was beyond adequate gratitude. The trustees were meeting at four o'clock that very afternoon to approve the committee's formulation of their legal acceptance.

"And also," said the president happily, "to give themselves the pleasure of granting belated justice to one of their most distinguished alumni. Even I," he said, "had no idea of all those extension credits of yours. Mighty fine spirit that showed."

Bartley laughed. "Belated justice is the exact phrase I needed, Mr. President. Belated justice is what I'm bothering you about just now."

The president was all attention. Obviously whatever justice Bartley had in mind would receive its due meed at this court.

"Nothing I've done for Midwestern," went on Bartley, "has ever acknowledged the great thing it did for me. It's been a pleasure, of course, to recognize the human values of my undergraduate life. But you know that there are human values everywhere."

"Of course," said the president. "Of course. It's mighty fine to hear that from you, of all men. We academics need to be reminded of that now and then."

"I found plenty of human values down at the works. Grand lot of boys down there. Some of my best friends today I met when I got into overalls. And in the war. Plenty of human values there."

"Surely," said the president.

"But nothing I've yet given to Midwestern," said Bartley, "has recognized the particular thing it gave me that nothing else has given."

"And what was that?"

"It gave me my education," said Bartley simply. The president laughed at this.

"Well, after all," he said, "that's Midwestern's business, isn't it?" He could hear himself using this conversation at many a banquet.

"I don't mean Midwestern as a whole," said Bartley. "I'll confess to you here, in secret, that I was pretty well bored with certain aspects of college life by the time I was a senior. To tell the truth, I was just waiting for the end. But your man Plunkett talked to me for about an hour one night, and that was when I got any real education that I got here at all."

"Plunkett!" the president repeated thoughtfully. Curiously enough, Artie Powers, a highly valued alumnus, had mentioned Plunkett to him only a day or two since in a somewhat different tone. Bartley was going on, however.

"A great many fellows," he said, "feel as I do about Plunkett. I meet them as I go about. And I hear of him, too, in other colleges. 'That's where Plunkett is,' they say, when I mention Midwestern." The president, he could see, was giving him profound attention. "I've a son coming up here some day," he went on. "That is, if Plunkett's here."

"I see," said the president thoughtfully.

"Well, to come to the belated justice, I'd like to make some recognition of what he did for me."

He outlined then an idea that he said had been forming in his mind for some time. To be exact, it had been forming for an hour and a half

He did not give these statistics, however, but mentioned others.

"Very liberal," said the president warmly; "very liberal. Indeed, most adequate. A permanent chair could be handsomely endowed for such a sum. And to name Plunkett in the gift as its incumbent would, as you say, be only belated justice to a man who has been on the ground so long. Of course the trustees would need to consider that suggestion. But I'm confident it can be arranged—especially coming from you as it does. Bartley is a name to conjure with around here."

"Oh!" said Bartley. "That is the only string on my gift! My name mustn't appear." The president was astonished.

(Continued on Page 146)

STYLE PLUS WEEK NOW

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October 28 to November 6

Styleplus Dunberry Overcoats

The overcoat de luxe that imparts a look of distinction!

An aristocrat among overcoats. There's a richness in fabrics and colorings that you'll instantly appreciate. There is style that is most impressive. There is a finish that you associate only with quality clothing.

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from cane

Child of the North
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everywhere

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Samuel Crowther tells in the November issue of *The Country Gentleman* how Cuba is trying to stabilize prices by a law restricting the crop. Read *The Overflowing Sugar Bowl.*

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By Malcolm C. Cutting, telling what becomes of three billion bushels of corn each year.

CARLETON *the* WHEAT HUNTER
By Paul De Kruif, telling the tragedy of a forgotten explorer.

AIRPLANES FOR PEACE
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Six men climbed out of a sleeper in Washington

A RANCHMAN comes to Washington for permission to graze his sheep on a government forest reserve.

A salesman is calling on the largest buyer in the world—the United States Government.

The president of a trade association has been invited by the Federal Trade Commission to attend a conference which will define the meaning of the word "sterling."

A retailer sets off for the Treasury to ask what's wrong with his income tax return.

A manufacturer wants the Department of Agriculture to let him know how he can label his jam.

An importer heads for the Capitol to ask about tariff changes.

Six men whose business interests are touched by six of the more than one hundred departments, bureaus, commissions, and other divisions of the government. Every day the stream of business men flows into Washington—100,000 a year. Every day a greater stream of commands, suggestions, rules and regulations flows out from Washington and touches business at every point. A new control of your business from without, a control which never grows less.

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NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, EDITOR

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

No Diphtheria by 1930!

REMEMBER what happened in Nome the winter before last? An epidemic of diphtheria swept the little town. Every child was threatened. Mothers were frantic. Then came Balto—that strong-hearted leader of a wonderful dog-team—with the only thing that could check the raging epidemic—antitoxin. Nome would never have needed to send desperate calls for antitoxin treatment if the preventive—toxin-antitoxin—had previously been used

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* * * * * *

THE same tragedy that came so dramatically to Nome is happening in homes all over the country. Needlessly. Do not risk the lives of your children. Take them to your family physician and ask him to inoculate them against diphtheria.

Dangerous at all ages, diphtheria is especially so to children under six years of age. Therefore it is vitally important that babies should be protected with toxin-antitoxin. Most babies are naturally immune during the first few months. But this immunity soon disappears.

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Diphtheria takes more lives than measles and scarlet fever *combined!* When it does not kill—it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts and other serious after-effects.

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HALEY FISKE, President.

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NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 142)

"I'm really acting only as an agent. There are dozens of men for whom Plunkett opened the door to the things that make their lives really interesting to them. They'd all like to do this. I just happen to have the money. And I'll admit, I'd pay a good deal to keep Plunkett here. Southwestern would like nothing better than to get him."

The president wrung his hand as they parted. He would bring the matter up at the four o'clock meeting. "I can't promise, of course," he said. "But I have every belief that the trustees will look on the matter favorably."

It was eight o'clock that night, as he dined alone at the Village Inn, that the president's telephone message reached him. The trustees had not been merely gratified. They were overwhelmed at the generosity of his gift. They had seen at once the fitness of naming Plunkett in their legal acceptance. And they had acceded to Bartley's sole condition, his extraordinarily modest wish to remain anonymous.

"I explained to them that the donor was really acting as agent for a large and influential body of alumni, all of whom shared his feeling. And they voted that the gift should be announced next week at commencement, merely as coming from an alumnus."

As he turned from the telephone Bartley was smiling a little. Perhaps he was thinking that for a man nearly thirty-five years old he was still able to run pretty fast.

Dusk was gathering when Bartley strolled up the Plunkett walk. Delphiniums and hollyhocks were gay against the house, and there was an Airedale earnestly engaged with the fresh gopher hole in the flower bed. Plunkett himself answered the bell. In a moment the clock had slipped back a decade and Bartley was a boy of twenty-two, his long form relaxed in the same deep chair and Plunkett smiling at him across the same big desk. Even the discus thrower was there at his hand, under the lamp. Bartley looked around. There were more books tonight. The shelves that had reached his shoulder before reached the ceiling now. Plunkett had changed in about the same degree. He had been thirty-five then, an old man from the boy's point of view. Tonight he seemed a contemporary, more of a man perhaps, but unchanged in kind.

The two men had, at times, shared something of life since that other night. They had met in France during the war. And there had been that fine trip to Brazil, where Bartley had gone in search of mines, Plunkett for treasures of historical import. They looked at each other across the desk, two friends who understood each other.

"It's been ten years since I was in this room," said Bartley. "What have you done with the Myron?"

"Behind you," said Plunkett, "on the table. Nice, isn't it?"

"When my son comes up to Midwestern, some of these days," said Bartley, "he'll want to see it. I've told him about it. That was a fine talk we had that night."

"Wasn't it?" Plunkett smiled.

"By the way," said Bartley, settling his long form more comfortably in the big chair, "I just dropped in tonight to finish up something we started at that time."

Plunkett settled himself more comfortably, in turn. "Go ahead," he said.

"I thought," said Bartley, "if you'd half an hour to spare I'd like to give you my notion of Jefferson's ideas of democratic government."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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An amazing lumber (not cut from trees) has made insulation practical for new and old houses alike. It costs little or nothing extra to use and year after year will save from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.

HERE is a lumber that actually keeps your house warmer in Winter . . . cooler in Summer. A lumber that gives you all year 'round comfort and economy such as you have never known before.

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It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations), eliminates building paper. It builds a more rigid wall than wood, because of the greater bracing strength of these broad Celotex boards. It adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick or stucco exteriors *at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less up-keep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks.

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INSULATING LUMBER

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Celotex is nailed directly to the framework and supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

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On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

IN THE ROOF
Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. For best results both uses are recommended.

FOR OLD HOUSES
In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement line ceiling with Celotex.

FOR GARAGES
The heat of your car itself, after running, will keep a Celotex garage warm, unless the weather is way below zero. It costs but little to build a garage of Celotex; and anyone can line a garage already built, quickly and easily, as shown here.

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Send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building.

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